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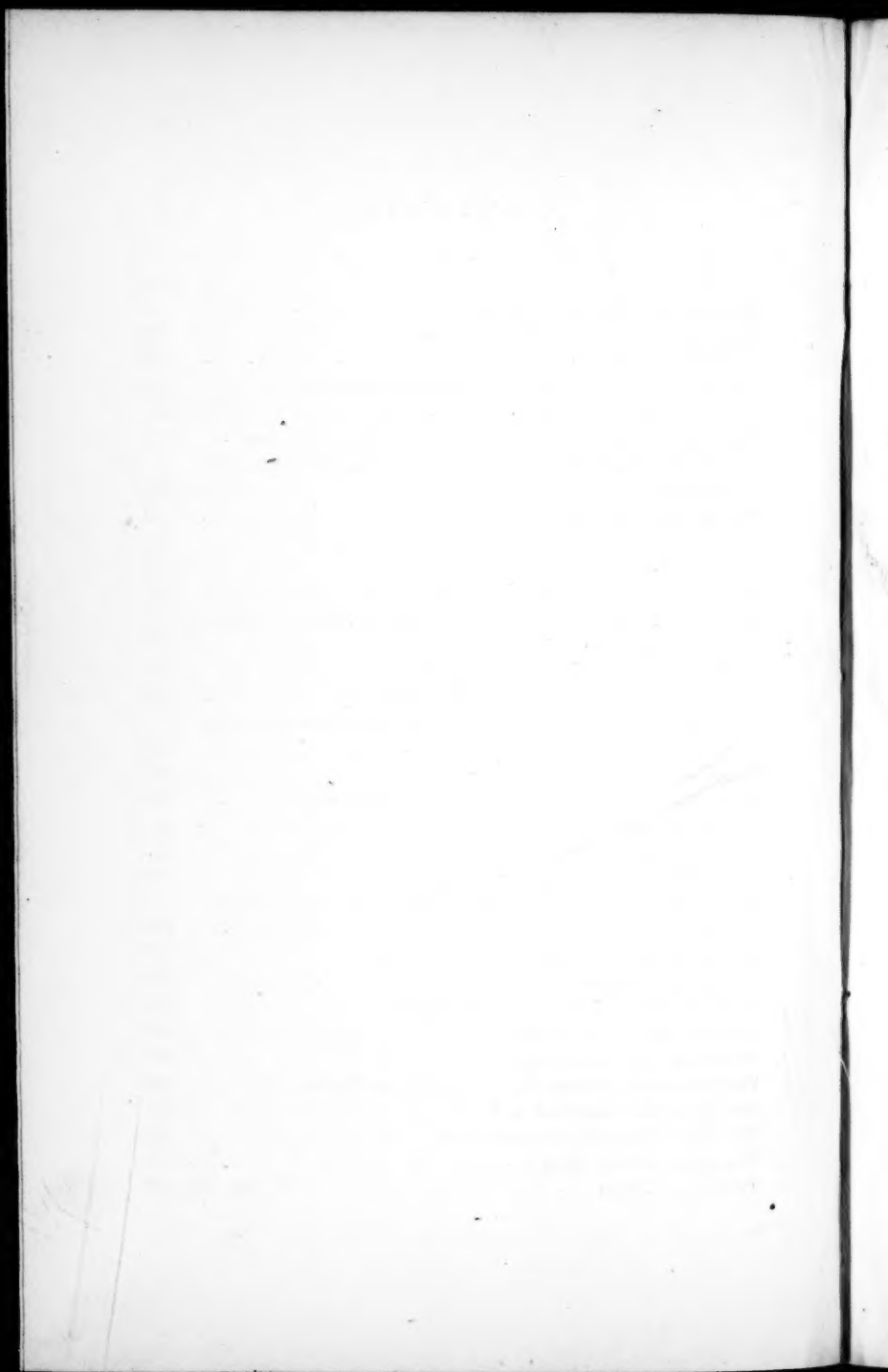
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# Meliora.

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## ART. I.—THE INFLUENCE OF MAN ON NATURE.

1. *Man and Nature; or, Physical Geography as Modified by Human Action.* By George P. Marsh. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. 1864.
2. *The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation.* By Sir Charles Lyell, F.R.S. Third Edition. London: James Murray. 1863.
3. *Pre-Historic Man. Researches into the Origin of Civilization in the Old and the New World.* By Daniel Wilson, LL.D., Professor of History and English Literature in University College, Toronto, Canada. 2 Vols. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1862.
4. *The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, etc.* By Charles Darwin, M.A. Fifth Thousand. London: James Murray. 1860.
5. *The Ninth Bridgewater Treatise. A Fragment.* By Charles Babbage, Esq. Second Edition. London: James Murray. 1836.

THE problems of centuries are not solved in a day or a generation. The growth of man's knowledge is at best very slow, in spite of the marvellous strides it may now and then make through the genius of a few men. It took thousands of years to discover the revolution of the earth, the circulation of the blood, and the law of gravitation. In fact, the slowness with which such great but now apparently simple truths have been discovered, favours the idea of man's primitive condition as held by the evolutionists as strongly as any other facts they can bring to uphold it, especially when we take into account the greater period of time that later researches have endeavoured to show that man has been upon the earth. Perhaps the early location of man on a site where nature was prodigal of her bounties, and easily solicited to production, may have hindered scientific discovery, and that it was left to men of a

later age and more inhospitable clime to read her riddles and map out her laws of action and reaction. In the silent watchings of the Chaldæan pastures, the pure presence of other worlds drew them from the earth, and inspired them to contemplation and discovery. Man ranged amongst the stars, and related himself to that other world we know not of, long before the earth he trod on had vexed his brain with unquiet thought. It was well it was so. Like us, he might have forgotten the hereafter by a too absorbing study of the here and now. In the lapse of long years human life gradually assumed other and completer forms. Arts, sciences, and institutions were developed. The centres of civilization changed, and dynasty after dynasty passed away. History exhibits this flux and reflux to us, but it is singularly barren of details respecting co-existing changes of equal importance. Centuries of civilization changed the very face of the habitable world, and gradually effected unforeseen and disastrous alterations in what we may call its normal state. Many of the old centres of civilization, wealth, and industry ceased to be as productive as formerly, and some became altogether barren and unfruitful. The great agent in effecting these changes was man. Living in high civilization, indeed, but ignorant, as he is in part still, of the conditions of his being, of the laws of common natural phenomena, and of the complex web of cause and effect that runs up from his casual actions or his more deliberate efforts to the unresolved masses of meteorological phenomena and the solemn grandeurs of planetary evolution, he wasted and ruined the once fairest portions of the earth, turning the wilderness first into a garden, and then transforming the very garden into a desert. Parts of Africa, Arabia, Syria, Mesopotamia, Armenia, Tartary, Greece, and the old provinces of the Roman Empire, bear indisputable evidence of this exhaustive, disastrous change. All the old problems have a new significance in view of these sad initial facts, had we but space to consider them. Some of them are approximatively answered in the volumes at the head of this article, and others we must for the present consider insoluble. For ourselves, we must be content merely to indicate this huge initial fact, and pass to a consideration of the newer and fresher sense of the influence of man upon nature that Mr. Marsh's book suggests, and to present some facts bearing upon it in many ways, gathered from other sources.

In his endeavour to demonstrate this great fact no one can complain if Mr. Marsh follows the method of so distinguished a philosopher as Sir C. Lyell, and refers the changes of the  
past

past to causes producing similar effects in modern times and countries. But he does not do this simply to explain the changes wrought out in an earlier period of history, although that is a necessary part of his procedure, and it might seem to have been demanded of him to do it more in detail. He wishes to direct the attention of mankind to the results of present methods of wastefulness, wanton destruction, and general spoliation, miscalled improvement. He is not without a little of the heat and exaggeration of the specialist. Tender, even to sentimentalism, over the destruction of inferior animals, he grows melancholy and prophetic over his work, and traces, in thought, the continuation of destructive influences, until he sees man bringing the face of the earth, as he avers that in parts he has already done, to 'a desolation almost as complete as that of the moon.' 'The earth is fast becoming an unfit home for its noblest inhabitant,' he continues; 'and another era of equal human crime and human improvidence, and of like duration with that through which traces of that crime and that improvidence extend, would reduce it to such a condition of impoverished productiveness, of shattered surface, of climatic excess, as to threaten the depravation, barbarism, and perhaps even extinction of the species' (p. 44). This may be full of force as a warning, but can hardly be accepted as sound and sober truth. Starting, evidently, in his first thought on the subject, before a page of his work was written, from the speculations of Laplace, and the striking chapter 'On the Permanent Impression of our Words and Actions on the Globe we Inhabit,' in the Ninth Bridgewater Treatise, he seems to have been so impressed with the idea of nature as at once the theatre and registry of man's activities, and the numerous facts a wide reading and a large library afforded him, as to have entirely left out of view or forgotten one such fact as a law of compensation, working along with man's energies, overlapping them, and sometimes turning an apparent evil into a real good. He appears, in fact, to have set his face against finding any such law in human action. In this he is explicit enough, when, contrasting human and brute influences, he says that the action of the former differs from that of the latter upon the world 'because it is not controlled by natural compensations and balances.' Once, indeed, and once only, we believe, does he refer even to the possible existence of such a source of remedial modifications, and that is in a foot note, in which he states that Sicily has received a compensation for the ravages of the *oidium*, or grape parasite, in her own and foreign vineyards, in the increased demand it has created for her native sulphur as a preventive dressing.

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On the contrary, he is careful to note the effect of the most trivial change in human fashions, as when he affirms that the 'caprice of Parisian fashion,' in substituting the silk for the beaver hat, 'has unconsciously exercised an influence which may sensibly affect the physical geography of a distant continent.' This would seem like the admission of a larger benefit than the non-extinction of the beaver, which naturalists had begun to fear; but as he had previously put down the formation of the boggy swamps of the North American States to its well-known habits of building and colonization, the good influence of the change of fashion is somewhat questionable.

Growing out of this inadvertence there is a strong and constant if never broadly expressed conviction, that the stability of nature, as seen in never cultivated or long disused tracts of country, is to be accepted as the ideal of that harmony which man continually disturbs but should wisely endeavour to restore. This is the great, and, we think, the only important fallacy in the book. It does not appear to have occurred to him in his exhaustive accumulation of facts, that there was not only a limit to man's so-called improvements upon nature, but another limit where this harmonious ideal existed no longer, and bettered man's condition by its non-existence. If, for instance, this primitive stability were only as real and natural as he assumes, then all cultivation by man has been injurious to it, and so long as man remains it can never be restored. But we hold not only that this harmony has limits without the serious consequences he contemplates, but that these limits are so variable as not to admit of any strict definition, or even any express declaration of fact concerning them. A parlour aquarium is a pretty example of the balance of animal and vegetable life, but it does not and cannot disclose to us the shifting line that climate, geographical configuration, and a hundred other causes contribute to produce in each country, without any detriment to the productive powers of nature, the hidden chemistries of the soil, or the successful support and comfort of man. The aquarium manifests the relations as to degree pretty accurately, but not as to kind. Change the plants, the animals, and the medium, and we can never insulate them to produce such perfect results. The harmony that existed in England in this respect when Cæsar invaded it is for ever lost, but no one will venture to affirm that anything like harmony cannot be found now. The degree and the kind have both altered, but a harmony remains. Man, also, lives easily amidst the bounties of nature, but he does not starve where her stability is one of ice,

ice, barrenness, and inhospitality. If he deranges an elder unity by his civilizing destructiveness, he contributes to another by his marvellous industry, discovery, and advancement. We admit the existence of relations that it is important man should neither neglect nor trifle with, but we cannot believe in a fixed and primal unity which comes down upon man with terrible vengeance whenever and wherever he interposes his wants and wishes and changing conditions. It is possible we may have mistaken Mr. Marsh's view, but it is patent to any ordinary reader. With this, and a wish that his work had not been disarranged and made cumbrous by over-arrangement, sub-division, and lengthy foot notes, our fault-finding ends. Mr. Marsh is an indefatigable student, and has moulded even his borrowed facts and ideas by such an amount of keen, delicate observation, careful sifting, and so deep a love for man, animal, bird, insect, and all natural forms of life, as makes his book as suggestive, stimulating, and refreshing as any work that modern physical research has given to the world. He has broken ground on a most enchanting and terribly significant subject, and it is cheering and ennobling to think that the New World has given us one who can not only picture for us the origin and growth of our language, but tenderly point out to the Old World how it may avoid the evils and the fate of the nations it holds up to its growing youths and mature men as the models of all that is imposing in national grandeur, beautiful in learning and art, and heroic in virtue and war.

The influence of man in nature is so complex that we must consider it in parts. Let us begin with his influence on vegetable life. The geographical distribution of plants corresponds to climatal conditions, and would scarcely have been altered by any but geological changes, but for the operations of man and birds. These effects are very curious and extensive, and we only profess to touch upon them. Our homes, gardens, fields, food, clothing, and industries are plentiful witnesses to them. If a plant be found growing in one locality and is made to develop in another, hotter or colder, the direct agent in the change is the being who transplants it and fosters it, notwithstanding that the soil and the air are indispensable secondary agents. Herein we see one of man's most striking revolutions. Nearly all the important productions of each country owe their origin to some mechanical transference of one kind or another, and were once distributed in another order over other areas. The flax plant is a curious instance of this. It will grow in almost any country, and is found to have been cultivated by almost every important  
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nation as early as historical research can penetrate. Scandinavia, Egypt, Asia, China, Persia, England, America, and New Zealand all possess it, and perhaps, with the exception of the two latter, have possessed it for ages. And yet if there be one fact growing more distinctly out of recent investigations, it is that of single centres of creation, and a subsequent dispersal, which will come out as we proceed. The flax plant, for instance, only grows wild in Persia, and so it is justly supposed to have been originally brought thence by the hand of man. Take the cotton plant. Asia and Africa cultivated it from the remotest antiquity, and probably the former was its habitat. It was not known in Greece until B.C. 340, was not introduced into China from India until A.D. 1280, nor into Surinam until 1735. How and when it was introduced into the West Indies is not known; the early voyagers found it both there and in the American provinces first cultivated by the Spaniards. It was introduced into North America by Europeans, and did not become an important article of commerce until after the Revolution. The sugar cane came from China, and was unknown to the Egyptians, Jews, Greeks, and Romans. It was brought into Arabia in the thirteenth century, and thence to Egypt, Nubia, Ethiopia, Sicily, and Spain. Two centuries later the Spaniards introduced it to the Canary Islands, and the Portuguese to Madeira, whence it spread to the West Indies and the Brazils. It is also curious that although the cane was cultivated in a few spots about the Mediterranean sea, it was not until after 1466 that sugar was known in England for any other purpose than as a medicine. The tea plant is native to China and Japan, but is now extensively cultivated in Brazil and elsewhere, and is soon likely to be an important article of cultivation in the more Southern American States. Philadelphia has about the same temperature and climate, and is in the same latitude as Peking, so that it may hereafter be extensively cultivated there. The coffee plant has a similar history. The lemon was known to the ancients, and, like the orange, very likely came from tropical Asia. The latter appears to have reached the East Indies in almost pre-historic times. The names of its different European varieties show its path of extension, as Seville, Maltese, and Bergamo. The latter variety is named from the town of Bergamo, in Italy, where it is largely cultivated, and the well-known scent, *bergamot*, is manufactured from its rind. The history of the potato plant is well-known, and notwithstanding that it met with opposition in nearly every country into which it was introduced, it has now become a staple article of food. The mystery of the potato blight may well be thought a part  
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of the destructive influence of over-cultivation, and with the maladies of the vine, the olive, and the mulberry, is sometimes attributed to the destruction of the forests. The flax plant is known to degenerate unless the seed or the soil be occasionally changed, and it may be that the same rule holds good with regard to the potato. Wheat, rye, oats, barley, beans, clover, and other now necessary vegetable growths, were all introduced into America from Europe after the close of the sixteenth century.

The modes of introduction have sometimes been accidental and romantic. The lilac and the tulip were brought from Constantinople about 1550, by an Austrian ambassador, and the weeping willows of Europe and the United States are derived from a slip the poet Pope received from Smyrna, and planted at Twickenham. Nearly all our favourite garden flowers come from America, Japan, and the remote East. Wherever the English settler locates in the New World some of the familiar weeds of his native land spring up around him, and Montgomery has written a poem on a daisy that sprung up in India out of the refuse soil that had come about some other plants. Some twenty-five different species of plants, belonging to the Roman Campagna, were propagated in Copenhagen simply by the scattering of the straw and grass employed to pack up the artistic treasures of Thorwaldsen, and a few of them are still cultivated in his memory. The saddles of the Russian troops, in 1814, brought many seeds from the Dnieper to the Rhine, and some of the plants of the Steppes are now seen in the neighbourhood of Paris. The red horse-hoof and the snake-root 'grow only where there were convents and dwellings in the middle ages,' says Vaupell, a Danish authority. We quote the following from Humboldt: 'A negro slave of the great Cortez was the first who sowed wheat in New Spain. He found three grains of it among the rice which had been brought from Spain as food for the soldiers. In the Franciscan monastery, at Quito, I saw the earthen pot which contained the first wheat sown there by Friar Jodoco Rixi, of Ghent. It was preserved as a relic.' In some countries the endemic productions are gradually yielding to the 'advancing legions of foreign plants,' as in the case of New Zealand, especially signalled out by Darwin. Later authorities assure us that our common English weeds are rapidly supplanting the native flora. Our watercress, for example, flourishes abundantly in the rivers, and its stems reach the enormous length of twelve feet, with a diameter of three-fourths of an inch. The rivers are choked, and have to be cleared at some expense to prevent the stoppage of all navigation. The

The influence of man upon animals is a large question still under investigation, and one that we cannot properly deal with except singly. We content ourselves, therefore, with giving one or two facts, showing the same sort of transference as in plants. The camel is shown by Ritter not to have been used by the Egyptians until the later period of their history, and to have been unknown to the Carthaginians before the downfall of their commonwealth. Its appearance in Western Africa is still more recent. The Bactrian camel was brought by the Goths from Asia Minor to the north of the Black Sea, in the third or fourth century, and the dromedary has been naturalized in the Canary Islands, Australia, Greece, Spain, Tuscany, Texas, and New Mexico. All the domestic quadrupeds of America have been imported by European colonists, excepting the prairie dog, the llamas, and the bison. The reindeer was introduced into Iceland a century ago, and the Thibet goat, the South American alpaca, and the yak, or Tartary ox, appear to be all thriving in France and the South of Europe. Several quadrupeds have been extirpated by man, if he has scarcely been able to extirpate more than one plant, the Egyptian papyrus. 'The disappearance of many large pachyderms and beasts of prey from Europe has often been attributed to the intervention of man,' says Lyell, 'and no doubt he played his part in hastening the era of their extinction; but there is good reason for suspecting that other causes co-operated to the same end.' These causes were evidently geologic and climatic, because other minuter organisms, as the wonderful *cyrena fluminalis*, disappeared from the seas of the same regions about the same time. The ur and the schelk, once common in Germany, are now quite extinct, and the eland and aueroch rapidly becoming so. Singularly enough, no domestic quadruped but the older urus has become extinct, and the only evidence for its domestication is so very slender, namely, the discovery of its bones amongst the relics of the lacustrine population of ancient Switzerland, that the fact may be reasonably doubted.

The birds deserve mention by themselves. They act most important parts in the general arrangements of nature; they are police, scavengers, sowers, fructifiers, and consumers. Without them, many an otherwise beautiful landscape would be dreary and uninteresting. They teach men two lessons, Kingsley says somewhere, industry and cheerful gratitude; 'they are never so busy in building a nest but they can find time to sing.' Between them and vegetable life there is so vital a relation that man suffers whenever he wantonly disturbs them. 'When we kill a seed-sowing bird,' says Mr. Marsh,

'we

'we check the dissemination of a plant; when we kill a bird which digests the seed it swallows, we promote the increase of a vegetable.' The indiscriminate destruction of small birds has of late attracted great attention, but not so much as it deserves. So late as December, 1862, one who styles himself 'A Real Friend to the Farmer,' gloats over the number of victims destroyed by the Crawley Sparrow Club, the prize-giving, and the annual dinner, in a way that quite kindles our American's ire. A single pair of swallows, according to M. Michelet, carry every week to the nest 4,300 caterpillars or coleoptera; and if we multiply this by 11,944, the number of sparrows destroyed by this famous club, we have a grand total of something like fifty-one millions of insects blindly petted into mischievous ways by these enlightened reformers, who probably saved as much grain by their trouble as would defray the expenses of nets, gunpowder, shot, and birds' nesters. In other countries the same warfare is waged. The declaration of the French Assembly, that every man was free to hunt upon his own land, soon filled France with an 'intolerable cloud of sportsmen,' and there has since been a steady diminution in the number of small birds. This general hostility in Europe is well estimated by Mr. Marsh to be, 'in part, the remote effect of the reaction created by the game laws.' Wild birds are an important article of food in Italy. About Naples the traveller is puzzled by many slender towers, from fifteen to twenty feet high, and little thinks they are the stations of fowlers, who watch from them for flocks of birds, and then pelt them down into their nets with stones. In one Tuscan province alone, Grosseto, some 300,000 thrushes and other small birds are consumed annually. Even the robin does not escape, in spite of his worm-eating propensities, and the old rhyme, which says—

'When you go to catch a robin,  
Mind you don't come back a sobbin'.'

The swallow alone seems a sacred bird everywhere. The Romans consecrated it to their household gods, and the Lombardy peasants still think it a sin to kill one, because they are *le gallinelle del Signore*—the chickens of the Lord. In England an old rhyme assures us that—

'Robins and swallows  
Are God's own scholars.'

In New England there is a superstition to the effect that if swallows are killed the cows give bloody milk. Fossombroni states that they will not frequent a marshy, malarious district, and adds, that a proof of the restoration of the salubrity

brity of the Val di Chiana, in Italy, is furnished by the re-appearance of these sacred birds. No birds appear to be so injurious as is supposed. The woodpecker is erroneously thought to be pecking holes in a sound tree when he is only extracting worms who are already boring it away. The following paragraph from M. Michelet's work, '*L'Oiseau*,' appropriately sums up this part of our subject :—

'The *stingy* farmer, an epithet justly and feelingly bestowed by Virgil, avaricious, blind, indeed, who proscribes the birds—those destroyers of insects, those defenders of his harvests. Not a grain for the creature which, during the rains of winter, hunts the future insect, finds out the nests of the larvæ, examines, turns over every leaf, and destroys, every day, thousands of incipient caterpillars. But sacks of corn for the mature insect, whole fields for the grasshopper, which the bird would have made war upon. With eyes fixed upon his furrow, upon the present moment only, without seeing, and without foreseeing, blind to the great harmony which is never broken with impunity, he has everywhere demanded or approved laws for the extermination of that necessary ally of his toil—the insectivorous bird. And the insect has well avenged the bird. It has become necessary to revoke in haste the proscription. In the Isle of Bourbon, for instance, a price was set on the head of the martin : it disappeared, and the grasshopper took possession of the island, devouring, withering, scorching with a biting drought all that they did not consume. In North America it has been the same with the starling, the protector of Indian corn. Even the sparrow, which really does attack grain, but which protects it still more, the pil'erer, the outlaw, loaded with abuse and smitten with curses—it has been found in Hungary that they were likely to perish without him, that he alone could sustain the mighty war against the beetles and the thousand winged enemies that swarm in the low lands; they have revoked the decree of banishment, recalled in haste this valiant militia, which, though deficient in discipline, is nevertheless the salvation of the country. Not long since, in the neighbourhood of Rouen, and in the valley of Monville, the blackbird was for some time proscribed. The beetles profited well by this proscription; their larvæ, infinitely multiplied, carried on their subterranean labours with such success that a meadow was shown me, the surface of which was completely dried up, every herbaceous root was consumed, and the whole grassy mantle, easily loosened, might have been rolled up and carried away like a carpet.' (Pp. 169, 170.)

We must not forget the insects, for they also need protection against destruction, and hence the difficulty of fixing the balance of power and number between them and the birds. The silkworm, the bee, the gall-nut-producing insect, the kermes, and the cochineal, are all to be respected, whilst there is still ample room for abundant and successful insecticide. Earthworms also serve to sustain the fertility of some soils by effecting a miniature drainage similar to what is practised in Holland, where stakes are driven into the soil, and the water percolates around them. Insects play no mean part in the fertilization of plants. According to Mr. Darwin some six thousand species of orchids are absolutely dependent upon them for fertilization, and if unvisited by insects would rapidly disappear. Papilionaceous flowers are similarly fructified by the visits of bees, and the red clover and the heartsease would soon become very rare with the disappearance of the humble bee. Now, field mice live on the nests of humble bees, and  
cats

cats catch and eat the mice, so that the number of cats in a village or a town determines in some measure the spread of these flowers. The same sort of thing is seen in the case of the salmon. We quote Mr. Marsh :—

'The larvæ of the mosquito and the gnat are the favourite food of the trout in the wooded regions where those insects abound. Earlier in the year the trout feeds on the larvæ of the May fly, which is itself very destructive to the spawn of the salmon, and hence, by a sort of house-that-Jack-built, the destruction of the mosquito, that feeds the trout that preys on the May-fly that destroys the eggs that hatch the salmon that pampers the epicure, may occasion a scarcity of this latter fish in waters where he would otherwise be abundant.'

As yet we have only been surveying the outskirts of our subject. To produce a varied and useful flora and fauna is certainly a striking testimony to the wonder-working power of man. But such workings only remotely affect the grand whole of nature, although essential parts of it. It is when we come to those agencies that directly modify climate, give a full swing to some of the tremendous forces of nature, and sensibly affect man and the physical geography of different countries, that we are staggered, bewildered, and alternately humbled and exalted. We have been told to beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet, but man, the doer, and the maker, is as potent as man the thinker in altering the ways and forms of things. Newly civilized countries help us to discover the conditions and ways of man's acting, and to estimate their consequences as surely as though we had seen both with our bodily eyes. The continent of America has repeated for us the history and the fashions of our older world. The colonizer seems to be doing a new thing when he fells or burns the forest trees and sows his crops upon the cleared soil, but in reality he is unconsciously imitating the colonist who lived after the mammoths, and died before the siege of Troy and the poems of Homer. The greater portion of the whole earth was originally wooded, and topographical nomenclature everywhere shows that forests were not destroyed until after centuries of civilization. The African and Arabian deserts, and the American prairies are the only broad exceptions to this statement; but we are not warranted in being positive as to the former, and there is every probability that the latter were cleared by the primitive mound-builders, and would soon relapse even now but for the ravages of the animals that range upon them and the annual fires. The woods had been silently at work for ages before man appeared in altering the constituents of the atmosphere, and making it respirable for him. Perhaps they had completed their beneficent work when he appeared, and were ready to shelter, feed, and sustain him. Any way, no serious alteration

tion of their proportions could take place without affecting the chemistry of the air, the volume of the rivers, and the extent and quality of cultivable soil. Their destruction diminished the humidity of the first, deepened the channels by the increased force of the second—all rivers, according to geologists, being originally very broad and very shallow—and promoted the gradual desiccation and more uniform stratification of the third. So far all was well. But there were limits to this beneficent action; and drought, desert, flood, landslide, gigantic desolation, and elemental storm have been vengeful witnesses to disturbed harmonies and the blind caprice of man.

Water was the first great natural necessity of man, and his settlements have usually been from the lake or river bank inwards, excepting such modern instances as those in Detroit and Michigan, where the construction of railroads and the erection of first-class hotels has been the singular method of advancing on the woody wilderness.\* Man could, then, live only on the borders of the woods, and as he felled, and burnt, and sowed, the soil soon became exhausted, and he went on repeating this threefold process until he had denuded large areas of land. In America this has been seen in our own time. From the Atlantic to the Alleghanies, from the banks of the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains and the Andes, this work of cultivation and waste has proceeded. The newly-won soil is always more productive than the old, and so there is every temporary inducement to proceed. The extensive flat tracts of land near Montreal, in Canada, were once the granary of North America, but will not now support their own population, who have had to cultivate the oat and the potato as helps and substitutes. 'The peculiarly wheat-producing zone is gradually shifting itself more to the West. This has long been evident to the careful observer, and to the collector of statistics.'† The etymology of many localities shows a similar process in our own land, where we find the Danes establishing themselves on the *bys*, 'or waste-places, thus deserted by the Saxons. The industry and discovery of man perpetually tend to compensate for this, and even to produce a larger average of production, yet still the renovator cannot keep pace with the destroyer, and elsewhere the latter has produced very serious evils. The aridity of Spain is as well known as the Spaniards' proverbial hatred of a tree, and the two link themselves together as effect and cause. One or two Spanish

\* 'North America.' By Anthony Trollope. Vol. i., p. 178.

† 'Notes on North America.' By J. F. W. Johnson. Quoted in his 'Chemistry of Common Life.' Vol. i., p. 69.



writers, as Herrera and Antonio Ponz, vainly endeavoured to crush this foolish prejudice against trees as the breeders of birds and birds as the devourers of grain; and the latter even assures us that the notion was even carried so far as to lead to the wanton destruction of the shade and ornamental trees planted about the cities. This absence of trees, so especially marked in the two Castilles, is unhesitatingly put down by Sir J. F. W. Herschel as 'one of the reasons of the extreme aridity of Spain.' The scarcity of timber in Spain, coupled with the emptiness of the public exchequer during the unwise administration of the successors of Philip II., is even put down by Reutzsch as the grand agent in diminishing her fleets, and consequently her once favourable prospects of universal power. North Africa and Peru are almost rainless for the same reason. The islands of Trinidad, Martinique, and San Domingo have similarly suffered. Any very extensive forest-clearing appears to operate in two ways—firstly, by diminishing the average volume of rivers and lakes; and, secondly, by creating sudden floods and inundations. The two operations are intimately connected. The large expanse of vegetation presented by a forest increases the amount of evaporation, impedes the progress of mists and low rain-clouds, shelters the ground against a too rapid solar evaporation, and uniformly acts as a large equalizing power in the composition of the air and its average temperature. Forests, again, whilst they invite and increase the rain-fall, prevent its too rapid flowing off again by their large expanse of leaves, and the sobby, spongy soil which their annual leaf-fall makes about them, and which, as it absorbs the moisture on its surface until saturation is complete, quietly and gradually, assisted by the roots of the trees, distributes it through the mineral strata below. Even in the driest summers the air and the soil of a forest, especially a virgin forest, are unmistakably humid and cool. The denudation of the soil exposes it to other serious evils. Where it is loose and light it is washed into the rivers by the heavy spring and autumnal rains; and where the land adjoins a mountainous tract, the avalanches crash down unhindered, and the rains, meeting with no obstacles by the way, form swollen torrents, rushing along with accumulating force, and spreading ruin and desolation in their course.

Let us take each aspect of the great double fact separately. The island of Malta presents us with a singular circumstance, bearing on the absence of trees and a diminished rain-fall. M. Blanqui affirms that since the woods were cleared to make room for the cultivation of the cotton plant, rain has been

so rare that when he visited it, in the autumn of 1841, not a drop had fallen for three entire years! The island of St. Helena was once almost equally dry, but since its woody surface has been extended by planting, rain has proportionately increased, so much so as to double the amount of its rain-fall in the half century since Napoleon's residence upon the island. During the French occupation of Lower Egypt, about 1798, there was no rain for sixteen months about Cairo and near Alexandria, but it has fallen oftener and more abundantly since Mehemet Aali and Ibrahim Pasha have planted something like twenty millions of trees thereabouts. In other parts of Egypt similar phenomena have been observed. In Russia, the large plains are undergoing a rapid desiccation from the same cause, and the stream of the Volga is gradually lessening, and the level of Lake Aral also sinking. The Swiss lakes have also suffered a depression of level in historic times. The volume of the Rhone is observed to fluctuate alarmingly, and many streams in both the Old and New World are no longer able to feed with regular supplies the many mills on their banks once always at work. In America, the poet Bryant has observed several instances of this diminution of rivers. He says:—

'It is a common observation that our summers are become drier, and our streams smaller. Take the Cuyahoga as an illustration. Fifty years ago large barges loaded with goods went up and down that river, and one of the vessels engaged in the battle of Lake Erie, on which the gallant Perry was victorious, was built at Old Portago, six miles north of Albion, and floated down to the lake. Now, in an ordinary stage of the water, a canoe or a skiff can hardly pass down the stream. Many a boat of fifty tons burden has been built and loaded in the Tascarawas, at New Portage, and sailed to New Orleans without breaking bulk. Now the river hardly affords a supply of water at New Portage for the canal. The same may be said of other streams—they are drying up. And from the same cause—the destruction of our forests—our summers are growing drier and our winters colder.'

Humboldt and Bousingalt have furnished another, and perhaps a more striking testimony, from their well-known scientific habits and position, to the effect of forest-clearing, in the case of the Lake Tacarigua or Valencia, in Venezuela. When the first traveller visited it, this important lake, then seven and a half English miles in length, had been gradually diminishing for thirty years. When Oviedo visited the valley, in 1555, New Valencia was half a league from the lake; in 1800 it was three and one-third English miles away. Adjacent hillocks, at the latter date, were still called islands, and new ones were showing themselves; in fact, one of them upon which a fortress had been erected in 1740, had grown into a peninsula. It was at first thought that the depression of the level was due to a subterranean outlet, but Humboldt unhesitatingly affirmed that the adjacent wood-clearings were  
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the cause. When Bousingalt visited the lake, thirty years later, its waters were again advancing. The bare grounds previously planted with cotton, bananas, and sugar cane were submerged, the old islands had become dangerous shoals, and the fears of the inhabitants were being dissipated. A civil revolution had taken place in which the slaves had assisted, deserting the plantations, the general cultivation had been stopped, the woods had sown themselves anew, and the water supply was fast returning.

The influence of woods in retaining and more regularly distributing the rain-falls can be shown by both positive and negative facts. The leaves, the trunks, the spongy soil, and the roots are all agents in producing this really single effect. Any extensive clearings or extravagant drainage will, of course, counteract this. Where groves have been cut down, adjacent perennial springs have first lessened, then intermitted, and finally ceased altogether. Brooks have lessened to a thread from the same cause, and even wells have suffered. You have only to look at the ditches on the Chevreuse road, near Paris, according to Clavé, and you may see the fact for yourself; the ditch on the side toward the cultivated fields is soon dry, whilst the one near the forest will remain filled with water, the result of this infiltration, long after the other is completely exhausted. Negative facts are abundant. The destructive freshets of many American rivers are attributed to forest-clearing. The beds of the streams in the Tyrol have been so heightened by the continual washing down of the soil from the cleared heights by the rains, and the increase in their volume, that the bed of the Fersina is higher than the city of Trent near it, the Villerbach threatens to overwhelm Neumarkt and Vill, the Talfer at Botzen runs level with the house-tops, and the surface of the Gadribach is even higher than the church steeples of the neighbouring villages of Schlanders, Kortsch, and Laas. The river Mella, in Brescia, once famous for its gentle, easy stream, and said by the Latin poet Catullus to flow *molli flumine*, was in 1850 subject to such an influx of water, due to the denudation of the hill sides whence it rises for fuel to work a famous establishment for the manufacture of fire-arms, that bridges, dams, and factories were all swept away, the rocks bared of their soil, and its most beautiful valley transformed into a savage gorge. The river Po has brought down silt enough to make Ravenna four miles away from the sea that once washed its walls, and, assisted by the Adige, has managed to make the town of Adria, once so famous a port as to give its name to the Adriatic, and still in use in the time of Augustus, full fourteen miles

miles inland. The river Durance, in Provence, which was once so navigable that its boatmen were a distinct corporation, is now a devastating torrent; and it was computed that, in 1789, it had already covered with gravel and pebbles some 130,000 acres of what would otherwise have been some of the finest land in the country. Many a mountain slide in the Alps owes its origin to the blind operations, perchance the stern necessities, of men; and it is on record that the very first winter after a clearing between Saanen and Gsteig, in Switzerland, an enormous avalanche formed where one had never been known before, and bore down with it nearly a million cubic feet of inviolated forest.

The provinces of France furnish us with the most lamentable instances of these torrents yet on record. Here have been the most wanton destructions and the most terrible reprisals. M. Michelet avers that French peasants have been known to cut down two fir trees to make one pair of wooden shoes. The clearing of the Alpine districts commenced with vigour almost coincidently with the Revolution. The first hints of terracing and irrigation, in fact, had been brought back by the Crusaders from the East, and the work had been in operation ever since. At the close of the fifteenth century the woods were plentiful, the low grounds fruitful, and cultivation unhindered by stormy natural forces. But gradually as the clearings extended came the torrents. Nature writhed in a revolution of her own that men could not see. Men and lands were destroyed. Taxes were reduced because people could not pay them, and their fields were bare. Short tragic sentences write the history of this revolution. 'Commune of Barles, 1707: Two hills have become connected by land slides, and have formed a lake which covers the best part of the soil. 1746: New slides buried twenty houses, composing a village, no trace of which is left; more than one-third of the land has disappeared. Monans, 1724: Deserted by its inhabitants and no longer cultivated. Gueydan, 1760: It appears, by records, that the best grounds have been swept off since 1756, and that ravines occupy their places. Digne, 1762: The river Bleoné has destroyed the most valuable part of the territory. Malmaison, 1768: The inhabitants have emigrated, all their fields having been lost.' In 1843, M. Blanqui directed the attention of the Academy to these terrible matters. We have only space for a few words:—

'Signs of unparalleled destitution are visible in all the mountain zone, and the solitudes of those districts are assuming an indescribable character of sterility and desolation. The gradual destruction of the woods has, in a thousand localities, annihilated at once the springs and the fuel. Between Grenoble and Briançon, in the valley of the Romanche, many villages are so destitute of wood that they  
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are reduced to the necessity of baking their bread with sun-dried cow-dung, and even this they can afford to do but once a year. This bread becomes so hard that it can be cut only with an axe, and I myself have seen a loaf of bread in September, at the kneading of which I was present the January previous. Whoever has visited the valley of Barcelonnette, those of Embrun, and of Verdun, and that Arabia Petrea of the Department of the Upper Alps, called Dévoluy, knows that there is no time to lose, that in fifty years from this date France will be separated from Savoy, as Egypt from Syria, by a desert.'

In 1856 came another inundation in the valleys of the Loire, and such an immense destruction of life and property occurred, that in June, 1859, the French Government began to legislate on the matter, formed a body of police for the protection of the woods, enacted stringent laws; and in 1860 further set apart ten millions of francs to be expended at the rate of one million a year in executing or aiding the replanting of the woods. Some 250,000 acres of new forest are expected to be secured out of this appropriation.

Woods have been shown to have other issues than those implied in these disastrous issues of clearing. As a shelter to the soil, and a mechanical resistance to strong currents, their use is undeniable. The air is held together by a mutual attraction of its parts, and generally moves in large columns, so that a comparatively small obstacle will divert or abstract a large volume of air. According to the calculations of M. Becquerel, the height of resistance may be roughly put down at a little more than ten times that of the opposing obstacle, so that, unless under conditions of great elevation or depression, a wood of an average height of twenty feet would break the force of a current extending some 180 feet higher than itself. If we accept the average resistance as only half of this, it becomes an important fact. M. Arago reported to a committee on an article in the French Forest Code, in 1836, that a double effect might be produced by such clearing in France. The removal of a curtain of forest on the coast of Normandy and Brittany would open those provinces to the mild western sea-breezes and moderate the cold of winter; whilst the destruction of a similar belt on the eastern border of France would let in the glacial east winds, and seriously augment the cold of winter. In New England the former effect has been already seen from forest clearing. The warm, odorous south wind is free to affect its surface, has reached immense distances from the sea, and has already contributed to lengthen the New England summer. The destruction of the Adirondack forest would, it is thought, seriously affect the climate of the State of New York, which in its more northerly part is already subject to as great extremes of temperature as Southern France. It would remove a solid obstacle to the full sweep of the north winds, and

possibly inaugurate an era of torrents and devastations similar to those already detailed elsewhere. The desolation of the high plateau, north of Trieste, known as the *Karst*, is due to the felling of some hundreds of mighty firs, recklessly cut down by Venice for her navies in her days of glory. The rocks are now bared of their soil, and are 'swept and scoured by the raging Bora,' to use Hummel's graphic words. The lovely hills and valleys of the Cévennes are similarly swept by the *mistral*, or north-west wind, which Dussard calls the 'child of man, the result of his devastations.' Once sheltered by a powerful belt of forest, its gradual removal introduced this scourge of tender spring vegetation, which struck terror from Avignon to the Bouches du Rhone, and thence to Marseilles. The people grew superstitious about it, its advent was so unusual and unexpected. They named it the Scourge of God, and erected altars to it, and made sacrifices to appease its rage. But in vain; it rages still, and the cultivation of the olive and the orange is falling into desuetude before it. In North America, Sweden, Switzerland, France, and Northern Italy, a gradual retardation is felt and seen in the advent of spring owing to these clearings. The frosts are later, keener, more irregular, and it is extremely difficult to rear young trees. The winters are later from the same cause. Noah Webster, an American observer, states that the marked inconstancy of the weather in modern winters is due to the removal of the woods, and the loss of their volume and activity in the many ways in which they operate; and adds 'that the warm weather of autumn extends further into the winter months, and the cold weather of winter and spring encroaches upon the summer.' The same fact is seen plainly enough in our own country, where the devastations consequent upon excessive disafforesting are less seen than in any other country. One fact is, to our thinking, very singular. Huge boughs of hawthorn once figured conspicuously in the early May-games, commencing on the first of May, and it would be impossible to obtain these now anywhere, in the midland counties until a fortnight or three weeks later, in spite of occasional unusually forward springs. The unhealthiness of the Virginian and Carolina swamps only seriously commences with the removal of their trees. Parks and woody squares are, therefore, unmistakably healthy chemical agents in all large cities, and the unhealthiness sometimes attributed to having plants in a living room is due only to the limitation preventing a real balance of the air. A few rows of sunflowers, according to Lieutenant Maury, have saved the inmates of the Washington Observatory from the intermittent

mittent fevers to which they were formerly so liable, by screening them from, and otherwise acting upon, the marshy vapours of the Potomac. It is even conceived by many eminent authorities that trees have such an influence on the electricity of the air as to decrease the number and intensity of hailstorms, which are seen to be frightfully common and destructive in some places where trees have been largely destroyed.

One of the most important uses of woods deserves mention by itself. It is this. Wherever they have not been extravagantly cleared, there the neighbouring fields are free from the insect pests so injurious to husbandry and horticulture. The terrible locust is a plain, sand-bred insect, and has become frightfully common in Asia Minor and Cyrene since the felling of the forests. The grasshopper, which has 'become a burden' of great weight in parts of North America, only breeds in injurious numbers where the woods are gone. The *oidium*, the potato-blight, and other plant-destroyers, are thought to be of the same order. Whether the woods encourage the fecundity of the birds that prey upon them, or whether the agency exerted is a purely chemical one, is not known. The reason of the fact is obscure, but the fact itself cannot be disputed. All natural observers have confirmed it. In the virgin forests there appears to be a more even balance of species, which may be due to more causes than those yet partially ascertained; but it is clear that man alone has altered their proportions.

Nature and man struggle for the mastery on the flat lands, and the victory alternates. Some 400,000 acres of territory have been reclaimed from the sea in Lincolnshire alone by her memorable dykes. The Netherlands were once apparently a cluster of islands, and one-tenth of the whole area of the kingdom has been won by man from the sea; although it is calculated, we know not on what data, that more land has been lost to that country, since the commencement of the Christian era, than it has gained, owing chiefly to the improvidence of man. The coast of the now-familiar provinces of Schleswig-Holstein is defended in a way that is very interesting. In other localities, as Holland, where as much as seven millions of guilders are sometimes annually expended in dyking and hydraulic works, all the skill and resources of the ablest engineers are employed to master the great foe; but the patient peasantry of these poor provinces charm the angry sea by a golden wisp or a threaded reed. The old embankments of their coast are defended from ice and waves by wreaths of twisted straw or reeds, woven along lines of  
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staves; and this weft is sometimes renewed twice a year, but always once. This charm the peasantry poetically call 'the golden border' of their Vaterland. The draining of Haarlem Lake is another witness to the conquering might of man. Some fifteen miles in length, by seven in breadth, and situate between Amsterdam and Leyden, enormous sums of money have been expended in repairing its barriers, and its destructive inundations have threatened once more to submerge a large portion of valuable territory. The preliminary operations commenced in 1840. The lake was ringed by a canal and dyke, to cut off its communication with the IJ, and through it with the rolling Zuiderzee. This was completed by enormous labour in 1848, and three powerful steam pumps were then employed for five years in discharging its waters and effectually draining its area of fifty thousand acres. The whole of this immense engineering triumph was paid for by the State, and cost £764,500. The recovered land has since been nearly all sold, and it is estimated that the total loss to the State, exclusive of interest, will not be more than £100,000; whilst the direct gain, through the cultivation it will open, and the security now afforded, will be immense. The difficulties and the effects of draining are both extraordinary. Sometimes not natural but religious obstacles have been in the way. Many of the fish ponds in the south of Europe were made by lay and ecclesiastical proprietors, during the middle ages, to supply monastic establishments and the faithful generally with fish for their fast days. They were soon prolific causes of endemic disease, but were too sacred to be touched. There are still many tracts of land that would be extremely fertile if drained, but the proprietors of the ponds would lose the produce of their fish; and this temporary benefit is the only obstacle in the way, save that fish must be had. The neighbouring poor starve always, that the rich may do so religiously and occasionally, as the discipline of their church demands.

The effects of irrigation deserve a word or two here. Wherever it has been practised, whether in South America, Italy, Switzerland, France, Palestine, Idumæa, or Egypt, its first effect has been to increase the area of cultivable soil. This is a matter of easy belief, and does not require any statistics to prove it. Its secondary effects are neither so generally known nor so beneficial. It necessitates expensive works that favour large proprietors only, reducing the yeomen to peasants, the peasants to serfs; it creates petty jealousies and endless litigations as to the right of supply; it develops pestilential diseases where extensively practised, so that even the



the flocks of cattle, as well as men generally, suffer from typhus fever in the neighbourhood of large rice fields, as in Italy and elsewhere; and it is doubtful whether, in many cases, it has not made a gradual deposit of saline matter that in the end makes the soil absolutely sterile. For facts to support these conclusions we must refer to Mr. Marsh's volume, but we may mention in support of the latter that Professor Medicott has shown that certain barren wastes in Northern and Western India, once evidently cultivated, owe their infertility to a peculiar saline effervescence called *Reh* and *Kuller*, consisting of varying proportions of sulphate and soda and common salt, which have been deposited by incessant irrigation and evaporation. In small quantities these are normal constituents of good soil, and even deposited by the rivers; but as their inundations are only annual, and irrigation is continued for months in succession, the latter is unquestionably the chief cause, especially in India, and where, as in Egypt and Nubia, sterile grounds above the level of the Nile waters still exhibit traces of ancient cultivation, and are similarly covered.

The sand dunes are also important instances of man's good and evil influence on nature. They are of two kinds, inland dunes and coast dunes. The former are found in the South American, Polish, and Algerian deserts, and in parts of the latter are continually advancing upon the villages. The latter, however, are more important, as being in many places the natural barriers of the sea. They are found on the Baltic coasts of Russia and Prussia, the shores of Denmark, Holland, Gascony, the Caspian Sea, Lake Michigan, and Cape Cod. There is also, we are of opinion, good reason to suppose that the ancient forest beds of the Norfolk Cliffs, referred to by Lyell, were somewhat of this character.\* The etymology of the word dune supplies us with an important piece of historical fact. The old Northern language had no term for dune, which has been but recently introduced into German. The modern Icelanders call the Jutland dunes *Klettr*, a hill or cliff. 'Had the dunes been distinguished from other hillocks, in ancient times, by so remarkable a feature as the propensity to drift,' says Mr. Marsh, with his usual sagacity, 'they would certainly have acquired a specific name in both old Northern and German. So long as they were wooded knolls they needed no peculiar name; when they became formidable, from the destruction of the woods which confined them, they acquired a designation.' The silence of Strabo, Cæsar, Ptolemy, and

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\* 'Antiquity of Man,' p. 214.

Pliny about them, strongly confirms this view. The dunes have been thrown off by the sea itself, and consist of several elements, of which quartzose sand and calcareous shells are most important. Internally they are sobbed with moisture, and externally should be clothed with vegetation. Dull, prosaic looking things as they may be, Herr T. G. Kohl has found in them a fund of poetry. A single grain of the quartzose sand that composes one, may have a history longer than that of the human race, tossed to and fro for æons upon æons until it found rest with its fellows in the dune. 'Could we arm our eyes with a microscope, and then dive like a sparring into one of these dunes, the pile, which is indeed only a heap of countless crystal blocks, would strike us as the most marvellous building upon the earth. The sunbeams would pass with illuminating power through all these crystalline bodies. We should see how every sand grain is formed, by what multifarious little facets it is bounded, we should even discover that it is itself composed of many distinct particles.' We have not space to show the extent and full nature of the waste and ruin created by unclothing these mounds, and the gradual repair of them as the result of artificial planting, but the following story is a good one, and conveys the lesson of the whole :—

'In the middle ages, the Nehrung was extending itself further, and the narrow opening near Lochstadt had filled itself up with sand. A great pine forest bound with its roots the dune sand and the heath uninterruptedly from Danzig to Pillau. King Frederic William I. was once in want of money. A certain Herr von Korff (what epithet would Carlyle give him?) "promised to procure it for him, without loan or taxes, if he could be allowed to remove something quite useless. He thinned out the forests of Prussia, which then, indeed, possessed little pecuniary value; but he felled the entire woods of the Frische Nehrung, so far as they lay within the Prussian territory. The financial operations was a success. The king had money, but in the elementary operation which resulted from it, the State received irreparable injury. The sea winds rushed over the bared hills; the Frische Haff is half choked with sand; the channel between Elbing, the sea, and Königsberg is endangered, and the fisheries in the Haff injured. The operation of Herr von Korff brought the king 200,000 thalers. The State would now willingly expend millions to restore the forests again.'" (Willibald Alexis, quoted by Marsh, p. 486, note.)

The sand plains of different countries have manifested the truth of much of what has been urged about forest-clearing. In many cases, where probably created by a pre-historic destruction of vegetation, they have again become fertile under the planting operations of man. The memorable 'continents of Brandenburg sand,' so often referred to by Carlyle, in the first volume of his 'Frederick the Great,' are gradually being reclaimed by artificial forest that will prepare the soil for future cultivation. The landes of Gascony, once the despair of all agriculturists, have undergone similar improvement.



ment through the ingenious method, invented by M. Bre-montier, of fixing the coast dunes which blew into the interior by plantations of maritime pine. The landes are estimated to consist of about 1,700,000 acres, so that their recovery, which is now gradually proceeding, will considerably affect the agricultural prosperity of France. The extensive forest of Fontainebleau also rests upon a sandy soil, interspersed with rock, which would be a drifting wilderness but for this artificial planting. The sandy Steppes, near Odessa, have been recently fixed, after many unsuccessful attempts, by the planting of the *ailanthus*, or varnish tree. The Campine of Belgium, a heath-plain, extending across the confines of Holland, is, perhaps, as good an example as any of man's reclaiming industry; although Mr. Marsh thinks, with a little unusual narrowness of view, that the efforts made upon it have not yielded results at all proportional to the amount of capital invested in them. We do not think even such a fact can justify his short notice of these really marvellous processes, and so we venture to supply his deficiencies, as we have already done in the previous pages. Originally the very worst soil in Europe, the Campine has now become almost as fertile as any, and its various agricultural products form a most important part of the weekly food of our metropolis. This result has not been achieved by capital, but by the wonderful industry of a peasant proprietary, of the good effect of which it stands as a bold, undeniable testimony. The Flemish farmer is not so well educated as the English one, but he surpasses him in minute attention to his land, and dogged perseverance. It has been said of him that 'he wants nothing but a space to work upon,' and he will make it productive, be it what it may. The Campine sands are bare enough to begin with, but the Flemish peasant is earth-hungry, and justifies what M. Michelet says of the French soldier, when he writes: 'The acquisition of land is for him a combat; he goes to it as he would to a battle charge, and will not retreat.' We quote, second-hand, from 'Flemish Husbandry,' in the 'Farmers' Series' of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the following account of this campaign on the champagne:—

'The sands on the Campine can be compared to nothing but the sands on the sea shore, which they probably were originally. \* \* Here you see a cottage and rude cowshed erected on a spot of the most unpromising aspect. The loose white sand, blown into irregular mounds, is only kept together by the roots of the heath; a small spot only is levelled and surrounded by a ditch; part of this is covered with young broom, part is planted with potatoes, and perhaps a small patch of diminutive clover may show itself; and this is the nucleus from which, in a few years, a little farm will spread around. \* \* \* If there is no manure at hand, the only thing that can be sown, on pure sand at first, is broom; this grows in the most barren soils; in three years it is fit to cut, and produces some return in fagots  
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for the bakers and brickmakers. The leaves which have fallen have somewhat enriched the soil, and the fibres of the roots have given it a certain degree of compactness. It may now be ploughed and sown with buck wheat, or even with rye, without manure. By the time this is reaped some manure may have been collected, and a regular course of cropping may begin. As soon as clover and potatoes enable the farmer to keep cows and make manure, the improvement goes on rapidly; in a few years the soil undergoes a complete change; it becomes mellow and retentive of moisture, and enriched by the vegetable matter afforded by the decomposition of the roots of clover and other plants. \* \* After the land has been gradually brought into a good state, and is cultivated in a regular manner, there appears much less difference between the soils which have been originally good, and those which have been made so by labour and industry. At least the crops in both appear more nearly alike at harvest, than is the case in soils of different qualities in other countries.\*

Our programme is yet by no means exhausted. Canals, mines, railroads, isthmus-cuttings, and the draining and diversion of rivers, are all striking geographical changes wrought out by the hands of man, and productive alike of evil and beneficial effects, which our means are as yet inadequate to estimate and balance. They are so striking, and have so long been regarded as the especial triumphs of humanity over natural forces and barriers, answering to a very common definition of civilization, that this very fact must be our excuse for simply referring to them in this incidental, perfunctory manner. We have chosen to give prominence to the less known and more unconscious operations of human enterprise. The public prints and books of travel do their best to keep people well-informed as to these gigantic changes and the possibilities arising out of them, but the more minute and gradual ones are almost lost to view, and rarely attract the attention of any save those especially interested in the different pursuits to which they refer, and the different agencies and productions which they so extensively modify and transform. Without going back to the extravagant doctrine, seriously held by Malebranche and others,† that we may, or rather might, if our vision were but armed with omnipotent lenses, see the stems, leaves, petals, and stamens of a tulip in its bulbous root, and infinite oak forests in a single acorn, or orchards in the pippin of an apple, there is still sufficient saneness in this notion of a world in little to make it useful for us here. Minuteness may be insignificant to the senses, but it can be measured by the intellect. All great changes and effects are composed of littlenesses, as centuries of domestication and crossings alter animals and plants, the felling of tree after tree affects climate, and millions of sand grains make a sand dune. It is so in other spheres.

\* 'Principles of Political Economy.' By John Stuart Mill. Vol. i., pp. 327, 8.

† 'The Search After Truth,' &c. By 'Father Malebranche. B. I., chap. vi. Oxford: 1694.

Each individual is a whole, produced by cells, minute hereditary qualities, and acquired habits. The unity may charm us; but the development and accretion is the greater wonder. Trifling habits indicate character much better than large ones. Every man dresses up so much, as it were, for outward inspection and public life, that he forgets the significance of his casual expressions, his little habits, and the petty details of his daily being. As human beings are for ever throwing off little photographs of themselves in this way without knowing it, so do they effect immense incalculable external changes by similar means and in similar ignorance. The core of the world crops out, as it were, in every little garden and farm, with all its various laws overlapping and trenching upon each other and its manifold compensations. Man, the creator, the destroyer, and the renovator, fulfils all these functions and gratifies all his instincts and higher desires by a vast succession of simply insignificant acts, reaching in their effects farther than the perceptions of his senses and the large shadow cast by his own being; so that diverse, social, moral, and national lessons are suggested by these many-linked relations of cause and effect. Here is man altering other organisms, his very habitat, climate, and geographical limits. If men can change the very laws of nature when they seem to be most crushed in their grasp, why should they not effect the equal miracle of moral renovation, challenge the very evils their progress has created, and overthrow them in a warfare a thousand-fold nobler than any of the chivalries of an earlier world? To 'interrogate nature'—it is singular that the phrase originated with a mystic, Plotinus, and not a scientific *savan*—is no doubt a calm, elevating, and inspiring occupation, pregnant with manifold moral and intellectual influences. But it is at best a comprehensive term for a very partial proceeding, and one that dwarfs the soul in the end, if no other influences are admitted. Even that indefatigable naturalist, Mr. H. W. Bates, found the continued contemplation of nature wearying and unsatisfying amidst the wonders of the tropics. 'I was obliged at last to come to the conclusion,' he says, 'that the contemplation of nature alone is not sufficient to fill the human heart and mind.\*' The forms of life, the sins of life, the monstrous corruptions of life have their definite sequences as much as the facts of external nature, and should be equally amenable to the same influences.

The naturalistic philosopher may laugh at the reformer, and has laughed, and does laugh loudly enough, but his wit re-

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\* 'The Naturalist on the Amazons.' Vol. ii., p. 186.

bounds upon himself. We cannot bring down the law of gravitation, and harness it like a Pegasus, that it may do our moral work, any more than he can make it kindle his fire, dust his library, or arrange his treasures. But we give it our equal reverence and recognition. We do more; we explain facts by other laws as simple, as all-binding, and as far-reaching. He does not see, in his grim, humorous way of putting aside all moral facts and possibilities by a wave of the hand and a pretty but a purloined phrase, that it is only his own dear method that is pursued in this other kingdom, with a difference of subject-matter and time. He finds his primal or contingent facts, endeavours to explain them, and trace forward their remoter possibilities. The moral philosopher does no more. The simple facts of human consciousness and daily life are surely as reliable, even in their diverse changes, as the movements of the planets that led Laplace to map out his exposition of the solar system; the geological data which helped Sir Charles Lyell and others to decipher the stone-written epic of the world; or, later still, the facts which have enabled Mr. Marsh to trace the influence of man on the physical conditions of the globe. The scientific spirit, according to its most ambitious exponent, M. Comte, is that which 'looks from without inwards;'\* and however imperfectly the nobler humanitarian may have hitherto seemed to be moved by it, our present subject is eminently calculated to imbue us with it more thoroughly and soundly. Certain systems, as phrenology and physiognomy have feebly endeavoured to do this, as far as mind and character are concerned, but we have no concern with them here. We might have waited for ages ere they would have taught us so much as we may learn from this revelation of man's power over nature, when we transfer, as we have a right to do, the same method to his power over himself. No science of morals is possible without the assumption of the latter fact, any more than a science of medicine without the recognition of the modifying influences of remedial agents on the different bodily organs as well as upon themselves. Man, in fact, is not mere order of nature, link in a chain, nor any ignominious baggage, as Emerson says, but 'a stupendous antagonism, a dragging together of the poles of the universe.' He is a part of nature, and so far says Shakespeare truly:—

'Nature is made better by no mean,  
But nature makes that mean.'

But he is nature's miracle and above her. He feels the

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\* 'Positive Philosophy,' translated by H. Martineau. Vol. ii., p. 191.

grand law of gravitation and it cinctures him, but he continually breaks and resists it, if only to be triumphed over it by it when life has ceased. He alters her primal facts and laws by the varied operations of his industry and his will. The history of the world as imprinted on its surface is not more eloquent with the one order of law than it is with the other.

A new phase in the moral history of humanity is, therefore, opened out by these natural discoveries. It has pleased Cousin, Ruskin, and others, to trace the influence of physical geography on the mind and the arts of men; it is a newer phase in human thought when man's influence comes to be traced on the broad outlying circle of influence itself. The thought seems to have completed itself, and we are open to study and delight ourselves with its results in other departments. It is full of joy, hope, and courage for the stern, steady-working, and sometimes despised humanitarian. It may cheer him like an unfolding prophecy, and stimulate him like a new revelation. Like the natural philosopher, he sits down before stupendous facts that will not be concealed. They have written out their history in man's heart and life as clearly as ever the earth holds the history of creation in its strata, and of man's activities on its surface. Science discloses the latter, and no less surely declares the former. We can never afford to shorten or weaken our grasp of things by a lazy indifference to any kind of progress or inquiry, and it has so long been the fashion to regard nature as a stern, unyielding fate, whose laws come crushing down like an avalanche or an iceberg in a glacial sea, that any turn of thought is refreshing to us, however it may seem to make it more emphatic, if it helps us to recognize more plainly and fully any high strong centre of combative and remedial influence. The same kind of law crushes us in one aspect of morals, and we leap for joy as we learn anew that all is not girt about with invincible barriers, but that a new set of forces and agencies, a new circle of being, has power to alter, mould, and remedy in a most marvellous degree. The better things we hope for, work for, and pray for, no longer troop about us as the phantasms of an idle brain and enthusiast's dream, but as the realized palpable practicalities of a broad noonday existence. Far along the future flashes our radiant vision, and the shadows of a nobler human throng are flung across our path, and yet there is no mournful pageant in the west, no solemn setting of the sun.

## ART. II. — POPULAR EDUCATION IN LARGE TOWNS.

1. *Inquiry into the Educational and other Conditions of a District in Deansgate.* By the Manchester Statistical Society. November, 1864.
2. *First Report of the Manchester and Salford Education Aid Society.* 1865.

THAT current of human affairs, which is generally designated by the name of progress, is every day making it more impossible for human beings to live in civilized communities without the rudiments of education. Whether we desire it or not, it is making society continually more complex, building up great cities, inventing new machinery, netting the world with railways and electric telegraphs, and drilling the human race into modes of life of which the foundation is as much artificial as natural. In this state of things a man who does not keep pace with the knowledge of his time becomes more helpless every day. When life was chiefly agricultural or pastoral, it was otherwise. The ploughman or the shepherd each has his value in his own place, his duties being simple, unchanging, and almost independent of any mental culture. And when the world went on in the old rustic way, it scarcely mattered whether Hodge had learnt his letters or not. But in our days, so rapid are the changes which whirl us about, that no man knows what may be required of him next year; and if our uneducated field-worker, with his family, should be drifted into a large town, with no human being above his own condition who knows of his existence, and should there be suddenly cast out of employment, it is very possible that the darkness and hopelessness of his lot would at once break down his spirit, his self-respect, and every safeguard of good conduct.

It is not possible for any of our readers to imagine what his own condition would have been, supposing him never to have learnt to read. But it may be worth a few moments' thought to make the attempt to understand it in some faint degree. When we see a blind man our sympathy is awakened because the fearfulness of his privation is so manifest. But it is not so easy to get a clear notion of the state of the man who has eyes and sees not. Almost everything of our modern civilization has come to be the property of those who can read and write. We no more think of addressing the uneducated with hieroglyphics now, than we expect a public speaker to interpret his spoken words with the finger-alphabet, for the benefit  
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of the deaf and dumb. In mile-stones and finger-posts on the highways, in street names in towns, in placards upon walls, in labels in shops, in advertisements in newspapers, in railway tickets and time-tables, in sign-boards and printed and painted directions at every step, our business-life assumes that all men are instructed in eye-language as well as in ear-language. The poor man who enters upon the responsibilities of life without the rudiments of education, slowly opens his eyes to the fact that he is in a world of treasures locked up, of which he has not the key. He comes at length, perhaps, to a dim apprehension that he belongs to an inferior order of beings, or that the true man in him, which might successfully have done battle with the difficulties that beset him, is still locked in the slumber of a chrysalis state. Hence the preternaturally intelligent boy of the streets becomes the stolid and lethargic man. He grows accustomed to see and hear, like a cow or a horse, a thousand things pass around him which he does not understand; and he grows resigned, hopelessly and helplessly resigned, to his fate. If he can keep in some groove in which he has begun, bearing all burdens, his life may run out without any greater disaster than that which is involved in the fact of a human soul living a life intellectually very little above that of the lower animals. But if by some change he be thrown loose from his old moorings, what creature in the universe so desolate and helpless as he? Life runs past him day by day, and leaves him stranded. He sees that a universe of ideas, knowledge, and activity lies around him, of which he can take no cognizance. His faculties are awakened just enough, perhaps, to show him what he lacks. What wonder that he often seeks to drown these dim perceptions, with the remembrance of his miseries, in some muddy pool of sensual indulgence?

And look, again, at the uneducated man in relation to spiritual culture. He is almost necessarily coarse, cloddish, unimaginative, unpoetical, painfully literal. With educated people, especially in modern times, thought not only finds its expression in, but is chiefly carried on by the help of, symbols drawn from nature, or the sciences, or literature, and especially from poetry. Words, therefore, come to have many senses, according to the connection in which they are used. And a whole and extensive language exists, in a region entirely above the region of life of the work-day world. The illiterate man lacks the very machinery of thought. For, in the intellectual as well as the physical region, modern life is full of mechanism, of which the thinkers and poets of all ages are the inventors. Every extension or new application of science,  
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every new item of knowledge—astronomical, geological, chemical, or biological—is immediately seized by the imagination (the pioneer of thought), and beyond and above the duty it performs in the lower physical region of life, it is idealized and made a basis of a new series of intellectual images, deductions, and illustrations. Thus, as the earth beneath becomes more fruitful to the advancing intellect, the soul finds, in its own region, the corresponding archetypes of physical phenomena, extending its domain into the heaven of thought. This connection of the spiritual and the physical is not fanciful, but real. Nature and science furnish us, not only with similes and comparisons, but also with implements and weapons by which new regions of the soul's heritage are opened out and brought under its dominion. From all this the ignorant man is shut out. His state realizes the old stories of enchantment; he carries his human instinct buried under an exterior almost satyr-like, and feels his loss, though he cannot speak it.

With the church he connects the ideas of baptisms, marriages, and funerals, but usually seems to consider that he has nothing to do with any other religious observances. Ask a clergyman who knows well some of the more densely peopled districts in large towns, respecting the attendance of his parishioners at his or any other place of worship. Some of those who have made special inquiries from house to house, have found that not one in ten of the grown people ever go to any place of worship. Why is it that in our day this dulness of intellect and this absence of religious culture and æsthetic feeling characterize the illiterate man? Is it not because literature has now become almost our only teacher? We often speak with pride and exultation of the triumphs which the press has achieved in our day. 'The daily press,' as Carlyle has said, 'is the preaching dervish of our age.' Before the invention of printing, books were as rare as gems. It was then necessary that the orator and the artist should have much more to do with teaching than now. The Catholic Church of the middle ages appealed, by its symbols, its oral instructions, and its works of art, to the unlearned as well as to the learned. Its pre-eminence in shows and ceremonials has sprung from this very necessity of the past. But in modern England the printing press has taken the place of almost all other modes of teaching, and has given to literature such an overpowering influence upon the educated classes, that a new and distinct literary vocabulary has grown up, so that, if a man be unable to read, he will seldom be able to hear a sermon that he can understand. Moreover, if he goes to a church, he is expected  
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to use several books, and if these are unintelligible to him, while at the same time he is unable to make out the sense of the sermon because of his own limited knowledge of words, is it likely he will be often attracted thither?

Some of the churches, alas! seem to have almost forgotten that Christianity is sent especially to instruct the poor and to save the lost. They preach to the intelligent classes, and make it fashionable and proper to attend their services. Those who are not fashionable and proper, therefore, naturally shun them. The established routine supposes every person to be intelligent, but the great mass of the nation is not brought up to the degree of intelligence necessary to enable them to enter with heart and understanding into the forms of worship which refined taste finds necessary. . And yet the churches are the appointed educators of the nation. The office has been demanded by them, and accorded to them. What is to be the future of the people and of the churches? Is the mass of the nation to sink into heathenism? Are we to have churches? for the educated only, and are the people to be abandoned? Can we flatter ourselves that the command of Him who said to His disciples, 'Go, teach all nations,' is in this age complied with? When shall we see in the churches those signs of Divine manifestation to which He appealed, 'to the poor the gospel is preached,' and 'the common people hear gladly?' Let us by no means be understood to intimate that religion cannot purify and ennoble the uneducated man. We believe some of those upon whom Christianity has exercised its highest influences have been ignorant men and women. But if the ignorant are to be virtually excluded from hearing and knowing anything about Christianity, how can its influence be brought to bear upon them? Religion is now, apparently, considered rather as an accomplishment than as a necessity of life for every human being.

Looking to the disintegrating forces in operation, and to the feewness and feebleness of the conservative agencies to counteract them, we need not be surprised to find that in all our large towns, and in many small towns also, there are vast populations, crowded together in small spaces, in filth and squalor indescribable, without regard to the decencies of life, and amongst many of whom even the ordinary notions of morality are either extinct, or have never come into conscious existence. In short, in this triumphant nineteenth century, great numbers of the people have gone back into savagism in the chief cities of this great and wealthy country. There are nearly a million of paupers, normally, in England and Wales, costing £6,000,000 sterling per annum. And crime abounds to

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such an extent that the expenditure for prisons and police in this country, for 1861, was £4,500,000 sterling, and it was estimated at the same time, that there were 130,000 criminals at large, preying on the community. The cost of these criminals to the country, estimating them at only £50 per annum each, will be £6,500,000 sterling, making the whole cost of crime £11,000,000 per annum. Pauperism and crime, therefore, burden us to the extent of £17,000,000 per annum, or four times the amount needed to educate every working man's child in the kingdom.

As material prosperity has advanced, and wealth has accumulated, this degraded population has grown in numbers. There are more rich men, and the rich men are richer, than formerly, but the poor have increased in numbers more rapidly than the rich, and their poverty is deeper, more squalid, and more difficult to relieve than ever, because it is a poverty of thought and good principles, still more than of food and clothing. It is the necessary consequence of the attempt to make men with unawakened intellect and uninstructed consciences fill a place in the midst of an artificial society which has made culture indispensable. It is now more literally true than in any former age, that 'the people perish for lack of knowledge.'

The perception of the necessity of general education in these altered times has been growing for more than half a century. In most civilized countries it has been vigorously attempted, and in some it has been fairly accomplished. In the two chief republics of the world—the United States and Switzerland—every child is taught at the public expense. In most of the more despotically governed German States, education of all the children is also accomplished, by compulsory laws, and at the public cost. In freer Holland there are excellent free schools for the poor, and those who do not educate their children are entered in a black book, and suffer under certain disabilities. France and Italy are making rapid progress in education. In the chief British colonies excellent common schools are supported at the public expense. England, foremost as she is in wealth and in material progress, claiming the position of leader in philanthropic movements—and among whose artizan population, more than among any other people, education has become a necessity of life—has half the nation receiving no instruction of any practical value.

For the last thirty years, it is true, an experiment has been in progress in this country, and a constantly growing proportion of the public revenue has been devoted to this experiment, until the sum yearly voted has reached more than

than £750,000 sterling. But it is now generally admitted that very little, indeed, has been accomplished of the work which this annual sum was meant to effect, viz., the education of those children whose parents were unable to pay for it themselves.

For this most unpractical result, indeed, neither the Legislature nor the Executive are to blame, otherwise than as they are the exponents of the national will. As soon as a Government grant for education was mentioned, the Church demanded to have the disposal of it. But then came the old difficulty between church and church. The field of educational effort was converted into the battle-field of the Established Church with Dissent. It became necessary for the Committee of Privy Council, in distributing aid, to assist all denominations impartially. Hence, the Government was not able to establish schools at all, or to come into contact with the people to be educated, except through the mediation of schools established by the churches. And generally, only those scholars are admitted to the assisted schools who are able to pay school-fees. By far the larger portion of the grants made by Government, as now distributed by the churches, reaches only those who are able to pay school-fees. And it is well-known that a very considerable proportion of the scholars, for whom capitation grants are at present made, are the children of shopkeepers and tradesmen who could well afford to pay the whole cost of their education. At the same time the mass of the poorer working people are left uneducated, because they cannot afford to pay the school-fees.

We do not intend, here, to utter any word of reproach of the religious bodies. Among the leaders of religious opinion there are, and have been, many good and wise men, and we doubt not they sincerely purposed to bestir themselves in this matter of education. Doubtless, they expressed only what their consciences dictated of an apprehension lest the nation should be educated in accordance with the maxims of a materializing civilization. But the root of the mischief is the introduction into this subject of that war of creeds and ceremonials, in the din of which *the Church* is lost among *churches*. We wish only to recall, and to place in consecutive order, the simple facts of our present condition, as they are known to every intelligent man, and the causes which have brought them about. The religious bodies that subscribe large sums of money to send Christianity and civilization to Juggernaut worshippers and Fiji cannibals, and to establish schools among these savages, have in each large town in England more untaught heathens that have nothing to do

with the churches, and know hardly anything of Christianity, than are to be found in any of the more considerable islands of the Pacific. They are men, women, and children with white skins and British blood, inferior to no race in the world—but sinking in masses—their spiritual nature into moral corruption and intellectual stagnation, and their bodies into festering heaps of wretchedness, such as can be found in no Australian forest or Hottentot kraal. And the churches that have said, 'We dare not let these people be educated by any others than ourselves, because we wish their education to be a religious one'—are standing by, and neither educate them nor admit their powerlessness. We are pretty sure, indeed, that they would at once rise up as before, to resist any interference with the *status quo*.

Of what has been accomplished by the Committee of Privy Council we are far from wishing to speak slightly. They have done what was possible under the circumstances. The teaching in the schools under Government inspection is a vast improvement upon any which was practised forty years ago. Apprenticeship of pupil teachers, certificating of qualified teachers, training colleges, and periodical examination of schools by professional inspectors, have all borne good fruits. But if the majority of the children for whom these schools are intended never enter their walls, it is evident that the Government method is, to that extent, a failure. And, virtually, this was acknowledged the other day in Parliament by Mr. Bruce. The conviction is all but universal that the present state of popular education is most unsatisfactory, and that change must be made.

Some years ago the people of Manchester made an effort to initiate a better state of things for their own town, if not for the kingdom. A scheme of general education, to be supported by local rates, was proposed. This brought out a rival scheme, the two parties taking conflicting views. An attempt to make a compromise was unsuccessful, and after much contention, each defeated the other, and both fell to the ground. Ten years passed away, and the education question rested. But in the beginning of 1864 the subject was again brought into prominence. Startling statements were made in the local daily papers respecting the condition of the great mass of poorer people crowded in the central parts of the town. It was shown that there must be 50,000 children in Manchester and Salford, within the school-going limits of age, who were not attending day schools; while only 42,000 were receiving instruction in day schools. Although these statements called forth contradictions and questionings, there was, unhappily,

no lack of confirmatory evidence. A society, of which we shall presently have occasion to speak (the Education Aid Society), adduced the following in a tract published about the same time :—

‘The alarming condition into which the working population of Manchester and Salford is sinking, is well illustrated by a few facts gleaned during the working of the Sewing School established in Garden Lane, Lower King-street, by the Provident Society, during the recent cotton famine.

‘The total number of young women, factory workers, from sixteen to twenty-three years of age, that have passed through this school, is 963. They were instructed by ladies who gave their time and labour to the benevolent work. Of the 963 there were only 199 who could both read and write. 319 more of them were able to read; but 445, or nearly half of the whole, were unable to read at all.

‘But, what is still more important to those likely soon to become mothers of families is, that not one in ten of these young women could sew, in any available way; and not more than one in twenty could sew moderately well. They required to be taught even to hold the needle, and were made to practise first on patchwork provided for the purpose, which was frequently so badly sewed as to need unstitching after their attempts. Of domestic management they were entirely ignorant. They were unable to cook the simplest kind of food. It was very difficult to teach them to peel potatoes without excessive wastefulness. And not a single girl knew how to make bread.’

Some of our readers will doubtless wonderingly ask how this state of things can have come to pass, seeing that children under thirteen, who are sent to work in cotton mills, are obliged to attend factory schools. It may be that many of these girls did not go to work in cotton mills until they were over thirteen years of age; it is more than probable that most of them were sent very young. But the truth is, the factory schools are, in most cases, a delusion. Mr. Leonard Horner, Factory Inspector, in the most unqualified terms, states this in his reports; and these reports are again quoted as evidence of the fact by the Royal Commission appointed to examine into the state of popular education, in their report published in 1861. He says plainly that the Legislature has passed a delusive act, which only requires a certificate that certain time has been passed in a place called a school, applying no test of the kind of instruction given. He says: ‘If the children are crammed into a cellar, and it is called a school, the inspector must accept the certificate.’ And again: ‘I have been in many such schools, where I have seen rows of children doing absolutely nothing;’ and ‘in statistical returns such children are set down as being educated.’ At the same time Mr. Horner says that ‘several good schools really exist in his district, and in them the half-time system has been eminently successful.’ Of 427 factory schools in his district, seventy-six are good, and twenty-six are tolerable; the remaining 325 are indifferent and worse. The half-time schools for print-works are in a still worse condition, and Mr. Horner designates them as ‘mockeries of education.’

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The discussion originating in the newspaper correspondence, already alluded to, excited so much attention, that the Manchester Statistical Society undertook the investigation of a selected sample district in Deansgate, Manchester. The part chosen was densely peopled, but was not considered to be pre-eminent in any speciality of character. It was not the poorest quarter, nor the most demoralized, nor were its inhabitants employed exclusively, or even chiefly, in any single kind of occupation. 713 houses and 68 inhabited cellars were visited, containing 1,055 families, or 4,349 persons. There was a wide diversity in their earnings. 255 families earned from £1 to £2 per week, while there were 339 families (just a third of the whole number in the district) whose average weekly income was only 5s. 6½d. per family, or about 1s. 6½d. for each person per week. There are no less than 297 families, or 28 per cent. of the whole, living in single rooms. Many of these families consist of four, five, six, and seven persons. In one case, five persons, living in one room, earn altogether 4s. per week, and pay 1s. for rent. In another room live a man and his wife and two lodgers, and the man earns 18s. per week. In another room there is a family of seven persons, father, mother, two boys and three girls (two of them over twelve years), and their united earnings are 23s. per week. In one house of five rooms there are five families, consisting of twenty-four persons, whose united earnings are £4. 16s. per week. A great number of such cases are mentioned, but they are only instances of modes of living such as are known to abound in all large towns to an immense extent. In this small portion of the Deansgate district 438 children were reported to be attending day schools, while 577 children, above three years of age, were neither at school nor at work.

Of course, where there is ignorance and degradation, strong drink is not far away. In this small district there are forty-four houses devoted to the sale of beer or spirits—that is, about one such house for every 100 persons. Twenty-two houses in the district are known to be brothels, and nine others appear to be so. In nineteen of these houses there are 105 women, and in three others there are forty-four women. Some of the brothels are also beerhouses. In two cases a daughter supports her mother by prostitution, and in one case a widow keeps two prostitutes along with her own daughter.

Such is a sample district of Manchester, and let no one imagine it may not be taken fairly to represent the condition of vast masses of population in all the other large towns of this country. We do not suppose, for a moment, that Manchester has attained such a 'bad pre-eminence' that her sister towns



towns need lift up their hands in pious horror. Let them only as fairly examine themselves. Where, alas! is that 'bold peasantry' upon which our fathers, two or three generations ago, prided themselves? The drift of modern life towards manufactures and trade has carried them into large towns, loosened old ties, broken down the safeguards of morals; and finding us unprepared by general and sound training, and all grasping at wealth, has given the sacred name of Liberty to that uncontrolled indulgence of sensual desires by which an ignorant people are first enslaved and then destroyed.

Early in 1864 a society was formed in Manchester, called the Education Aid Society, with the object of bringing some of the neglected children of the poor into school, and for this purpose supplementing the Government scheme, by small grants of its own, to the children of parents unable to pay. All public schools which comply with the Government conditions relating to religious instruction are placed on the society's list. These conditions are, that the school shall be either connected with some religious body, or that there shall be read in it each day a portion of the Holy Scriptures in the authorized version. In all cases the parents have the choice of the school to which their children are to be sent. Each applicant is visited, and inquiries are made into the circumstances of the family. Every case is examined, after visitation, by a committee which sits once a week. The first report of this society is before us, giving an account of the first six months' working. It states that nine-tenths of the public schools in Manchester and Salford are in connection with it, and receive the children sent by the committee. Ninety of these schools have sent in their accounts for the quarter ending Christmas last. 4,978 children have been sent, but only 3,701 of them had actually attended school. Several reasons are given for this difference. In some cases the children had not clothes or shoes in which they could appear at school. In some cases the partial grants of the society could not be made up by the parents into the full school-fee. In other cases the parents were too careless to send their children if paid for.

Of the poverty of the families assisted there seems to be no doubt. Fifteen per cent. of them are those of widows, and we are told there are almost as many cases of mothers deserted by their husbands. From the average of a selection of families taken from all parts of the town, the weekly income per head of those assisted appears to be nineteen-pence, after deducting rent. Nineteen-pence per week for each person, for food, clothing, fuel, and all other necessities and comforts, certainly cannot be expected to leave much for education. Yet even these



these people pay a trifle in addition to the society's payment.

The importance of this society consists, we think, not in the work it has accomplished, for its operations have only just commenced. It is, in our estimation, significant as an earnest practical effort, by men of all parties, and as pointing out a possible solution of the difficulties which beset the subject of popular education. All denominational distinctions are ignored, and the committee consists of men known as representative of various shades of religious and political opinions. Yet they have shown that in this work there is nothing to prevent hearty union of effort.

The report of the Education Aid Society makes it clear that the working classes must not be looked upon as a homogeneous mass, as they have, apparently, been supposed to be. Our legislators have been high above them in station, have had little practical knowledge of and sympathy with them, and of this fact appear hardly as yet to have become aware. To educate the working classes, it has been considered to be simply necessary to make certain grants through the recognized school-managers. And, as we have already seen, these grants reach only those who least need them. The working classes consist of three very distinct strata. First, there is the thrifty, healthy, and comfortable class, who earn fair, and sometimes large wages. These, along with small shopkeepers, clerks, and even master tradesmen, send their children to the existing schools, and almost entirely absorb the grants of the Committee of Privy Council. But below these there are two other strata, that are scarcely touched by the existing arrangements. The next lower one consists of a very large class of honest, working people, labourers, jobbing tailors, and shoemakers, porters, hawkers, men with feeble health of all trades, often without work, and unable to do much when they have it, men whose original business has decayed from some change in fashion, and who now are driven to some make-shift; widows with children, and many others. In vast numbers of such cases the family earnings are too small to enable them to send their children to school, if they are to pay for their education. Often the idea of schooling for their children is scarcely dreamt of. Education, to them, is an inaccessible luxury. The Government grants scarcely reach this class at all. And below these, again, there is another class, descending through various degrees, from the drunken husband or wife who could not be got to send their children to school, if free education were provided, down to the vagrant and thief, who send out their children to beg or steal, and beat them if they fail to bring home the required spoil.

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For the lowest stratum it will doubtless be found, at length, that compulsion, under some form, is necessary. But how to compel them is a question which may be deferred until the second class is provided for. And it is this second or middle stratum that will be affected by the operation of such societies as the Education Aid Society of Manchester. This will be a most important step in the application of remedial measures. At present the middle stratum is continually sliding down into the lowest, and filling up its ranks. If this process is stopped, there is room for hope that the declension may be at length changed into an upward movement.

With the present arrangements, as we have seen, it is almost impossible for Government assistance to reach the class of which we are speaking. But why should not every town have a supplementary organization of its own, an Education Aid Society, by which this class might be reached? Surely there is public spirit enough in all English towns to administer the aid required, and to establish the necessary schools, if more schools be wanted after filling those already existing. We believe that there would be little difficulty in getting such institutions supported by small local rates, when once their beneficial working had been proved. If a rate can be obtained for public libraries and parks, surely for such an object as this there could be no difficulty.

With such an administration of local aid, the sums voted by Parliament would begin to be available for the class that most needs educational help. The Committee of Privy Council on Education estimate that the Revised Code will afford for each scholar in the schools receiving grants an average of about 9s. 3d. per annum. This is about half the ordinary average cost of education in such schools. There are prosperous Government schools in existence, that pay all expenses, keep an efficient staff of teachers, and supply the scholars with stationery, and in which the fees are only 2d. and 3d. per week, in addition to the grants made by Government. The smallness of the sum required for the efficient education of the whole nation is one of the facts which make the present inertia the more painful, and the more to be condemned, when the good which might be achieved by it is put side by side with it.

The present system of Privy Council will work admirably in connection with the local scheme here spoken of, and is, indeed, almost a necessary counterpart of it. The Government inspection, and the grants made through them, will secure efficiency in the schools; while the local administration will have to care chiefly that the poorest children are sent, to benefit

benefit by their own grants, as well as by those of the Government.

We do not wish it to be inferred, from the remarks we have made respecting the attitude of the religious bodies in the matter of education, that we should desire them to give up their claim to be the educators of the nation. Already a great organization of schools and training colleges exists, which has attained to a considerable degree of perfection. On this ground alone we should be great losers to begin *de novo*. But we think it also most desirable that the direction of education should be in the hands of men of religious feeling. Not that we should advocate the making prominent of distinctive creeds and catechisms. Very often these are made to serve no other purpose in schools than that of desecrating the hallowed things of which they treat.

We would have the churches rather to become alive to the responsibility of the position they have assumed. At present, because they have taken the place of educators as their right, they are absolutely preventing educational effort in other quarters. On the sincerity and earnestness with which they fill their post depend not only the well-being, but the very lives of millions of our fellow-countrymen—for education is now a necessity of life. The future of England is wrapped up in the problem which they have undertaken to solve. It is very certain that if these masses of people in all our large towns be allowed to remain uneducated, all our talk about progress, increase of wealth and trade, inventions and discoveries, freedom and religion, is self-delusion. We shall gradually become worm-eaten and hollow, and when some great external conflict comes, the sapped strength and hidden corruption will be revealed in a crash of ruin, such as the world witnesses only at the consummation of an *æon*.

Something has lately been done in reclaiming the waifs and wanderers of society, by reformatories and industrial schools. Immediate good results have been seen in the diminution of the number of juvenile criminals. But it would be a mistake to suppose this to indicate a solid and permanent advance in society, so long as for every child reclaimed from crime there are many other neglected ones sliding down into the same pit. It is well known that the town population is increasing much more rapidly than that of the whole kingdom; and to careful observers it is manifest also, that the neglected and uneducated classes in large towns are increasing in proportion to the more intelligent. Whatever dangers may threaten us from foreign nations—whatever matters of interest may demand our attention throughout the world in which our  
trade

trade has spread its *tentaculæ*, so as to make us sensitive to every ebb and flow of the tides of life, in every land, and on every sea—if these lowly brothers and sisters of ours, in our own towns, be neglected, we cannot but, ere long, share their ruin. In what way the ruin may come, we may be unable to perceive. But He who has bound us all together in one community, given us one land to dwell in, one language to speak, one air to breathe, one law of conscience to guide us, one heart to feel, and one Redeemer to save us by self-sacrifice, has made us to know that we must be saved together or perish together. In these pages it has aforetime been well shown that the moral unity of humanity is no fancy of the poet's brain, but a sober and most solemn truth. If the hand or foot be gangrened, the corruption will require only a short time to reach the head and the heart, and the whole body must die. With nations and with races it is as with individuals. The very selfishness which cannot be stirred to action when such vast miseries as we have been describing, exist, is a sign that the life-blood of the nation is already tainted. Who that has looked into the condition of these sinking multitudes and felt the difficulty of making it believed that anything is needed to be done, has not often asked himself, 'Is it possible that all this may yet be retrieved? Is it not too late?' That it was too late, some quarter of a century ago, was the deliberate judgment of one great and good man, Dr. Arnold. We are not disposed to think our condition is beyond human power to redeem. Whether upon our modern Babylon is already written, by invisible fingers, the irrevocable '*Mene, Mene, Tekel*,' or whether yet some sweet airs from heaven shall blow upon our stony hearts and melt them into fruitful pity for our brothers who bleed to death by the way-side which we, like the Levite in the parable, shun, we cannot tell. If an effective sympathy for them shall come, we know that it will be new life for us all. Let us hope for it, but, while we pray, let us also work.

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#### ART. III.—A VISIT TO LAFORCE.

SOME time ago we were present at a meeting held at Clifton, invited to hear a French Protestant minister, M. John Bost, give an account of three institutions, founded by himself at Laforce, in the department of Dordogne, France, for the training of destitute girls of his own faith, and the reception of patients (also Protestants) of both sexes afflicted with incurable disease either of body or mind.

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The effect of his address was to make us resolve that we would seize the very first opportunity that might arise for visiting Laforce. It came sooner than we anticipated. Early in the following summer we joined a party about to start on a continental tour, all equally desirous to verify with our own eyes the touching narrative of M. Bost; and, shaping our route accordingly, we found ourselves on our way to Laforce. We had stopped the previous night at Libourne, on the Poitiers and Bordeaux Railway, and about twenty miles short of the latter city. Hiring a carriage, and starting at six o'clock in the morning, we had reached St. Foy, twenty-four miles distant, by ten o'clock; and, there obtaining fresh horses, had visited the excellent Protestant Reformatory for both boys and girls a mile from that town. We are now driving along the banks of the Dordogne, a wide and placid river, flowing through a fertile plain, bounded on either side by a range of hills, low, but well-wooded. The charming landscape glows in sunshine, and the air is redolent of flowers and new-mown hay.

Eight or nine miles from St. Foy, a lofty-roofed, picturesque chateau appears on the summit of the northern ridge. It is that of Laforce, and indicates the spot to which we are proceeding. Mounting the height by a road winding among trees, we find ourselves on a plateau, and in the village of Laforce. Passing the modest edifice which serves the various public uses of district school-house for both sexes, of post-office, *palais de justice*, and *hotel de ville*, and driving by small houses and cottages, scattered among gardens, we arrive at the Parsonage (our English designation has been adopted), the residence of M. John Bost, with whom dwells his elder brother and earnest fellow-labourer, Samuel, formerly a missionary in the East Indies.

We had given no notice of our intended visit, and now learnt that M. John Bost was absent, but was expected to return in the course of the afternoon. Meanwhile his brother received us, though perfect strangers, with the utmost cordiality, and proceeded at once to show us the objects of our journey.

These are three in number, the school for girls, called La Famille Evangelique, the asylum for female incurables, called Bethesda, and that for males similarly afflicted, called Siloë. They occupy three distinct buildings, about a bowshot from each other and the Parsonage; intervening are the gardens attached to each, and the small quantity of land under cultivation as yet\* acquired for the institution, in all about eight acres.

\* 1861.

The Famille Evangelique was the department earliest created, and thither we first bent our steps. On our way we met several 'halt and lame,' among them a crippled boy, seated on a small plank, moving himself quickly and easily along by his hands alone; and further on we encountered a group of little day-scholars—one diminutive creature escorted by a huge dog—who were just starting homewards, some of them having four or five miles to walk, so far are their parents thankful to send them to a school of their own faith.

The origin of the Famille Evangelique was in this wise. Several years ago the Protestants of Laforce, disagreeing with their Consistory regarding their pastor, detached themselves from the National Church, and appointed a minister of their own selection. Their choice was a happy one. It fell upon John Bost, one of twelve sons of a Protestant minister, whose ancestors had suffered proscription for the sake of their religion. Originally choosing the artist's profession, he went to Paris to pursue his studies. Buoyant in temperament, and possessing a keen appreciation of fun, he had, withal, a heart overflowing with charity, and his pity being moved by the perilous position of a young girl, the child of an abandoned mother, his desire to rescue her suggested to him the founding of such an institution as the Famille Evangelique. But, as an artist, he had neither opportunity nor funds for carrying his scheme into effect, and the idea remained in abeyance, though the poor child whose impending ruin had given it birth was not neglected. She now occupies a responsible and honoured post at Laforce.

Meanwhile, M. Bost discovered that he had mistaken his vocation. A desire to enter the sacred profession arose, his thoughts being thus directed, in the first instance, he told us, by the perusal of a work by our eminent Nonconformist divine, the late John Angell James.

Circumstances brought M. Bost to Laforce just as the former pastor—who had rendered himself so distasteful to his congregation that they utterly refused to hear him—was about to leave. M. Bost was invited to succeed him, and, after due consideration, accepted the pastorate. Aiming to raise his flock above mere sectarian discussions, and to extinguish party spirit by turning their thoughts towards practical Christianity, he set to work at once to bring the asylum so long pondered into existence. Being yet a very young man, he sought and obtained the advice and approbation of the President of the Consistory, and of the most eminent of his fellow-pastors, among whom was the late Adolph Monod. His next step was to procure funds. Forty thousand francs (£1,600) was, he  
estimated,

estimated, the smallest sum with which he could begin; yet this was one of alarming amount to raise. He started, however, on a tour of collection through France and England, and not only obtained the whole, but made fast friends, who have since continued their support. And here let us note M. Bost's frank and fervent acknowledgment of the aid he has received from this country. More, indeed, than half the money expended on his institutions has, we believe, been contributed by England. He warmly expresses his gratitude also to a munificent American family.

It was in 1846 that M. Bost began to build; and now help was offered of a nature far more touching than mere gifts of money. His parishioners, chiefly peasants, and, in all, not more than eighty families, volunteered their services for the transport of materials, bestowing an amount of labour which, at the lowest estimate, would have cost 16,000 francs. Moreover, as they pursued their ordinary occupations by day, they performed this gratuitous work at night.

In 1848, the edifice was complete, and so well had the work been done that at the time of our visit, thirteen years afterwards, not a penny had been needed for repair. An entertainment given by M. Bost to his generous flock inaugurated the institution, and, an excellent directress having been found, the school was opened with three girls, whose number increased until, in the course of three years, it had reached the complement of fifty pupils.

But, meantime, great difficulties had been encountered. The local authorities, probably regarding M. Bost as an interloper, strenuously opposed his enterprize, and so injurious were the accusations circulated against both it and him, that an order was actually issued for the school to be closed within a few days. This short interval, however, he employed to such good effect that the Préfet of the Dordogne, after acquainting himself with the nature and object of the institution, declared the only fault he could find with it was that it was too small; and three months later, in consequence of the favourable reports of the Government Inspector, M. Bost's school obtained honourable mention from the Minister of Public Instruction.

The girls received are: 1st. Orphans who, for various reasons, are excluded from other institutions. 2ndly. Girls whose circumstances involve great moral peril; among these are not only deserted children and the offspring of abandoned mothers still sunk in vice, but of those also who are repentant and desirous of leading a better life—the tender care bestowed upon their children and its happy results having often been  
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the means of awakening the conscience of the parents. And 3rdly. Those whose isolated position in Catholic districts affords no opportunity of education in their own faith. It must be remembered that many of the French Protestant congregations are too small and too poor to support schools of their own, and the children of such a flock must be dependent on Catholic institutions for instruction. The daughters of *colporteurs* also, whose parents have perhaps no settled home, would be peculiarly destitute of the means of training but for the Famille Evangelique.

Parents are required to contribute to the utmost extent of their means towards the cost of their child, which is estimated at £10 a-year. A less sum is received from those who are absolutely too poor to pay the whole; and the balance, and the entire cost of orphans who are not paid for by patrons, is defrayed by the subscriptions M. Bost is able to obtain. Societies in memory of Adolph Monod, and distinguished by his name, have been created solely to aid in raising these funds, in the form of annual *bourses* of £10, and *demi-bourses* of £5, each whole bourse covering, of course, the expense of one inmate. Friends in different countries have adopted the same form of contribution towards each of the three departments of Laforce, individuals being in some instances the founders of a bourse.

The course of mental instruction is limited to reading, writing, simple arithmetic, a little geography, sacred history, and singing; but, the purpose of their training being to make these girls competent servants, they are practically instructed in all household duties by performing them for the whole institution; and they are also taught the various branches of the seamstress's art, including the cutting out and repairing of every garment.

'We often hear the complaint,' writes M. Bost, in a little work entitled 'The Institutions of Laforce,'\* 'that the girls who come from orphan schools are not fit for service; they are too idle, and nearly useless in the management of a household. It is added that they can read, write, and reckon well, but understand nothing of service; that it is necessary to teach them everything, especially order and obedience.

'We have listened to these complaints with the desire to profit by them. The friends who have made them may be looked upon as some of our best supporters. We believe that, in many cases, their judgment has been too severe; they forget that at the age of eighteen years a girl cannot be expected to have the experience of a woman who has passed many years in service. Experience cannot be obtained from books. Nevertheless there is much truth in these reproaches. The education given in many establishments has given rise to these accusations. In many instances the children are treated as though they were at home; the teachers take the place of mothers to them; there are servants who do all the hard work, the cooking, washing, &c.; the girl sees the meals prepared and placed upon the table; she has only to seat herself and take them; she has her hours for recreation, which

\* London: Mitchell and Son, Wardour-street. 1853.

no one has the right to take from her; her clothes are given to her ready made; she goes to bed early, and rises when called; in a word, she has no responsibility; she is as though shut up in a convent, she rarely goes out but to church; she scarcely knows what a street or shop is; all contact with the world is carefully avoided, they fear to expose her to temptation, to the dangers of imagination. A young girl may have passed five, six years, or even more, in an establishment, without ever having been out alone, when suddenly she is sent to service. She is cast into the world; in two days she has learnt more than in ten years in her Protestant convent. \* \* \*

'In our family, more especially lately, we have followed a very different course. The young girl is taught to look upon herself as her own servant, and as the servant of the house. We are far from thinking that we have always been successful, alas! But at least we have a clear conscience; we teach them to help themselves, we enable them to provide for their own wants, and to understand the direction of a household. \* \* \* The children do all the washing; they count the linen, wash it, iron it, and put it away. They are sometimes mistaken in their calculations. In ironing, they sometimes burn the linen; but can we expect them to understand a thing without having served their apprenticeship? In the work-room they learn to do all that you can expect from a good plain dressmaker. Here the children also cut out their work, pre, are it, sew it, and finish it off. A girl may sew and stitch beautifully, but in our opinion she knows nothing if her work has been prepared for her. But it may be said, "Do they not often make mistakes, and spoil the material?" Certainly, it frequently happens so. We accustom the child to easy work at first; and when sure of her hand we entrust to her work of a superior kind.

'We ask you, dear friends, Suppose that the child spoils some dresses or some linen, but that she goes out from our family understanding her occupation, and able to present herself as a good lady's maid; have we not in this an ample recompense for any losses she may have caused us? If she has never cut out work, and leaves us without knowing how to do it without help, will she not have lost her time, our time, and your money?

Too often, when inquiring in English training schools if the girls were allowed to cut out, we have been answered, in a tone implying contempt for our simplicity in supposing such licence possible, 'Oh, no! Why, they would waste more than their clothes are worth!' True, but would they waste more than the *lesson* is worth? If such practice be not permitted, can we wonder to hear of the young wife of an artisan, who, eager to perform her new duties, and finding her husband in need of shirts, resorted, in her ignorance how to cut them out, to the extraordinary expedient of asking him to lie flat on the floor while with chalk she traced thereon his size and shape? or be astonished to hear, as we did lately, from a leading dressmaker in a large city, that she is obliged to refuse fresh customers, because she cannot now find seamstresses competent to undertake any portion of her work without her constant supervision and direction,—what was formerly a difficulty having of late years become an impossibility? Such facts throw a mournful light upon the causes of want and sin among us, revealing the almost worthlessness of our present system of female education which underlies the whole problem now urgently pressing for solution, of female employment. The wail of distressed needlewomen, and of their thousands of fellow-sufferers

fellow-sufferers forming the vast army of incapables, is scarcely less persistent than the cry of employers for efficient work-people. If the instruction given in our girls' schools included such domestic knowledge as every housewife however humble ought to possess, and were made thorough and complete so far as it went, not only would the pupils become to that extent fitted for the ordinary duties of after life, but the mental discipline of such an education, however limited in scope, would enable them to acquire for themselves other branches of information, and render them capable of adapting themselves to the requirements of any position which they might be called upon to fill.

No servants are kept in the *Famille Evangelique*; the entire staff consisting of two directresses and two assistants, besides a man who is at once butcher, gardener, carpenter, and baker, the girls working under him wherever their labour is available. Great, however, are sometimes the struggles with parents in respect to the course pursued. Often they seem to regard an education so homely as an insult, and instances have even occurred in which they have taken a child away because her performance of every detail of household work could not be dispensed with.

Equal simplicity is observed in dress. Each girl is required to bring a stock of clothes, and not seldom these have to be sent back, and exchanged for others less fine. Those subsequently provided at the institution are necessarily plain, the sum allowed for their purchase being small. But this sum each girl (of sufficient age) is permitted to spend herself, in order to accustom her to the outlay of money. Mistakes are, of course, sometimes made, and occasionally a girl is heard, when balancing her accounts, to lament her unwise choice of an article which, tempting to the eye, has swallowed too large a proportion of her little fund; or, of inferior though showy make, has worn out before its time. Prudence and economy, however, in the selection and care of clothes are thus practically inculcated—a valuable preparation for the future, of which the wearers of a uniform are deprived. Mettray is the only other institution known to us where an endeavour is made, by giving a small reward at the end of the year to those lads who can show their clothes in a comparatively good state, to encourage care of apparel.

The girls at Laforce are further practised in womanly responsibilities by accompanying their teachers, or even going alone, to make all the purchases for the household.

'Another advantage,' says M. Bost, 'results from this plan which we think very important; their minds open, they see other faces besides those by which they

they are constantly surrounded ; they learn that the world is not Laforce, and that all the families on the earth do not live in the Famille Evangelique. The large number of young girls of the same age living together presents difficulties of many kinds. \* \* \* Taking Christian society as it now exists, we feel convinced that our Famille Evangelique should endeavour more and more to become a family in society, so that our children, when leaving us, may not feel themselves out of place when entering service. \* \*

The food supplied to the pupils in the Famille Evangelique (and it is probably the same in the other branches of the establishment) consists of soup in the morning, a slice of bread at midday, with soup and vegetables for supper, the vegetables being replaced by meat three times a week. This dietary is inferior to that of any English institution—including even our workhouses—but the French poor live much more frugally than ours, and M. Bost wisely avoids a scale above that which his girls can expect to sustain in their own homes. ‘The food,’ he says, ‘of the children and of the teachers is very simple. We do not flatter ourselves that we make clever cooks ; but if a girl can prepare a plain meal with promptitude and cleanliness, she will soon learn under the direction of a good mistress all that she needs to know to become a fair cook.’ Though humble in quality it must yet be superior of its kind, and abundant in quantity, for the children enjoy excellent health. Many arrive in a sadly diseased condition, yet not a single death had occurred, we learn from the report for 1860, during the previous four years, notwithstanding that within that period fearful epidemics prevailed among the surrounding population. Great efficacy is attributed by M. Bost to the delicious climate of Laforce, both warm and dry. There snow is rarely seen, and—the converse of our own less favoured land, where

‘Lingering winter chills the lap of May’—

the inhabitants, it is remarked, might almost say ‘the autumn spends the winter with them, waiting for the spring.’ Upon the sickly this fine air, in which they pass several hours of the day out-of-doors, has so restorative an effect that many who have come to Bethesda and Siloë as incurable, sometimes as it was believed only to die, have regained their health, and have been able even to go into service.

By 1851 the Famille Evangelique, adapted for fifty pupils, had its full number of occupants, but applications for admission poured in on all sides, and M. Bost decided to enlarge the building. This, by the aid of fresh contributions, he achieved, and it will now, we believe, accommodate eighty inmates. It is an airy, spacious edifice, and throughout a model of neatness and simplicity. The dormitories especially pleased us.

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\* ‘Institutions of Laforce.’

Each

Each girl sleeps in a separate bed. The little bedsteads, adapted in size to their occupants, and with bedding of snowy whiteness, are of dark-polished wood, like those used in all well-to-do French households, and were selected by M. Bost that the children might be accustomed to the care of good furniture. During his first tour in England in behalf of this school, he addressed a meeting at Liverpool, and especially urged his need of fifty little beds. 'How much will one cost?' asked a voice from among the audience. 'Two pounds,' was his answer, and before the meeting separated one person after another came up to him and placed in his hands money, in all enough to buy the fifty little beds, besides three large ones for the teachers. One sympathizing auditor understood the appeal in its literal sense, and appeared at M. Bost's hotel next day with a little bedstead and bedding all complete.

In a bedroom of a directress, adjoining the dormitories, was a beautiful *chaise-longue* made for her by some of the inmates of Siloë. In another was the school lending library. Books are exchanged on Sundays, and for the use of each the borrowers pay a *sou*. Their little pocket money is obtained by the sale of their worn-out clothes, of which they are permitted to dispose.

From the dormitories we descended to the kitchen, where an elder and a little girl, her pupil, do the cooking; all the girls, we believe, taking this and every other office in turn. We now perceived in action the peculiar principle which pervades the whole organization of Laforce—that of mutual aid among those diversely afflicted, the happiness of helping others, and the consciousness of usefulness thereby engendered tending to mitigate such affliction, and becoming even a means of cure; but this principle is more fully developed in Bethesda and Siloë, its effect investing their history with an intense and most pathetic interest. Here, each elder girl takes a little schoolfellow under her care, helps her, if needful, to wash and dress herself, and to mend her clothes, besides instructing her in household duties, the younger one performing such little offices as she is able in return. Except that the Famille Evangelique makes bread for Bethesda, and washes for both that asylum and Siloë, the interchange of services is usually limited to the inmates of their respective houses. This rule, however, has its exceptions when occasions arise. There was, at the time of our visit, a child among the invalids, at Bethesda, afflicted with a disease in the head, to cure which it was necessary that the hairs growing on the part affected should be plucked out, a delicate operation, requiring skill and practice. It so happened that one of the

pupils in the *Famille Evangelique*, who came from Paris, had learnt this art, and under her care the child's head was recovering.

From the kitchen we proceeded to the other domestic offices. The girls are allowed the help of a kneading machine in making their bread, and by another apparatus they bolt their own flour, so as to avoid adulteration. The bran is given to the pigs, whom we next visited. Fine fat ones they are, of English breed. The girl whose turn it was to tend them was giving their styes the Saturday cleansing, and a thorough one it was. No shirking of hard or dirty work here! Her recompense is that when a pig is killed she receives a little of the meat, and is allowed to invite some of her companions to share the feast.

It was difficult to believe that the scrupulously neat and almost elegant-looking girls, whose exquisite needlework we had so much admired in the large airy sewing-room, and whose intelligence in class had proved the pleasure they took in their lessons, and the bustling damsels in their coarse working dresses in the domestic offices were all on an equality, and would exchange places as the weeks rolled on. Many of these young persons become nursemaids, and, being Protestants, are much sought for as attendants on children in England. Only by very rare exception are they prepared for a position above service.

One or two evincing a peculiar fitness for it have been instructed in book-keeping, an occupation, it will be recollected, allotted to women more commonly in France than it has hitherto been with us; and a very few others, who displayed marked taste and aptitude for the scholastic profession, have been educated for it, first here, and subsequently (in one instance, if not more) at a Government Training School, the expense being borne by the funds of the *Famille Evangelique*. Well have they acquitted themselves, taking a high position at the strict examination which must be passed to obtain a diploma. On a recent occasion, a pupil from Laforce stood first among the successful candidates. All her competitors were Roman Catholics, and so were her examiners; a circumstance M. Bost rejoiced to mention, as proving that difference of faith made no difference in their awards. Of one of these young women, M. Bost related, at Clifton, a pretty anecdote. Travelling homeward some years ago in a diligence, he met with a young sailor and two little girls. In conversation, the lad asked if his fellow-traveller knew anything of an institution called Laforce, established and conducted by a Monsieur Bost. On being answered in the affirmative, he explained that,  
having



having recently returned to Bordeaux from the East Indies, he found that his father had died, and his mother being obliged to go from home daily to work for the maintenance of herself and the two little girls, his sisters, these had no one to take care of them, and were running about the streets. He had saved some money, which, before he reached home, he had intended to place in a bank; but in no bank, he now thought, could he place it to so much advantage as in the hands of M. Bost, to pay for the education of his sisters, and they were travelling to Laforce to fulfil his design. The little girls appeared alarmed at the prospect of a strange home, and telling their unknown companion that they had heard M. Bost was very severe, implored him, as he knew M. Bost, to ask him to be kind to them. They were assured, in answer, that he was severe only with naughty children, and that they might be certain he would treat them kindly if they behaved well. He soon made friends with his timid little fellow-travellers, as well as with their sailor-brother, and, arriving at Laforce, undertook to introduce them himself. Still the little girls seemed apprehensive about M. Bost, but he completed their happiness by making known his name. The children remained in the school until they were young women. One of them underwent an examination for a diploma, and acquitted herself so successfully, that she received many offers of employment from Switzerland and England, as well as from various parts of France; but, declining all, she told M. Bost she could not leave Laforce. She longed to repay some of the benefits it had bestowed upon her; and, reminding him that he was in want of a directress for Bethesda, she besought him to accept her services for the post. Finding her resolved upon this act of self-devotion—for it is an office of great responsibility, involving the endurance of much that is repugnant, and even revolting,—he gladly acceded to her wishes. The incurables arrive frequently with their whole bodies diseased; the idiots are often in a most brutalized condition, and for a long time all that can be effected for many of them is to give them cleanly habits and subdue their passions. M. Bost told us that he received one, a strong young woman of two or three and twenty, whose first act was to give him so violent a blow in the face that the blood came streaming from his nose; and he confessed that his primary feeling towards these poor creatures was invariably one of aversion. The young directress, however, has efficiently discharged her duties, and made herself an object of ardent affection to her wards.

Intensely gratified with what we had witnessed in the *Famille Evangelique*, we made our way to Bethesda, where we  
were



were to be still more deeply interested. On the road we met M. John Bost (whose return had been hastened on our account by a messenger from his brother), and had the advantage of inspecting the remaining asylums under the guidance of their estimable founder.

That, perhaps, which first strikes an English visitor on approaching Bethesda and Siloë, is their extremely simple, or it may even be called, humble aspect. They were not built for their present purposes, but are apparently mere cottages which have been enlarged and adapted to the wants of their inmates; and when their suitability is recognized, and their home-like character felt, how readily will be acknowledged the superior wisdom which has chosen these plain little dwellings rather than a vast and pompous edifice, absorbent of funds, such as those wherein our national benevolence too often loves to locate its objects. The means M. Bost has had at his command have never been large, and not one penny has been spent in show. Yet, we are convinced, the happiness and advantage of the inmates, no less than economy, have been consulted in the selection of these abodes. The 'family system' is preserved, and arrangements on a grand scale, rendering individualization difficult if not impossible, are not only not needed, but become almost impracticable. It is hard to believe that a building, consisting of vast halls, dormitories containing fifty or a hundred beds, and covering acres of ground, can have other than a depressing effect upon patients arriving from the humblest dwellings, who, whether afflicted in body or mind, cling to home influences, and for some of whom at least the development of the affections is the chief means of cure.\*

Bethesda is devoted to the reception of female invalids, and originated in M. Bost's desire to separate sick children who had been sent to the *Famille Evangelique* from their companions, and to relieve them from the regular school discipline, inappropriate of course to persons suffering from illness.

The garden, into which all the day-rooms of Bethesda open, had many occupants when we entered it; some in groups in the shady alcoves, others seated on chairs and benches just outside the doors, and two or three of the idiots rambling about in the objectless manner characteristic of their vacant minds. Some were occupied with sewing or knitting, others conversing, others quite idle for the time; but all looked

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\* Since writing the above, we have been favoured by Dr. W. A. F. Browne, Commissioner in Lunacy (Scotland), with copies of two pamphlets from his pen on 'Cottage Asylums,' reprinted from the '*Medical Critic*.' He thinks they might be usefully adopted in combination with larger buildings.

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happy, and had the air of being thoroughly at home. The weak in mind and the ailing in body were mingled together, and by the blessed system of M. Bost—for no weaker epithet will satisfy those who have beheld its beneficent and almost miraculous effect—were supplying their reciprocal deficiencies. To each of the bodily afflicted is assigned an idiot, enjoying health, who, having been already trained by tender and intelligent teachers, is competent to perform the duties of nurse to the invalid; while she, in her turn, draws out and cultivates by her remarks, and by information on surrounding objects conveyed in simple language, such germs of moral and intellectual qualities as the poor idiot may possess. Few, if any, M. Bost told us, are entirely destitute of such qualities, and their development under this genial influence is astonishing; while as nurses they are unsurpassed. None are more watchful, more self-devoted, more gentle than they. Sometimes the open air is prescribed for the patient who can take it only in a carriage. But who shall be pony? Why, no other than her idiot nurse; and an admirable pony she makes. Scrupulously does she avoid any roughness in the path; and in turning a corner how well she manœuvres the little carriage, and how carefully she watches the course of its wheels that no grating against the kerb may jolt her charge! In return, the invalid will commission her to pluck the flowers by the wayside, explain to her their formation, and enable her to appreciate their beauties.

The affection felt by the idiot for her patient becomes intense. Some years ago there arrived at Laforce an unfortunate child whose lower limbs were paralyzed, and whose whole body was so diseased that she was a revolting spectacle; indeed, so fearfully was she afflicted that M. Bost and the physician who examined her upon her admission could not forbear weeping. This poor creature had lived for years in a cellar, where an old cask partly filled with straw was her bed; and the only care her inhuman mother took of her was to supply her with some wretched food. When she reached the asylum, one of the idiots happened to be in the room to which she was carried, and instantly begged to be her nurse. The petition was granted, and during the two years the little sufferer yet lingered the idiot tended her with the most anxious solicitude; and when death at length released her, with difficulty could her devoted attendant be induced to part with her corpse.

A poor girl, far advanced in consumption, was similarly cared for, and on her side strove unweariedly to develop the intelligence of her nurse. One evening, a few hours before  
her

her death, M. Bost, entering her chamber, found her reclining with her head pillowed on the idiot's breast, and at the foot of the bed a blind girl reading to her from an embossed copy of the Scriptures. Thus are they accustomed to aid and solace one another. We witnessed a touching instance of the warm attachment which springs up between those united by the sweet bond of mutual helpfulness. In one of the rooms—in which were a dumb girl, another who was deaf, two afflicted with lameness, a fifth quite paralyzed in one arm, but sewing with the other hand—we saw a young woman named Louise, a dwarf, and the smallest female dwarf we ever beheld, who came to the institution many years ago, deep sunk in idiocy, though we little suspected it from her present manner and expression. Her dearest friend is Anna, a blind girl, and so constantly are they together that, as M. Bost expressed it, 'If you want Anna you have only to ask for Louise, or if you want Louise you have only to ask for Anna.' Louise reads stories aloud to Anna, who with the retentive memory of the blind soon learns them by heart, and can repeat them to Louise.

Poor Anna possessed her sight until she was twelve years old (she is now grown up), and recollects the colour of the sky and grass, and something of the form of the trees and flowers. Her benefactor, M. Bost, and the other kind friends who surround her, she has never seen, but her affection for them is as deep as it is frank. At his request she fetched her writing-slate from a cupboard (Louise watching her movements earnestly, doubtless that no accident might befall), wrote rapidly upon it, and then read what she had written, that we might see how the ingenious apparatus is used. She was instructed in this mode of writing by a companion afflicted with scrofula, who acquired the art in order to teach it to Anna.

Passing to another room, we saw two cases of idiocy regarded as almost hopeless even by M. Bost, who has wrought so many cures. One of these was a full-grown girl who sat curled up in her chair smiling, or, alas! rather grinning to herself, uttering now and then discordant cries, but taking notice of no one. We afterwards saw her crouched on the ground in the garden amusing herself by throwing about such sticks as were used in England in the fashionable game of 'Aunt Sally.' Let the players reflect upon their prototype in France! She is at times very violent, and it is necessary to watch her (and all so grievously afflicted as she is) to prevent harm to others, but no one seemed afraid of her. The other case was of a much younger girl, a perfect virago,

virago, who, when addressed, jumps from her chair and rushes at the speaker to attack him with her teeth and nails. Even the caresses of M. Bost, which seemed to bestow such exquisite pleasure upon others, she received thus, and he had to seize her hands and hold her at arm's length to save himself from injury. She was extremely ugly, with eyes of different colours, and uttered from time to time frightful yells. Yet she is not more repulsive in appearance and conduct than some of her companions had been who are now not only orderly and harmless but even agreeable. In the same room with these two, so sorely afflicted (in which also were several of the invalids), a bright little maiden ran up to us smiling, and holding out her hand to be shaken. At the first glance we little supposed her to be an idiot, yet when she arrived she was, we believe, in every respect as unpromising and turbulent as the two just particularized. She cannot even yet utter more than a few words, but gay and light-hearted, her face beaming with smiles, she is now the pet of the household.

The ordinary dormitories of the inmates are on the ground floor, but the rooms used as an infirmary are upstairs. Perfectly ventilated, cheerfully, even tastefully furnished, their windows overlooking the fertile landscape which environs Laforce, a more soothing retreat for the hopelessly ill could not be imagined. In one of these rooms we found three idiots. One of them was knitting, another was ill, and, therefore, in bed, and the third was her nurse, occupied when we entered in fanning her to keep the flies from her face. They were quite by themselves, and could be left thus, M. Bost assured us, with perfect safety. In another chamber were two young women, one of whom told us she had been afflicted for fourteen years with internal disease; it had incapacitated her for work during the last twenty months, and these she had spent at Laforce. Heartfelt were her expressions of gratitude towards the institution. The other was evidently near the close of her sufferings. An illegitimate child, destitute of family and friends, she had found refuge in a Deaconess's house at Paris. In the hope that the air of Laforce might restore her, she was dispatched thither some months before our visit; but the long journey, in itself, almost destroyed her. She had never rallied, and was now in the last stage of pulmonary consumption. But how enviable her lot, tended by a devoted nurse, whatever might pleasantly assuage her thirst, moisten her parched lips, or stimulate the waning sensibility of her palate, bountifully supplied; the fresh country air, and fragrant flowers sweetening her death-chamber; better still, the serene atmosphere of a noble work surrounding her, and the ministrations

tions of a pastor, whose worth is testified by his devotion to the pious mission to which he has dedicated his life—how enviable her lot compared with that of the hundreds and thousands of incurables who die in the vast wards of our workhouses, the virtuous and the profligate crowded side by side, tended—or neglected—by a pauper nurse; the solemn moment of dissolution unmarked by those around, save that they cannot but hear the agonized gasps for the last breath their fellow-sufferer will ever draw. A few weeks before our visit to Laforce, we had been taken over a London workhouse, not one of the worst, but as we had reason to believe a favourable specimen. As we passed through a sick ward, there proceeded from a bed round which a clothes-horse covered by an old blanket served as a partial screen, but where no attendant watched, a peculiar rattling noise. Never before had we heard that sound, and we asked what caused it: ‘Only a woman dying,’ was the reply. God prosper the effort that enlightened benevolence is now making in England for the more Christian care of this pitiable class!

But a comparison once instituted between our workhouses and Bethesda does not end with the incurables. None who, having visited the insane wards of the former, wherein harmless lunatics and idiots are confined, should afterwards go to Laforce, but must poignantly feel the difference in the fate of our idiots—who, though doubtless kindly treated, are yet condemned to the monotony of official routine, and the impossibility of cure, because no one thinks of attempting it—and of those who are received at Laforce. True, these latter are but few, and perhaps, as a rule, the poverty-stricken idiot in France fares even worse than with us. But, having learnt from M. Bost’s noble lesson what may be accomplished for these afflicted beings—and, under due direction, accomplished, with reciprocal benefit—can we still satisfy our consciences in leaving the task unattempted?

It was proposed to introduce into the Lunacy Act for Scotland, passed in 1862, a clause authorizing—with limits and safeguards against abuse—the allocation of insane and imbecile paupers to the ordinary wards of workhouses. The object of the proposal was to define the class of lunatics placed in poor-houses, and to remove a pretext for multiplying poorhouse asylums, which are but abortive and even vicious types of what is needed for the insane. Still, although the object of the arrangement was not to call in the aid of the healthy in mind to watch over the mentally infirm, nor that these, if in bodily health, should give assistance to the physically afflicted, yet such interdependence would have resulted; and it is to  
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be regretted that the rejection of the clause has lost us an opportunity for trying the experiment which has so eminently succeeded at Laforce.

One of the promoters of this attempt, Dr. W. A. F. Browne, Commissioner in Lunacy (Scotland), permits us to cite his opinion in support of a system which

'Brings organizations diseased, but differently diseased, to act upon each other. There is,' he continues, 'a Poorhouse Asylum in this city (Edinburgh), containing sixty or seventy female lunatics. Until very recently, these, and a smaller number of males, were entrusted to the care of nurses themselves of weak or wayward, or positively unsound mind. A trained attendant is now at the head of this staff, which has been modified so far that the members have been removed from the register as *recovered*, and their numbers swelled by the addition of several ordinary paupers. In reality, however, many of these persons are still of enfeebled mind; but, according to the opinion of their superior, discharge their duties faithfully and efficiently.'

'During my own experience of the insane for twenty-five years, it was my constant practice to employ them as guides, guardians, teachers, and nurses of their fellow-patients; to commit the invalid to the care of the robust and humane, him who was shorn of many powers to him who was shorn of a few, the dement to the monomaniac. The whole economy of an asylum is, so far, an illustration of the same arrangements. The sane staff depends greatly, and at all times, upon recruits and co-operation from the insane. \* \* \* The best assistants I ever had in the infirmary of an asylum were themselves insane. Whenever a child is born in an asylum, it is confided to a judiciously-selected lunatic. I have repeatedly placed idiots in the hands of insane women, who displayed all the affection and solicitude of parents. It was my conviction, however, in such cases, that it was more blessed to give than to receive; that the mothers (so to call them) derived more benefit from the exercise of their natural gifts and sympathies, than the child from the petting and caressing bestowed.'

'I yesterday saw an idiot girl under the superintendence of a female cherishing the most grotesque delusions; and a boy, who shared the attentions of several demented old men. In the Idiot School, at Larbert, an educated imbecile acts as nursemaid to the more helpless infants and children in the establishment.'

'These, with many similar facts, are triumphs of management, as well as curiosities in psychology; but I am not fully persuaded that the objects thus attained might not have been attained *better* by other instruments.'

Here, we think, Dr. Browne indicates the capital defect in the plan he describes, though one which is inevitable under the circumstances. We mean the association of those *mentally* afflicted only. It is the action of the *healthy* mind that M. Bost relies on for the invigoration and development of that of the imbecile; and it is only by associating sane patients with the insane that this happy influence can be fully obtained.

From Bethesda we repaired to Siloë, the refuge for boys. Two humble cottages, which have been somewhat altered to adapt them to the wants of their inmates, and a modest habitation for the excellent master and matron—themselves formerly objects of M. Bost's care—constitute this asylum. A garden stretches to the south, and, with the dwellings, overlooks the beautiful valley of the Dordogne. It was no part of M. Bost's original plan to admit male patients. One day, however, he received a letter beseeching him to take in a  
sorely



sorely afflicted boy. The objections to locating him among the girls at Bethesda are obvious, but it was not in M. Bost's heart to refuse the appeal. Indeed, hardly had he the opportunity to do so, for close upon the letter followed the subject of the application. The youth, suffering from spinal disease, idiotic, crippled, paralyzed, and yet tormented with constant convulsive movements, was brought to Laforce and deposited, in the chair in which he had been carried thither, at M. Bost's door. It was impossible to reject one so afflicted, and Siloë was founded.

This was in 1858. At our visit we saw this original inmate, still grievously tormented with involuntary movements—now bending backwards, now twisting round upon his seat. His left hand was a shapeless mass, but with the other he had learnt to write with wonderful perfection. In the garden, where two idiots were carrying him in his chair, we exchanged a few words with an intelligent-looking lad, who, though his hands, with the exception of the finger and thumb on one of them, were mere knobs from some terrible disease affecting the joints, and his legs were shrivelled to the size only of a thick stick, did not appear unhappy. While we stood outside the house, another sufferer, with legs also shrunk and doubled up in front of him, disappeared in-doors from before our eyes with wonderful velocity. It was evidently a feat performed for our astonishment. He was seated on a board, upon which he moved himself rapidly along by his hands, holding in each a little block of wood to save them from injury, and probably was the same cripple we had remarked on arriving. He had a tall, finely-formed body, and a bright, handsome face, and was quite an athlete in his way. For amusement he would spring, board and all, over objects in his road; he was very fond of gymnastics, we were told, and tried to keep up with the other boys in their exercises.

We had seen two of the Siloë boys watering the garden of Bethesda. One of these was the hero of a touching anecdote. His mother was dying in a hospital, and he longed to obtain for her some little luxuries in food. So he worked extra time in the factory where he was employed; but weariness overmastered him, and, falling asleep at his post, his right hand became entangled with the machinery which cut off all the fingers, leaving only the thumb. To adapt his mutilated hand to his present occupation he turned it upwards, thus converting his wrist into a hook, upon which he slung the watering pot.

M. Bost desires to make Siloë self-supporting by agriculture, and with this view he wishes to add considerably to the land



land now possessed by the institution, which would enable him also greatly to increase the number of inmates. That he is fully competent to secure for his enterprize a commercial success, equal to the moral results already obtained, is strongly impressed on the mind of the visitor, who marks the practical wisdom exemplified in every detail of his noble undertaking; and indeed amusing testimony was presented to us in confirmation of this impression when he invited us, on quitting Siloë, to inspect some pigsties under course of erection hard by. They were being built on the most approved plan, and, in conversing with the workmen, M. Bost displayed not only a thorough knowledge of the subject, but seemed for the time to regard the building of pigsties as the one important object in life.

The achievements of M. Bost have been acknowledged by the French Academy in awarding to him the Monthyon prize, founded in 1780 by a nobleman of that name, as a reward of merit. In *La Patrie* for August 24th, 1850, is given the address of M. de Remusat, Director of the Academy, on the occasion of distributing the Monthyon prizes for that year. Of the labours of the more remarkable among the twenty-two recipients, seventeen of whom were women, the speaker gave a sketch, describing with some detail the asylums founded by M. Bost.

'Such, gentlemen,' he concluded, 'are the beneficent institutions contained within the humble commune of Laforce. Witnesses of the highest credibility have related the profound impression produced by what they have there beheld, and all are agreed in attributing this work—the concentrated result of widely-collected charity—to the efforts of one man, who still animates that which he has created. He doubtless needs no recompense; and the love of men can only claim the name of charity when sanctified by the love of God. But, as a proof of its highest esteem, as an encouragement and a mark of approval which all can appreciate, the Academy decrees to M. John Bost the prize of 3,000 francs.'

During our hospitable entertainment at the Parsonage, which closed the visit, we had further opportunity for conversation with our excellent hosts; then, casting aside his philanthropic anxieties, John Bost gave play to the genial humour which, uniting itself happily to his benevolence, forms one of his most delightful characteristics. Many were the mirth-provoking anecdotes he related; one or two only will our limits permit us to repeat. An English gentleman addressing a religious meeting in France, desired to point out the means for gaining spiritual strength. 'Mes amis,' he said, 'il faut chercher *l'eau de vie*; lorsque nous nous couchons, buvons de *l'eau de vie*; en nous levant, imbibons-nous de *l'eau de vie*; toujours *l'eau de vie*; soyons REMPLIS de *l'eau de vie*!' Any national sensitiveness we may have experienced during the recital of this anecdote was amply avenged by the next, in which

which not Anglo-French, but the narrator's own faulty English, was the source of fun.

In the course of M. Bost's tour through Great Britain to invite subscriptions, the first occasion for his speaking in public occurred at Edinburgh, before his mastery of the English tongue—now complete—had been quite perfected.

On his way thither, observing the baldness of the hill-tops along the route, he asked a fellow-traveller how summits of that kind were designated. 'We call them *barren*,' was the answer. This he took to be the equivalent of *chauf*, and stored it in memory for use.

The meeting assembled, the celebrated Dr. Chalmers presiding. M. Bost was called upon to speak. Himself a young man surrounded by his elders—persons of note, it was natural to begin with expressions of diffidence, and accordingly he commenced—'When I see before me so many barren heads'—A roar of irrepressible laughter burst from the whole audience. In vain he turned for explanation to the chairman, who, holding his 'barren head' with both his hands, and rolling to and fro in the agony of his enjoyment, was bereft of speech. The next day the newspapers reported that M. Bost had spoken home truths which no one else had ventured to utter.

In listening to our host's 'experiences' of life, both grave and gay, our remaining hours at Laforce glided only too swiftly along, and the midsummer twilight was already deepening before we could summon resolution to depart. A drive back to St. Foy, in glorious moonlight, closed this memorable day.

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#### ART. IV.—DR. JOHNSON AS A TEMPERANCE MORALIST.

1. *The Works of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* 9 Vols. Oxford. 1825.
2. *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* By James Boswell, Esq. With Additions and Notes by Right Hon. J. W. Croker, M.P. Revised and Enlarged by J. Wright, Esq. London: H. G. Bohn. 1859.
3. *Johnsoniana: A Sequel to Croker's Edition of Boswell's Johnson.* 2 Vols. London: H. G. Bohn. 1859.
4. *The Edinburgh Review.* No. CVII. (Sept., 1831.) Art. I. *Croker's Edition of Boswell's Johnson.*
5. *Biographies.* By Lord Macaulay. Contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1860.

AMONG the moral writers of Britain in the eighteenth century none can be compared for a moment with Dr. Samuel Johnson. His title to be regarded as a profound classical scholar may be impugned; his literary criticisms are confessedly often faulty and vitiated by his political prejudices; as a lexicographer, he was rather a founder than a master-builder; his dictatorship in the world of letters

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has long since passed away; but as a moral painter and teacher, his reputation retains its original freshness, and successive generations of readers pay cheerfully the only tribute which genius, enshrined in its literary relics, can receive. He revered truth, hated hypocrisy, walked humbly before his God, and fearlessly spoke out his mind. Within his burly frame, and under a carriage frequently morose, he held a heart warm, generous, and tender. The lid of his treasury frequently closed and opened with a snap, but the treasure was beyond dispute. The moral side of things was uppermost in his thoughts, and a deep moral colouring, if not an express moral purpose, pervaded his intercourse with mankind. Moral attributes and habits were those that first caught the eye and moved the finger of the great literary artist. Inferior in delicate fancy and blooming grace to Addison, surpassed by Pope in pointed antithesis and diamond-like dazzle, and yielding to Goldsmith—his own familiar 'Goldy'—in humour and exquisite simplicity, he excelled them all, and the rest of their brother wits, in the range and variety of his topics, in the profusion of his ideas, in the keenness of his penetration, in the largeness of his grasp, and in the nervous eloquence of his style. As poet, novelist, biographer, and essayist, his constant aim was to portray the excellence of virtue, to trace and expose the deceitfulness of vice, and to induce men to seek for happiness in conformity with the highest examples of moral goodness, and in obedience to the dictates of revealed religion. Inquiry might, therefore, naturally arise whether Dr. Johnson had made reference to the subject of temperance as now understood; what were the views he entertained of intoxicating liquors, their common use, and the customs of society respecting them; and how far his personal practice was in correspondence with his professed convictions. Should it be discovered that he had reflected but little, if at all, upon these questions, and that he had silently acquiesced in the opinions and usages of his times, no value would attach to either his sentiments or conduct; but if the opposite of this is true—as true it is; if it is known that for years he pondered this subject of drinking, and delivered himself upon it freely and frequently—and, further, that in a marked degree his manner of life was regulated by his convictions—a lively interest must be at once awakened in the hearts of all who admire his abilities and revere his virtues. To ascertain, then, by an examination of his writings, and of authentic biographical memorials, how far the sentiments and practice of this eminent moral teacher were in agreement with the temperance principles and institutions of the present day, will be the object of our inquiry—one that it is impossible for any man of intelligence to pursue without some measure of instruction and delight.

Dr. Johnson was born Sept. 7, 1709, old style (18th Sept. new style), in the city of Lichfield, the citizens of which had little reason, a century and a half ago, to be proud of its sobriety, if, as stated by her most distinguished son, 'he remembered when all the decent people in it got drunk every night (on ale), and were not the worse thought of.' At other times, Johnson spoke with enthusiasm of his birthplace, and claimed for the inhabitants politer manners than those of any other town in the kingdom. Failing in the attempt to raise a private academy at Edall, near Lichfield, Johnson removed to London in the March of 1737, where he soon collected the materials for his 'London,' a poem published in May, 1738. Nocturnal perils then beset the unhappy pedestrians of London streets, and that these were not unconnected with 'the drink,' is shown by the following lines:—

'Prepare for death if here at night you roam,  
And sign your will before you sup from home.  
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,  
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man,  
Some frolic drunkard reeling from a feast  
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.'

About this time, Johnson formed an acquaintance with Richard Savage, the reputed natural son of the ex-Countess of Macclesfield, and not unfrequently perambulated the metropolis, at all hours of the night, in the company of that dissipated child of song. Poor Savage. it is well known, had himself been convicted in 1728 of murdering a man in a quarrel, brought on by the intemperance of himself and two of his friends. Savage was pardoned, but did not shun the cause of this and many other of his troubles. His talents and forlorn condition  
endeared

endeared him to Johnson, but it is noteworthy that, according to Murphy, Johnson's 'abstinence from wine and strong liquors began soon after the departure of Savage' from London in 1739. The weakness and wildness of poor Savage are not disguised in his life by Johnson, but it is touching to observe how delicately the truth is stated, and how warmly the biographer deprecates the reader's self-boasting over the grave of the ruined man-of-letters. This 'Life' was published in 1741, and can leave no doubt in the candid mind that, but for the influence of intoxicating drink on a highly sensitive organization, more than half the follies of which Savage was guilty would have been avoided, and that, unwarping by wine, the 'mockery,' he might have left both a purer and prouder name on the literary annals of his age. It is not improbable, however, that Johnson's abstinence from wine preceded Savage's departure from London, and, perhaps, even their knowledge of each other. He stated, long after, that he used to dine 'very well for 8d., with very good company, at the Pine Apple, in New-street (near the Strand). It used to cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for 6ds, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny: so that I was quite well served, nay better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing.' Boswell adds, 'He at this time (1737), I believe, abstained entirely from fermented liquors: a practice to which he rigidly conformed for many years together, at different periods of his life.' Mr. Croker, in a note on this passage, remarks—'At this time his abstinence from wine may, perhaps, be attributed to poverty, but in his subsequent life he was restrained from that indulgence by, as it appears, moral, or, rather, medical, considerations. He probably found by experience that wine, though it dissipated for a moment, yet eventually aggravated the hereditary disease (melancholy) under which he suffered; and perhaps it may have been owing to a long course of abstinence that his mental health seems to have been better in the latter than in the earlier portion of his life.' It was early in 1738, and just previous to the appearance of his 'London,' that Johnson had been brought into personal contact with Mr. Edward Cave, the publisher of the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' In a memoir of this gentleman, Johnson has sketched his excellencies and defects, and, among other facts, has stated that Mr. Cave abstained for four years from animal food, and for a longer period from intoxicating liquors, to cure himself of the gout, but the fashionable ailment would not be so disposed of.

Besides other work upon the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' Johnson was engaged by Cave to report, or, rather, compose, the Parliamentary debates. Reporting, in the modern sense of the term, was then unknown. Lords and Commons united to suppress every visible means of noting down their proceedings as they occurred; and such reports as were published were either of the most meagre character, or saw the light under a mask of mysterious ciphers, and long after the gloss of novelty had departed. The 'Gentleman's Magazine' announced them as debates in the Senate of Lilliput, and in the 'London Magazine' they were produced as the discussions of an ancient Roman Political Club. Johnson's engagement dated from the session commencing Nov. 19, 1740, and terminated at the end of February, 1743; and it opportunely fell out that his last efforts in this vocation were exercised upon the debates in the House of Lords on the Bill for repealing the celebrated Gin Act of 1736, and substituting in lieu of it a small licence fee and spirit duty. These debates in February, 1743, were published in the numbers of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for November and December, the Supplement for 1743, and the January number for 1744. The report of the same debates which appeared in the 'London Magazine' differs so extensively from Johnson's report, and both vary so widely from the manuscript notes of Archbishop Secker, as to make it evident that nothing beyond a few brief jottings, taken by stealth, could have been written on the spot, and that Johnson and the reporters for rival magazines gave to the noble and right reverend speakers a diction, and not a few ideas, to which the orators were personally strangers. What concerns us here is to remark that Johnson in his report manifestly studied to assign to the opponents of the Government Bill the superiority in both length and strength of oratorical performance. The supporters of the Bill speak well, but even they are made to admit that ardent spirits are poisonous, and their common use to be deprecated and discouraged by legislation. The opponents of the measure who attack it as a legislative encouragement of drunkenness and immorality, and a sacrifice of the highest public interests

to pecuniary expediency, deliver themselves in brilliant Johnsonese, and, in reality, anticipate almost every line and vein of argument now brought forward in favour of the Maine-law and the Permissive Bill. The opposition to the Bill was led by Lord Harvey, whose opening speech takes in the 'London Magazine' report about 4,000 words, and in Johnson's report about 8,000. Johnson gives to the opposition speeches, delivered 22nd Feb., 14,000 words, and to the Government speeches only 8,000—a fact which, after allowing for any actual difference of length, points to a bias in the 'reporter' which he probably would not have hesitated to avow. Any doubt on this point must, at all events, disappear, when the comparative quality, no less than the quantity of the oratory, *pro* and *con*, is examined. A very interesting light is thus reflected upon the private sentiments of the illustrious moralist, who had just completed his thirty-fourth year, and was well acquainted, by personal observation, with the lower strata of London life, he himself struggling bravely, but slowly, up to a higher social level.

'The Vision of Theodore,' an allegorical tale, appeared in 1748 in the 'Preceptor,' a work designed for young people; and Johnson once said he thought this the best thing he ever wrote, yet it was composed at a single sitting. The good and evil fortunes of human beings, in ascending the Mountain of Existence, are vividly depicted, and among the delineations of character and conduct occurs the following:—'Others were enticed by Intemperance to ramble in search of the fruits which hung over the rocks and filled the air with their fragrance. I observed that the Habits which hovered about these soon grew to an enormous size, nor were there any who less attempted to return to Reason, or sooner sunk into the gulf that lay before them. When these first quitted the road, Reason looked after them with a frown of contempt, but had little expectations of being able to reclaim them; for the bowl of intoxication was of such qualities as to make them lose all regard but for the present moment. Neither Hope nor Fear could enter their retreats; and Habit had so absolute a power that even Conscience, if Religion had employed her in their favour, would not have been able to force an entrance.' This passage marks the difficulty, practically insuperable, in the opinion of Dr. Johnson, connected with the reclamation of inebriates; yet no one would have more heartily rejoiced at the correction of this opinion, rendered necessary by the numerous instances of rescue from the 'retreats' of intemperance, effected by means of persuasions to abstinence, in union with the principle of benevolent association applied to this particular end. Nevertheless, the multitudes who perish unreclaimed witness to the undeniable difficulty of permanent reformation, and to the demand for preventive appliances, both persuasive and legislative, vigorously carried out.

A number of poetical pieces, printed in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1747, are inserted in the Oxford edition of Johnson's works—odes to 'Spring,' 'Summer,' 'Autumn,' and 'Winter,' but Croker assigns them all to Hawkesworth; and among the evidences of their non-Johnsonian origin, not the least is their extravagant praise of wine. Hawkesworth might, but it is incredible that Johnson should have sung—

'My Stella with new charms shall glow,  
And every bliss in wine shall meet.'

In January, 1749, appeared his poem on the 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' which, amidst other striking scenes, depicts the pampered sensualist as surrounded by his 'joyless wines.' Near the close, the reader is thus addressed—

'Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,  
Obedient passions, and a will resigned.'

And Johnson had already learned that, in order to render the passions obedient, no more efficacious instrument was at hand than the avoidance of the drinks that stupefy watchfulness, and give to the animal nature an unnatural force. His drama of 'Irene,' long before composed, was brought out in February, 1749, and in one of the opening passages, Demetrius, a noble Greek, who had assisted at the unavailing defence of Constantinople, is made to say—

'Twas vice that shook our nerves; 'twas vice, Leontius,  
That froze our veins, and withered all our powers.'

On the 20th of March, 1750, Johnson sent from the press the first number of  
the

the 'Rambler,' and continued its publication twice a week till March 14, 1752. Each number contained about as much letterpress as four pages of 'Meliora,' and consisted of a didactic essay, or tale, or imaginary epistle. There is no number exclusively occupied with temperance or intemperance, but motives to self-restraint often recur, and in No. 110, in referring to mortification of the sensuous nature, the philosopher remarks—'It is observed by one of the Fathers that "he who restrains himself in the use of things lawful, will never encroach upon things forbidden." Abstinence, if nothing more, is, at least, a cautious retreat from the utmost verge of permission, and confers that security which cannot be reasonably hoped by him that dares always to hover over the precipice of destruction, or delights to approach the dangers which he knows it fatal to partake.'

In 1748 Johnson had established a club at the King's Head, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, consisting of a few of his personal friends—not to be confounded with the more famous 'Literary Club' of 1764—and to show his interest in a literary friend, Mrs. Lenox, Sir J. Hawkins relates that, in 1751, 'he proposed to us the celebrating the birth of Mrs. Lenox's first literary child, as he called her book, by a whole night spent in festivity. . . . The night passed, as must be imagined, in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth, intermingled, at different periods, with the refreshments of coffee and tea. About five, Johnson's countenance shone with meridian splendour, though his drink had been only lemonade; but the far greater number had deserted the colours of Bacchus, and were with difficulty rallied to partake of a second refreshment of coffee, which was scarcely ended when the day began to dawn.' Whether Johnson's abstinence had been interrupted from 1737 or '39 up to '51, we have no means of knowing. Here we find him, however, past the middle of the eighteenth century, in radiant spirits on lemonade, surrounded by the jaded followers of Bacchus. In 1757 occurred Johnson's literary *rencontre* with Mr. Jonas Hanway, the author of a book of foreign travels, and also of a 'Journal of Eight Days' Journey from Portsmouth to Kingston-upon-Thames.' Mr. Hanway was a man of genuine benevolence, but exceedingly sensitive to criticism. Attached to his 'Eight Days' Journey' was an essay vehemently dilating on the pernicious effects of tea; and he was not a little ruffled by the jocos and satirical style of a review in the *Literary Magazine* from Johnson's pen. In this production, which bears no trace of malice, Johnson refers to himself as 'a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has for twenty years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning.' Boswell, in describing this controversy, confirms the conjecture that there was a great deal of serious truth in the reviewer's account of his tea-bibbing propensities, and that he deserves to rank with the Rev. Robert Hall in the intensity of his devotion to the 'fascinating plant' of far Cathay. Mr. Hanway had denied that the crews of Chinese ships were preserved from scurvy by their liberal use of tea; and Johnson, though believing that these Chinese mariners were less subject to that malady than other seamen, considered that the tea was beneficial, 'not as possessing any medicinal qualities, but as tempting them to drink more water, to dilute their salt food more copiously, and, perhaps, to forbear punch or other strong liquors.' Hanway is afterwards quoted as asserting that 'the Portuguese ladies drink cold water instead of sipping hot, and never taste any fermented liquors.' There was one point on which Johnson expressed his agreement with Mr. Hanway—the latter's opposition to ardent spirits. 'From tea,' says Johnson in his capacity of reviewer, 'the writer digresses to spirituous liquors, about which he will have no controversy with the *Literary Magazine*. We shall, therefore, insert almost his whole letter, and add to it one [a misprint for 'our'] testimony that the mischiefs arising on every side from this compendious mode of drunkenness are enormous and insupportable; equally to be found among the great and the mean; filling palaces with disquiet and distraction, harder to be borne as it cannot be mentioned, and overwhelming multitudes with incurable diseases and unpitied poverty.' Then follows Mr. Hanway's paper, in which he states that he had been informed that in certain hospitals where the sick in 14 years had been 5,600, the number increased from 1706—18 to 8,189; from 1718—34 to 12,710; and from 1734—49 to 38,147—a result owing, in his opinion, to the more prevalent consumption of ardent spirits. Mr. Hanway having suggested a root-and-branch extirpation policy, proceeds:—  
 "Spirituous  
 liquors



liquors being abolished, instead of having the most undisciplined and abandoned poor we might soon boast a race of men temperate, religious, and industrious even to a proverb. We should soon see the ponderous burden of the poor's rate decrease, and the beauty and strength of the land rejuvenate. Schools, workhouses, and hospitals might then be sufficient to clear our streets of distress and misery, which never will be the case whilst the love of poison prevails, and the means of ruin is sold in above one thousand houses in the city of London, in two thousand two hundred in Westminster, and 1,930 in Holborn and St. Giles.' Failing entire suppression, Mr. Hanway was not at a loss:—'But if other uses still demand liquid fire, I would really propose that it should be sold only in quart bottles, sealed up with the King's seal, with a very high duty, and none sold without being mixed with a strong emetic!' Mr. Hanway was not placated by Johnson's anti-spirituos sentiments, but replied testily in the *Gazetteer*; and to this attack Johnson rejoined in a short article in the *Literary Magazine*—notable as the only instance in which he ever answered an opponent. From this rejoinder one sentence may be culled as an excellent text for the advocate of prohibition:—'I hold, though no enthusiastic patriot, that every man who lives and trades on the community, is obliged to consider whether he hurts or benefits those who protect him; and that the most that can be indulged to private interest is a neutral traffic, if any such can be, by which our country is not injured though it be not benefited.'

Boswell introduces, under his notes of the year 1752, an incident which must have occurred five or six years later. He tells how, at three o'clock one morning, Johnson, who was asleep at his lodgings in the Temple, was knocked up by two young friends, Langton and Beauclerk, then students at Oxford, and that the philosopher, entering into their humour for an early ramble, dressed and sallied out, the trio soon repairing to one of the neighbouring taverns, 'where they made a bowl of hot liquor called "bishop," which Johnson had always liked; while, in joyous contempt of sleep from which he had been roused,' he repeated some festive lines, giving, however, a new turn to their bacchanalian sense. It is not expressly said, though it is implied, that Johnson partook of this 'bishop;' but Boswell had the story from Langton, who may have repeated it inaccurately. Under the title of *The Idler*, Johnson contributed papers to the *Universal Chronicle or Weekly Gazette*, commencing April 15th, 1753, and in the number for April 14th, 1759, there is a passage very similar to one from the *Rambler* before quoted:—'Nothing is more fatal to happiness or virtue than that confidence which flatters us with an opinion of our own strength, and, by assuring us of our power of retreat, precipitates us into hazard. . . . To set the mind above the appetites is the end of abstinence, which one of the Fathers observed to be not a virtue, but the groundwork of virtue. By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we may add hourly new vigour to resolution, and secure the power of resistance when pleasure or interest shall lend their charms to guilt.' Be the use of intoxicating liquors, therefore, as innocent as the users contend, abstinence is not exposed to the charge of moral weakness, or an ungrateful refusal of Divine bounties, but is an example of the discipline highly valuable in the moral training of the man; and if the value of this discipline correspond to the seductiveness and possible injuriousness of the article abstained from, no abstinence is worthy of so much applause as that which has respect to inebriating liquors of every quality and name. In *The Idler* of December 9th, 1758, Johnson pursues a comparison, borrowed, he says, from 'a philosopher of my acquaintance' (Dr. Blacklock, who in a poem, printed in 1756, made human life one part of the comparison) between the elements of conversation and the constituents of a bowl of punch:—'Spirit alone is too powerful for use. It will produce madness rather than merriment, and instead of quenching thirst will inflame the blood.' 'Water is the universal vehicle by which are conveyed the particles necessary to sustentation and growth, by which thirst is quenched, and all the wants of life and nature are supplied. . . . Water is the only ingredient in punch which can be used alone, and with which man is content, till fancy has framed an artificial want.' In his 'Prayers and Meditations,' under date Sept. 18th, 1760, runs the following entry:—'Resolved to rise early, to study religion, to go to church, to drink less strong liquors.' This minute leaves no doubt that he had deviated from his previous rule of entire abstinence; when he resumed it will soon appear. On the 16th of May, 1763, Dr. Johnson first met Mr. Boswell, his future biographer and photographer, to whom mankind is in-



debted for the assiduity with which he treasured, and the ability with which he transcribed the sayings of the man to whom he looked up with almost idolizing reverence. Boswell did not share Johnson's sentiments on the use of wine, but he has preserved many valuable notes of conversations when the subject was introduced, after Johnson's return to habitual abstinence from intoxicating drinks. At the period of their acquaintance, Johnson frequented the Mitre Tavern in Fleet-street, and there the two 'had a good supper and port wine, of which he then sometimes drank a bottle.' He did not lose, however, his lively sense of the folly of trying to cure melancholy by the glass.

Boswell reports a conversation in the July of 1763: 'Against melancholy he recommended constant occupation of mind, a great deal of exercise, moderation in eating and drinking, and especially to shun drinking at night. He said melancholy people were apt to fly to intemperance for relief, but that it sunk them much deeper in misery. He observed that labouring men who work hard and live sparingly are seldom or never troubled with low spirits.' Thirteen years later he said to Boswell, 'Melancholy should be diverted by every means but drinking.' When remarking that preachers should be plain and familiar, he said: 'To insist against drunkenness as a crime because it debases reason, the noblest faculty of man, would be of no service to the common people; but to tell them that they may die in a fit of drunkenness, and show them how dreadful that would be, cannot fail to make a deep impression.' But to limit preaching against drunkenness to such warnings has proved like making deep impressions upon the sand: the next tide of appetite is sure to efface all impressions that have not led to practical reformation.

In February, 1764, the club first proposed by Sir Joshua Reynolds was formed, afterwards known as the Literary Club. It met every week at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard-street, Soho, and was distinguished above all existing assemblages of the kind by the eminence of the members and the brilliancy of the conversation. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Goldsmith, and Mr. Burke were among Dr. Johnson's first associates in this convivial and intellectual society. In his 'Prayers and Meditations,' the following extracts fall under 1764:—'Good Friday, April 20th: I have made no reformation. . . . More addicted to wine and meat.' 'April 21st: My thoughts have been clouded with sensuality, and except that from the beginning of this year I have in some measure forborne excess of strong drink, my appetites have predominated over my reason.' Dr. Johnson, it is to be observed, was one of the few men who judge themselves more strictly than they judge others. 'Easter Day, April 22nd: I then prayed for resolution and perseverance to amend my life. . . . Dined with Miss W [illiams]; went to prayers at church; went to Davi [es]; spent the evening not pleasantly, avoided wine, and tempered a very few glasses with sherbet, came home and prayed.'

In 1765 Dr. Johnson was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and found in their hospitable home and unremitting kindness a frequent retreat from pressing cares. Mrs. Thrale, in her 'Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson,' states:—'With regard to drink, his liking was for the strongest, as it was not the flavour but the effect he sought for and professed to desire; and when I first knew him (1765) he used to pour capillaire into his port wine. For the last twelve years, however, he left off all fermented liquors.'

Dr. Johnson's use of strong liquors did not at this or any other time lead him into open drunkenness, so that his self-reproaches must be understood as referring to effects of which he himself was cognizant, and not his companions. Sweet wines are said to have been at one time his chief favourites: and when none of these were before him he would sometimes drink port, with a lump of sugar in every glass. The strongest liquors, and in very large quantities, had no other effect but a moderate exhilaration—visibly, at least. Mr. Steevens, in his *Anecdotes* of him, observes:—'Once, and but once, he is known to have had too much wine; an instance which he himself discovered on finding one of his sesquipedalian words hang fire. He then started up, and gravely observed, "I think it time we should go to bed." Mr. Tyers, in his *Sketch*, remarks, "It never was said of him that he was overtaken with liquor—a declaration Bishop Hoadley makes of himself. But he owned that he drank his bottle at a certain time of life. Like Solomon, who tried so many things for curiosity and delight, he renounced strong liquors; and he might have said, as that king is made to do by Prior—

"I drank; I liked it not; 'twas rage, 'twas noise—  
An airy scene of transitory joys."

Boswell

Boswell revisited London in February, 1766, and one of his memorandums is to this effect:—"At night I supped with him in the Mitre Tavern, but there was now a considerable difference in his way of living. Having had an illness, in which he was advised to leave off wine, he had from that period continued to abstain from it, and drank only water or lemonade." This abstinence did not continue unbroken, being probably intermitted during his visit to the Thrales. Under date April 2nd, 1767, this entry occurs in his 'Meditations':—"I have for some days forborne wine and suppers. Abstinence is not easily practised in another's house, but I think it fit to try....By abstinence from wine and suppers I obtained sudden and great relief, and had freedom of mind restored to me, which I have wanted for all this year without being able to find any means of obtaining it." Mr. Croker quotes, in illustration, a passage from Selden's 'Table Talk' (p. 17), and adds:—"These remarks are important, because depression of spirits is too often treated on a contrary system, from ignorance of, or inattention to, what may be its *real* cause." Very much of female intemperance is doubtless attributable to the alcoholic treatment of nervous disorders. From about the year 1770, Johnson's abstinence may be said to have been, with some rare exceptions, uniformly consistent. Mrs. Thrale, when she became Mrs. Piozzi, ascribed it to 'religious motives, though he did not own it;' and if he 'one evening in a gay humour talked in praise of wine as one of the blessings permitted by heaven when used in moderation to lighten the load of life, and give more strength to endure it,' this was no doubt before his return to abstinence, or he was indulging in a kind of pleasant banter; and it is suspicious that an incident which she connects with this remark as having occurred in her presence, Boswell declares to have been reported to her by himself, and to have been spoiled by her in the narration. If Johnson, as Mrs. Piozzi relates elsewhere, ever spoke of wine as 'that noblest liquor which rejoices the heart, and gives vigour to the imagination,' he made large reserves on the other side, and was minded neither to rejoice his own heart, nor invigorate his own imagination, with the liquor which his hostess held in exalted estimation.

The story of which Boswell says the 'true point' escaped Mrs. Piozzi, he tells in the following words (the date was April 15, 1772):—"Desirous of calling Johnson forth to talk, and exercise his wit, though I myself should be the object of it, I resolutely ventured to undertake the defence of convivial indulgence in wine, though he was not to-night in the most genial humour. After urging the common plausible topics, I at last had recourse to the maxim *in vino veritas*, a man who is well warmed with wine will speak the truth. Johnson: "Why, sir, that may be argument for drinking if you suppose men in general to be liars. But, sir, I would not keep company with a fellow who lies as long as he is sober, and whom you must make drunk before you can get a word of truth out of him." Dr. Johnson's indiscriminate almsgiving to beggars, though arising from 'an earnest desire to make them happy,' was a fault only to be excused by his knowledge that no proper system of relief for even the deserving poor was then in being. Mrs. Piozzi, in one of her anecdotes, introduces 'some one' as saying, 'What signifies giving halfpence to beggars? they only lay it out in gin and tobacco;' and Johnson as replying, 'And why should they be denied such sweeteners of their existence? It is surely very savage to refuse them every possible avenue to pleasure, reckoned too coarse for our own acceptance. Life is a pill which none of us can bear to swallow without gilding; yet for the poor we delight in stripping it still barer, and are not ashamed to show even visible displeasure if ever the bitter taste is taken from their mouths.' Addressed to self-indulgent wine drinkers, this was a forcible *argumentum ad hominem*, and probably was so meant and nothing more; for Johnson was aware how much of all this poverty and misery was the penalty of wasting resources on gin and beer. Dr. Johnson was no ascetic, and, as Mrs. Piozzi states, disapproved of solitude, and the avoidance of innocent pleasure; 'those who resist gaiety,' he said, 'will be likely, for the most part, to fall a sacrifice to appetite, for the solicitations of sense are always at hand, and a dram to a vacant and solitary person is a speedy and seducing relief.' Luxury, as signifying the abundance of things above the class of necessities, was not, in his judgment, a cause of public degeneracy. 'Let us take a walk,' he said to Goldsmith, who maintained the contrary, (April 13, 1773) 'from Charing Cross to Whitechapel, through, I suppose, the greatest series of shops in the world; what is there in any of these shops (*if you except gin shops*) that can do any human being any

any harm?' In the August of 1773, Dr. Johnson commenced, with Mr. Boswell, a journey to the Hebrides. Travelling through the Highlands, they came to an inn at Glenmorison, where they saw a 'Treatise against Drunkenness,' translated from the French, and soon after thoughtlessly contributed to the vice against which the Frenchman wrote. Both relate the circumstance, which was briefly this:—In passing a party of soldiers at work upon the high road, they gave them two shillings to drink. The men walked to this very inn to spend the money, and 'made merry in the barn.' On Johnson's proposal, he and Boswell went and gave them a couple of shillings more, the result being that 'the poor soldiers got too much liquor. Some of them fought, and left blood upon the spot, and cursed whisky next morning'—'indignant,' says Johnson, 'at the bad qualities of whisky.' Dr. Johnson, in his narrative, does not excuse this act of indiscretion, and, no doubt, had life been lost in the soldiers' quarrel, his remorse would have been intense. That this encouragement to drinking was against his better judgment is beyond a question. When describing the whisky and drinking habits of the Hebridians, he says, 'I never tasted it except once from experience in Inverary, when I thought it preferable to any English malt brandy. It was strong, but not pungent, and was free from the empyreumatic taste or smell. What was the process I had no opportunity of inquiring, nor do I wish to improve the art of making poison pleasant.' Boswell's account of this 'experiment' is as follows: 'After supper, Dr. Johnson, whom I had not seen taste any fermented liquor during all our travels'—and the hardships incurred might have pleaded with a less resolute mind for more than a taste—'called for a gill of whisky. "Come," said he, "let me know what it is that makes a Scotchman happy." He drank it all but a drop, which I begged leave to pour into my glass, that I might say we had drank whisky together. I proposed Mrs. Thrale should be our toast. He would not have her drunk in whisky, but rather some "insular lady," so we drank one of the ladies whom we had lately left.' At Col, where 'whisky was served round in a shell in the ancient Highland custom, Dr. Johnson,' says Boswell, 'would not partake of it, but being desirous to do honour to the modes "of other times," drank some water out of the shell.' According to Boswell, Johnson through the whole of this tour 'seemed much pleased to assume the appearance of an ancient Caledonian. We only regretted,' he continues, 'that he could not be prevailed with to partake of the social glass. One of his arguments against drinking appears to me not convincing. He argued that "in proportion as drinking makes a man different from what he is before he has drank, it is bad; because it has so far affected his reason." But may it not be answered that a man may be altered by it for the better? that his spirits may be exhilarated without his reason being affected? On the general subject of drinking, however, I do not mean positively to take the other side. I am *dubius non improbus* [dubious not dissolute]. This is very well for Boswell, who owns in another place to being 'fond of wine,' and whom Macaulay has flatly dubbed 'a sot.' Clearness of judgment is disturbed exactly as drink exerts its power—an influence doubly dangerous, because inducing the greatest self-confidence when there is the least self-controlling power remaining. On the subject of Johnson's own abstinence, Boswell has preserved the notes of a conversation at Dunvegan, in the Hebrides, September 26, 1773—'Miss Macleod prevailed upon him to drink a little brandy when he was going to bed. He has great virtue in not drinking wine or any fermented liquor, because, as he acknowledged to us, he could not do it in moderation. Lady Macleod would hardly believe him, and said, "I am sure, sir, you would not carry it too far." Johnson: "Nay, Madam, it carried me. I took the opportunity of a long illness to leave it off [when, alas! too many now contract or confirm the habit!]. It was then prescribed to me not to drink wine, and having broken off the habit, I have never returned to it." Connected with this, may be cited a passage by Boswell, under date 1776—'Finding him still persevering in his abstinence from wine, I ventured to speak to him of it. Johnson: "Sir, I have no objection to a man's drinking wine in moderation. I find myself apt to go to excess in it, and therefore, after having been some time without it, on account of illness, I thought it better not to return to it. Every man is to judge for himself according to the effects which he experiences." This rule, however, can never be observed, when men try only the use and not the disuse of intoxicating drinks. Johnson's tolerance of 'moderation' arose from his love of seeing people happy

in their own way, and did not spring from ignorance of the moral dangers connected with wine drinking, or any notion of its physical advantage. Dr. Cheyne's 'Essay on Health,' a thoroughly anti-wine book, was recommended to Boswell by Dr. Johnson. His reply to Mrs. Hannah Moore is well known. Her account is: 'I dined very pleasantly at the Bishop of Chester's [Dr. Porteus, afterwards Bishop of London]; Johnson was there. . . I urged him to take a little wine; he replied, "I can't take a little, child, therefore I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult." He was very good humoured and gay.' The candour of such a confession is as rare as it is admirable; inferior minds have often felt as Johnson felt, but have had neither the frankness nor courage to say as much and do as he did. His distinction between 'abstinence' and 'temperance' was conventional, and adopted for convenience sake; since no one knew better than Johnson that both etymologically and metaphysically abstinence from what is believed to be dangerous or injurious is to the abstainer one of the highest forms and exhibitions of the virtue of temperance.

In 1775 Dr. Johnson accompanied the Thrales on an excursion to France, which lasted nearly two months. In his notes of what he there saw no mention is made of the French clarets, concerning which he had made in the course of his Hebridian tour a humorous remark. In discussing the state of Scotland before the Union, Boswell had said, 'We had wine before the Union;' and Johnson replied, 'No, sir; you had some weak stuff, the refuse of France, which could not make you drunk.' Boswell persisted, 'I assure you, sir, there was a great deal of drunkenness.' Johnson rejoined, 'No, sir, there were people who died of dropsies they contracted in trying to get drunk.' The drunkenness and dropsies were doubtless both prevalent as cause and effect. In Paris, after seeing the King and Queen at dinner (Oct. 19), Johnson writes:—'At night we went to a comedy. I neither saw nor heard. Drunken women.' During an excursion in 1776, made with Boswell to Oxford and Lichfield, Dr. Johnson pronounced his well-known eulogium on English taverns and inns as compared with those of France. Guests at private houses must always experience 'some degree of care and anxiety; whereas at a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn;' and Boswell quotes Sir John Hawkins as reporting Johnson thus:—'As soon as I enter the door of a tavern, I experience an oblivion of care, and a freedom from solicitude; when I am seated I find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to my will; anxious to know and ready to supply my wants; wine there exhilarates my spirits, and prompts me to free conversation, and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love. I dogmatize, and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinion and sentiments I find delight.' Had Johnson's wife lived, or had he been a father, he would have probably formed another estimate of the superiority of tavern over domestic life. The company that gathered around him in his places of public resort afforded scope for the exercise of his conversational powers—one of his dearest delights. The exhilaration of his spirits by wine was confined to a certain portion of his life; and that it was not dependent on vinous influence, Boswell's own pages offer the most convincing proof. In all the essential elements of comfort and social freedom, hotels without the drink now favourably compare with the taverns of the last century and the present. The holding first of his Ivy Lane, and then of the Literary Club, at taverns, had helped to associate such places in his mind with pleasurable feelings. Of the members of the Literary Club none are known to have participated to the full in Johnson's principles of abstinence. With Sir Joshua Reynolds the great moralist had more than one warm discussion on this subject. In a letter to Boswell, dated Jan. 21st, 1775, he went so far as to state, 'Reynolds has taken too much to strong liquor, and seems to delight in his new character.' In a note upon this, Boswell states:—'It should be recollected that this fanciful description of his friend was given by Johnson after he himself had become a water drinker.' Mr. Croker's comment on Boswell is:—Johnson had been a water drinker ever since 1766, and therefore that could not be his motive for making, nine years after, an observation on Sir Joshua's

Joshua's "new character." Sir Joshua was *always* convivial, and this expression was either an allusion to some little anecdote now forgotten, or arose out of that odd fancy which Johnson (perhaps from his own morbid feelings) entertained that every one who drank wine in any quantity whatsoever was more or less drunk. There is not a tittle of proof that Dr. Johnson ever had the "odd fancy" ascribed to him by Mr. Croker, and if he had it, why should he have given expression at this time to the preceding reflection on Sir Joshua Reynolds, and not on other of his London friends? In April, 1776, after a social supper at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, 'we discussed the question' says Boswell, 'whether drinking improved conversation and benevolence. Sir Joshua maintained it did. Johnson: 'No, sir. Before dinner men meet with great inequality of understanding; and those who are conscious of their inferiority have the modesty not to talk. When they have drunk wine, every man feels himself happy, and loses that modesty, and grows impudent and vociferous; but he is not improved; he is only not sensible of his defects.' Sir Joshua said the doctor was talking of the effects of excess in wine, but that a moderate glass enlivened the mind by giving a proper circulation to the blood. 'I am,' said he, 'in very good spirits when I get up in the morning. By dinner-time I am exhausted. Wine puts me in the same state as when I get up; and I am sure that moderate drinking makes people talk better.' Johnson: 'No, sir; wine gives not light, gay, ideal hilarity; but tumultuous, noisy, clamorous merriment. I have heard none of those drunken—nay, drunken is a coarse word—none of those *vinous* flights.' Sir Joshua: 'Because you have sat by, quite sober, and felt an envy of the happiness of those who were drinking.' Johnson: 'Perhaps contempt. And, sir, it is not necessary to be drunk one's-self to relish the wit of drunkenness. Do we not judge of the drunken wit of the dialogue between Iago and Cassio (the most excellent in its kind), when we are quite sober? Wit is wit, by whatever means it is produced; and if good, will appear so at all times. I admit that the spirits are raised by drinking, as by the common gratification of any pleasure. Cockfighting or bearbaiting will raise the spirits of a company as drinking does, though surely they will not improve conversation. I also admit that there are some sluggish men who are improved by drinking, as there are fruits which are not good till they are rotten. There are such men, but they are medlars. I, indeed, allow that there have been a very few men of talent who were improved by drinking; but I maintain that I am right as to the effects of drinking in general. And let it be considered that there is no position, however false in its universality, which is not true of some particular men.' Sir William Forbes said: 'Might not a man warmed with wine be like a bottle of beer which is made brisker by being set before the fire?' 'Nay,' said Johnson, laughing, 'I cannot answer that; it is too much for me.' I observed that wine did some people harm, by inflaming, confusing, and irritating their minds; but that the experience of mankind had declared in favour of moderate drinking. [Without trying the contrary!] Johnson: 'Sir, I do not say it is wrong to produce self-complacency by drinking; I only deny that it improves the mind. When I drank wine, I scorned to drink it when in company. I have drank many a bottle by myself; in the first place, because I had need of it to raise my spirits; in the second place, because I would have nobody to witness its effects upon me.' In a ride with Boswell from Ashbourne to Derby, the former said: "Dr. Johnson recommended to me, as he had often done, to drink water only, for, said he, 'You are then sure not to get drunk, whereas, if you drink wine, you are never sure.' I said drinking wine was a pleasure which I was unwilling to give up. 'Sir,' said he, 'no doubt that not to drink wine is a great deduction from life, but it may be necessary.' [On Johnson's meaning see afterwards.] He, however, owned that in his opinion a free use of wine did not shorten life, and that he would not give less for the life of a certain Scotch lord, whom he named, celebrated for hard drinking, than for that of a sober man. But soon after, with his usual intelligence and accuracy, he inquired, 'Does it take much wine to make him drunk?' I answered, 'A great deal of wine or strong punch.' Then he said, 'So much the worse.' I presume to illustrate my friend's observation thus: A fortress which soon surrenders has its walls less shattered than when a strong and obstinate resistance is made." Drinkers who never get drunk will not extract much consolation from this colloquy, or Boswell's rule. The Scotch lord referred to died at the age of 49. Boswell tells in another place that Dr. J. Campbell, a voluminous

writer,

writer, told him that he drank thirteen bottles of wine at a sitting. He adds, "I am absolutely certain that Dr. Campbell told me it. I paid particular attention to it, *being myself a lover of wine*, and therefore anxious to hear whatever is remarkable concerning drinking. There can be no doubt that some men can drink without suffering any injury [!] such a quantity as to others appears incredible. It is but fair to add that Dr. Campbell told me he took a very long time at this great potation, and I have heard Dr. Johnson say, 'Sir, if a man drinks very slowly, and lets one glass operate before he takes another, I know not how long he may drink.' Dr. Campbell mentioned that a colonel of militia sat with him all the time and drank equally."

In April, 1778, 'talking of drinking wine, he said, "I did not leave off wine because I could not bear it; I have drank three bottles of port without being the worse for it. University College has witnessed this"—probably, says Croker, at his first residence as an undergraduate. 'Boswell: "Why, then, sir, did you leave it off?" Johnson: "Why, sir, because it is so much better for a man to be sure that he is never to be intoxicated, never to lose the power over himself. I shall not begin to drink wine again till I grow old and want it." Boswell: "I think, sir, you once said to me that not to drink wine was a great deduction from life." Johnson: "It is a deduction of pleasure, to be sure; but I do not say a diminution of happiness. There is more happiness in being rational." Boswell: "But if we could have pleasure always, should not we be happy? The greatest part of men would compound for pleasure." Johnson: "Supposing one could have pleasure always, an intellectual man would not compound for it. The greatest part of men would compound, because the greatest part of men are gross." Boswell: "I allow there may be greater pleasure than from wine. I have had more pleasure from your conversation. I have indeed; I assure you I have." Johnson: "When we talk of pleasure, we mean sensual pleasure. . . Philosophers tell you that pleasure is contrary to happiness. Gross men prefer animal pleasure." Very shortly afterwards, says Boswell, 'Talking of a man's resolving to deny himself the use of wine from moral and religious considerations, he said, "He must not doubt about it. When we doubt as to pleasure, we know what will be the conclusion. I now no more think of drinking wine than a horse does. The wine upon the table is no more for me than for the dog who is under the table." On a later occasion, he said—"Pleasure is a word of dubious import; pleasure is, in general, dangerous and pernicious to virtue; to be able, therefore, to furnish pleasure that is harmless, pleasure pure and unalloyed, is as great a power as man can possess.' In discussing (April 15, 1778) the doctrine of Mandeville, that private vices are public benefits, Dr. Johnson said: 'The fallacy of that book is that Mandeville defines neither vices nor benefits. He reckons among vices everything that gives pleasure. Pleasure of itself is not a vice. Having a garden, which we all know to be perfectly innocent, is a great pleasure. The happiness of heaven will be that pleasure and virtue will be perfectly consistent. Mandeville puts the case of a man who gets drunk at an alehouse, and says it is a public benefit because so much money is got by it to the public. But it must be considered that all the good, through the gradation of alehousekeeper, brewer, maltster, and farmer is overbalanced by the evil caused to the man and his family by his getting drunk. This is the way to try what is vicious by ascertaining whether more evil than good is produced by it, upon the whole, which is the case in all vice.' It is also demonstrable in opposition to Mandeville's statement, that the money spent in getting drunk might, if otherwise spent, yield more benefit to trade than by being wasted injuriously in intoxicating liquor.

On the Good Friday of the same year, which fell very late (April 17th), he accidentally met with a Mr. Edwards, a fellow collegian at Pembroke College in 1729, whom he had not met since that time, though both had lived in London for forty years, and a long conversation followed in the streets and at Johnson's house. Boswell is again the reporter of the following, *inter alia* :—"Edwards: How do you live, sir? For my part, I must have my regular meals, and a glass of good wine. I find I require it." Johnson: "I now drink no wine, sir. Early in life I drank wine; for many years I drank none. I then for some years drank a great deal." Edwards: "Some hogsheads, I warrant you." Johnson: "I then had a severe illness, and left it off, and have never begun it again." . . . Edwards: "I am grown old; I am sixty-five." Johnson: "I shall be sixty-eight next birthday. Come, sir, drink water, and put in for a hundred." In



In a distinguished company, April 24th, he talked of the effects of drinking. 'Drinking,' he said, 'may be practised with great prudence. A man who exposes himself when he is drunk, has not the art of getting drunk. A sober man, who happens occasionally to get drunk, readily enough goes into a new company, which a man who has been drinking should never do. Such a man will undertake anything; he is without skill in inebriation. I used to slink home when I had drunk too much. A man accustomed to self-examination will be conscious when he is drunk, though a habitual drunkard will not be conscious of it. I knew a physician [said to be Dr. James, inventor of the fever powders] who for twelve years was not sober; yet, in a pamphlet which he wrote upon fevers, he appealed to Garrick and me for his vindication from a charge of drunkenness. A bookseller [naming him] who got a large fortune by trade [said by Croker to be Andrew Millar], was so habitually and equally drunk that his most intimate friends never perceived that he was more sober at one time than another.'

At General Paoli's, April 23th, 1778, Sir Joshua Reynolds being of the company, "we talked," says Boswell, "of drinking wine. Johnson: 'I require wine only when I am alone. I have then often wished for it, and often taken it.' Spottiswoode: 'What, by way of a companion, sir?' Johnson: 'To get rid of myself; to send myself away. Wine gives great pleasure, and every pleasure is of itself a good. It is a good unless counterbalanced by evil. A man may have a strong reason not to drink wine, and that may be greater than the pleasure. Wine makes a man better pleased with himself. I do not say that it makes him more pleasing to others. Sometimes it does. But the danger is, that while a man grows better pleased with himself, he may be growing less pleasing to others. Wine gives a man nothing. It neither gives him knowledge nor wit; it only animates a man, and enables him to bring out what a dread of the company has repressed. It only puts in motion what has been locked up in frost. But this may be good, or it may be bad.' Spottiswoode: 'So, sir, wine is a key which opens a box; but this box may be either full or empty?' Johnson: 'Nay, sir; conversation is the key; wine is a picklock which forces open the door, and injures it. A man should cultivate his mind so as to have that confidence and readiness without wine which wine gives.' Boswell: 'The great difficulty of resisting wine is from benevolence. For instance, a good, worthy man asks you to taste his wine, which he has had twenty years in his cellar.' Johnson: 'Sir, all this notion about benevolence arises from a man's imagining himself to be of more importance to others than he really is. They don't care a farthing whether he drinks wine or not.' Sir Joshua Reynolds: 'Yes, they do for the time.' Johnson: 'For the time! If they care this minute, they forget the next. And as for the good, worthy man, how do you know he is good and worthy? No good and worthy man will insist upon another man's drinking wine. As to the wine twenty years in the cellar; of ten men, three say this merely because they must say something, three are telling a lie when they say they have had the wine twenty years, three would rather save the wine, one, perhaps, cares. I allow it is something to please one's company; and people are always pleased with those who partake pleasure with them. But after a man has brought himself to relinquish the great personal pleasure which arises from drinking wine, any other consideration is a trifle. To please others by drinking wine is something only if there be nothing against it. I should, however, be sorry to offend worthy men:—

"Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my foe."

Boswell: 'Curst be the *spring*, the *water*.' Johnson: 'But let us consider what a sad thing it would be, if we were obliged to drink or do anything else that may happen to be agreeable to the company where we are.' Langton: 'By the same rule you must join a gang of cut-purses.' Johnson: 'Yes, sir; but yet we must do justice to wine; we must allow it the power it possesses. To make a man pleased with himself, let me tell you, is doing a very great thing:—

"Si patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari."

I was at this time (adds Boswell) myself a water drinker, upon trial, by Johnson's recommendation. Johnson: 'Boswell is a bolder combatant than Sir Joshua. He argues for wine without the help of wine, but Sir Joshua with it.' Sir Joshua Reynolds:



Reynolds: 'But to please one's company is a strong motive.' Johnson (who, from drinking only water, supposed everybody who drank wine to be elevated): 'I won't argue any more with you, sir; you are too far gone.' Sir Joshua: 'I should have thought so, indeed, sir, had I made such a speech as you have now done.' Johnson (drawing himself in, and, I really thought, blushing): 'Nay, don't be angry. I did not mean to offend you.' Sir Joshua: 'At first the taste of wine was disagreeable to me; but I brought myself to drink it that I might be like other people. The pleasure of drinking wine is so connected with pleasing your company, that altogether there is something of social goodness in it.' Johnson: 'Sir, this is only saying the same thing over again.' Sir Joshua: 'No; this is new.' Johnson: 'You put it in new words, but it is an old thought. This is one of the disadvantages of wine, it makes a man mistake words for thoughts.' Boswell: 'I think it is a new thought; at least it is in a new attitude.' Johnson: 'Nay, sir, it is only in a new coat, or an old coat with a new facing.' Then laughing heartily: 'It is the old dog in the new doublet. An extraordinary instance, however, may occur where a man's patron will do nothing for him unless he will drink; there may be a good reason for drinking.' I mentioned a nobleman who, I believed, was really uneasy if his company would not drink hard. Johnson: 'That is from having had people about him whom he has been accustomed to command.' Boswell: 'Supposing I should be *tête à tête* with him at table?' Johnson: 'Sir, there is no more reason for your drinking with him than his being sober with you.' Boswell: 'Why, that is true; for it would do him less hurt to be sober than it would do me to get drunk.' Johnson: 'Yes, sir, and from what I have heard of him, one would not wish to sacrifice himself to such a man. If he must always have somebody to drink with him, he should buy a slave, and then he would be sure to have it. They who submit to drink as another pleases make themselves his slaves.' Boswell: 'But, sir, you will surely make allowance for the duty of hospitality. A gentleman who loves drinking comes to visit me.' Johnson: 'Sir, a man knows whom he visits; he comes to the table of a sober man.' Boswell: 'But, sir, you and I should not have been so well received in the Highlands and Hebrides if I had not drank with our worthy friends. Had I drank water only, as you did, they would not have been so cordial.' Johnson: 'Sir William Temple mentions that in his travels through the Netherlands he had two or three gentlemen with him; and when a bumper was necessary he put it on them. Were I to travel again through the islands, I would have Sir Joshua with me to take the bumpers.'

In the only account Boswell has left us of a conversation at the Literary Club, the subject of drinking comes curiously up. Boswell designates some of the interlocutors by letters, and not by their names. But "E." undoubtedly stands for Edmund Burke. "E.: I understand the hogshead of claret which this society was favoured with by our friend the dean [Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry, afterwards Bishop of Killaloe and Limerick] is nearly out, I think he should be written to to send another of the same kind. Let the request be made with a happy ambiguity of expression, so that we may have the chance of his sending it also as a present.' Johnson: 'I am willing to offer my services as secretary on this occasion.' P.: 'As many as are for Dr. Johnson being secretary, hold up your hands. Carried unanimously.' Boswell: 'He will be our dictator.' Johnson: 'No, the company is to dictate to me. I am only to write for wine; and I am quite disinterested, as I drink none; I shall not be suspected of having forged the application. I am no more than humble scribe.' E.: 'Then you shall prescribe.' Johnson: 'Were I your dictator, you should have no wine. It would be my business *cavere ne quid detrimenti Republica caperet* (to take care that the republic is not injured), and wine is dangerous. Rome was ruined by luxury (smiling).' E.: 'If you allow no wine as dictator, you shall not have me for your master of horse.' In the same company the conversation turned on putting the virtue of men in general, and of servants in particular, to the test. Dr. Johnson's remark may serve to silence, if it does not convince, the shallow thinkers who oppose both total abstinence and prohibition because they would supersede the resistance of certain temptations by the removal of the temptations. 'You know, humanly speaking, there is a certain degree of temptation which will overcome any virtue. Now, in so far as you approach temptation to a man you do him an injury, and if he is overcome, you share his guilt.' P.: 'And when once overcome, it is easier for him

to

to be got the better of again.' Boswell: 'Yes, you are his seducer; you have debauched him.'

In 1778, the first instalment of the "Lives of the Poets" was issued, the whole work being completed in 1781. In the first series appeared the life of Waller, of whom Johnson wrote:—"He passed his time in the company that was highest both in rank and wit, from which even his obstinate sobriety did not exclude him. Though he drank water, he was enabled, by his fertility of mind, to heighten the mirth of bacchanalian assemblies, and Mr. Saville said that 'no man in England should keep him company without drinking but Ned Waller.' The praise given him by St. Evremond is a proof of his reputation. In Parliament 'he was,' says Burnet, the delight of the House, and, though old, said the liveliest things of any among them.' He was of such consideration that his remarks were circulated and recorded."

Another of Boswell's sprightly narratives is as follows:—"On Wednesday, April 7, 1779, I dined with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds's. Johnson harangued upon the qualities of different liquors, and spoke with great contempt of claret, as so weak that "a man would be drowned by it before it made him drunk." He was persuaded to drink one glass of it, that he might judge, not from recollection, which might be faint, but from immediate sensation. He shook his head and said, "Poor stuff! No, sir, claret is the liquor for boys, port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero (smiling), must drink brandy. In the first place, the flavour of brandy is most grateful to the palate; and then brandy will do soonest for a man what drinking *can* do for him. There are, indeed, few who are able to drink brandy. That is a power rather to be wished for than attained. And yet, as in all pleasure hope is a considerable part, I know not but fruition comes too quick by brandy. Florence wine I think the worst; it is wine only to the eye; it is wine neither while you are drinking it, nor after you have drunk it; it neither pleases the taste nor exhilarates the spirits." I reminded him how heartily he and I used to drink wine together when we were first acquainted; and how I used to have a headache after sitting up with him. He did not like to have this recalled; or, perhaps, thinking that I boasted improperly, resolved to have a witty stroke at me. "Nay, sir, it was not the wine that made your head ache, but the *sense* that I put into it." Boswell: "What, sir! will sense make the head ache?" Johnson: "Yes, sir (with a smile), when it is not used to it."

When, about two years after, Boswell mentioned, at a dinner party, Johnson's scale of liquors, Burke said, 'Then, let me have claret, I love to be a boy, to have the careless gaiety of boyish days;' and Johnson rejoined, 'I should drink claret too, if it would give me that; but it does not; it neither makes boys men, nor men boys. You'll be drowned by it before it has any effect upon you.'

Sometime in 1780 he was medically advised to return to wine. Under date Jan. 1, '81, he has an entry in these words—"At night I took wine, did not sleep well." Mr. Thrale, on whom Boswell waited in the following March, told him that he 'might now have the pleasure to see Dr. Johnson drink wine again, for he had lately returned to it.' Boswell adds, 'When I mentioned this to Johnson, he said, "I drink it now sometimes, but not socially." The first morning that I was with him at Thrale's, I observed he poured a large quantity of it into a glass and swallowed it.'

On the 4th of April succeeding this, Mr. Thrale died, and was mourned by none more sincerely and deeply than by Dr. Johnson. The Doctor was left one of the executors, and took an active official part in the sale of the brewery to Mr. Thrale's late manager, Mr. Perkins, and Mr. Barclay, a descendant of the Quaker Apologist. The price paid was £135,000, and out of this sale proceeded what Mr. Croker calls 'the largest establishment of its kind in the world.' Lord Lucan told a story to the effect that 'while the sale was going on, Johnson appeared bustling about with an inkhorn and pen in his button-hole, like an exciseman; and on being asked what he really considered to be the value of the property which was to be disposed of, answered, 'We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.' Boswell, who gives this version of the story, says 'that if not precisely exact, it is certainly characteristic.' It may have been set afloat as an imitation of the great essayist's style. No hint is given of the moral light in which Johnson viewed the accumulation of wealth like that of the Thrales's, side by side with the accumulation of poverty

poverty and misery in the homes whence the wealth was extracted. This contrast, it would be seen on reflection, was not accidental but consequential. Fortunes raised by 'making poison pleasant' in the form of gin, Johnson must have regarded with deep aversion; and if in the shape of beer the poison was less virulent, it would have occurred to him that it was not less present, and was not less really making havoc of industry, virtue, health, and domestic hopes and joys. Johnson's occasional use of wine continued without any progressive benefit. Under date March 17, 1782, he himself writes:—'I made punch for myself and my servants, by which in the night I thought both my breast and imagination disordered.' To Boswell, who was in Scotland, and preparing to become a candidate for Parliamentary honours, he addressed an affectionate letter (March 30, 1784), in which he remarked:—'One thing I must enjoin you, which is seldom observed in the conduct of elections. I must entreat you to be scrupulous in the use of strong liquors. One night's drunkenness may defeat the labours of forty days well employed.' The last days of the great moralist were now fast approaching; and it is impressive to notice that like some other eminent men he entertained a great horror of being dosed with narcotics and intoxicants, when any medicinal value they might have possessed had been exhausted. The Right Hon. W. Windham, in his account of Dr. Johnson's last conversations with him, relates that he was asking him to take nourishment, but, 'Before I had quite stated my meaning, he interrupted me by saying that he had refused no sustenance but inebriating sustenance; and proceeded to give instances where, in compliance with the wishes of his physician, he had even taken a small quantity of wine. I mildly assented to any objections he might have to nourishment of that kind, and, observing that milk was the only nourishment I intended, flattered myself that I had succeeded in my endeavours, when he recurred to his general refusal, and begged that there might be an end of it.' He expired in his sleep on the 13th December, 1784. Of his writings, few have a posthumous date, and of these none need to be mentioned here, except the 'Prayers and Meditations,' already quoted from, and a volume of sermons 'left for publication' by Rev. Dr. John Taylor, of Ashbourne, a prebendary of Westminster, and an old friend of Johnson's. It is believed that at least forty sermons were composed for various preachers by Dr. Johnson, who thus proved his claim to the panegyric pronounced by himself on Goldsmith, that he touched almost every species of writing, and that whatever he touched he adorned. The twenty-five sermons left by Dr. Taylor without any indication of the true authorship, were, when published, immediately recognized as having proceeded from the great master's hand. Few direct allusions to intemperance are contained in these discourses; but there are some principles laid down of easy and emphatic application to the drinking and temperance systems. In the second sermon, referring to repentance, it is said:—'There is, indeed, a partial restitution, with which many have attempted to quiet their consciences, and have betrayed their own souls. When they are sufficiently enriched by wicked practices, and leave off to rob from satiety of wealth, or are awakened to reflection upon their own lives by danger, anxiety, or sickness, they then become desirous to be at peace with God, and hope to obtain, by refunding part of their acquisitions, a permission to enjoy the rest. In pursuance of this view, churches are built, schools endowed, the poor clothed, and the ignorant educated—works, indeed, highly pleasing to God, when performed in concurrence with the other duties of religion, but which will never atone for the violation of justice. To plunder one man for the sake of another is not charity; to build temples with the gains of wickedness, is to endeavour to bribe the Divinity. This ought ye to have done, and not left the other undone. Ye ought, doubtless, to be charitable, but ye ought first to be just.' Sermon the third is on religious fear, and the lay preacher thus wisely discourses:—'The dread of sin necessarily produces the dread of temptation: he that wishes to escape the effect flies likewise from the cause. The humility of a man truly religious seldom suffers him to think himself able to resist those incitements to evil which, by the approach of immediate gratifications, may be presented to sense or fancy; his care is not for victory, but safety; and when he can escape assaults, he does not willingly encounter them.'

But we must not linger. Sermon 24 is on righteous authority, and the proper office of legislation is maintained by the writer:—'No man knows anyone except himself whom he judges fit to be set free from the coercion of laws, and to be abandoned

abandoned entirely to his own choice. By this consideration have all civilised nations been induced to the enactment of penal laws—laws by which every man's danger becomes every man's safety, and by which, though all are restrained, all are benefited.' Again:—'No man thinks laws unnecessary for others; and no man, if he considers his own inherent frailty, can justly think them unnecessary for himself. The wisest man is not always wise, and the best man is not always good. We all sometimes want the admonitions of law as supplemental to the dictates of reason, and the suggestions of conscience.' These noble words are a virtual repetition of a remark by Dr. Johnson in conversation:—'Law is the last result of human wisdom, acting upon human experience for the public good.'

During his long intercourse with mankind, Dr. Johnson had a large experience of the influence of drink on the health and prospects of men of education and learning. Not a few of Goldsmith's difficulties had a vinous origin. Johnson was once hastily summoned from Streetham to the assistance of his friend, whom he found in a state of siege, by his landlady for arrears, and by bailiffs for debts. Goldsmith handed the M.S. of his 'Vicar of Wakefield' to Johnson, who went out and sold it to a bookseller, and released the beleaguered author. It is said by Mrs. Piozzi that on Johnson's arrival Goldsmith was 'drinking himself drunk with Madeira to drown care'; and that when the former returned with relief, Goldsmith 'called the woman of the house directly to partake of punch, and pass their time in merriment.' Boswell denies the drunkenness, but confesses to the bottle of Madeira. Mrs. Piozzi reports several of the not infrequent abuses of Johnson's generous kindness: 'Another man,' she says, 'for whom he often begged, spent in punch the solitary guinea which had been brought him one morning; when, resolving to add another claimant to a share of the bowl, besides a woman who always lived with him, and a footman who used to carry out petitions for charity, he borrowed a chairman's watch, and pawning it for half-a-crown, paid a clergyman to marry him to a fellow-lodger in the wretched house they all inhabited, and got so drunk on the guinea bowl of punch the evening of his wedding day, that having many years lost the use of one leg, he now contrived to fall from the top of the stairs to the bottom, and break his arm; in which condition his companions left him to call on Mr. Johnson, who, relating the series of his tragico-comical distresses, obtained from the Literary Club reasonable relief.'

Dr. Johnson's principle of abstinence was sometimes put to very fashionable and pressing ordeal. On Oct. 12, 1779, he dined with Lord Newhaven, and a beautiful niece, Miss Graham, who 'asked him to hob or nob with her. He was flattered by such pleasing attention, and politely told her he never drank wine; but "if she would drink a glass of water, he was much at her service." She accepted. "Oho, sir!" said Lord Newhaven, "you are caught." Johnson: "Nay, I do not see how I am caught; but if I am caught, I don't want to get free again. If am caught, I hope to be kept." Then when the two glasses of water were brought, smiling placidly to the young lady, he said, "Madam, let us reciprocate."

His reverence for the bench of bishops was 'profound,' says Boswell, so that 'he expected from a bishop the highest degree of decorum. He was offended even at their going to taverns. "A bishop," said he, "has nothing to do at a tipping-house. It is not, indeed, immoral in him to go to a tavern, neither would it be immoral in him to whip a top in Grosvenor Square; but if he did, I hope the boys would fall upon him, and apply the whip to him. There are gradations in conduct—morality, decency, propriety; none of these should be violated by a bishop." Both Johnson and Boswell seemed unaware that the presence not only of bishops, but presbyters in taverns was forbidden under heavy penalties by several of the early councils. He is represented by Boswell to have once maintained that the present was never a happy state to man, and when pressed again, answered, 'Never but when he is drunk.' Yet Johnson at other times distinguished between sensual pleasure and happiness. The truth was that he had so acutely morbid a sense of human infirmities, that he conceived perfect happiness to a reflecting being impossible in this world. Hence a man when drunk is happy, because he is incapable of reflection—no encouragement to inebriation. 'A man who has been drinking wine at all freely,' said Johnson, 'should never go into a new company. With those who have partaken of wine with him he may be pretty well in unison, but he will probably be offensive, or appear ridiculous to other people.' Once when

when in Fleet-street,' he said, 'a gentlewoman begged I would give my arm to assist her in crossing, which accordingly I did, upon which she offered me a shilling, supposing me to be a watchman. I fancy that she was somewhat in liquor.' Let us hope that the gentlewoman was shortsighted, and so mistook the big moralist for a guardian of the peace.

In conversation one day, he finely discriminated the state of a clergyman, Rev. Charles Congreve, who had considerable preferment in Ireland, but spent much of his time in London, where he took a short airing in his postchaise every day, and had an elderly woman whom he called cousin to live with him, who nudged his elbow when his glass was standing empty, and encouraged him to drink. 'Not that he gets drunk,' added Johnson, 'for he is a very pious man, but he is always *muddy*. He confesses to one bottle of port every day, and probably drinks more. He is quite unsocial, in conversation is quite monosyllabic, and when at my last visit I asked him what o'clock it was, that signal of my departure had so pleasing an effect on him that he sprang up to look at his watch like a greyhound bounding at a hare.'

A gentleman (Boswell himself, Croker thinks,) having to some of the usual arguments for drinking added this: "You know, sir, drinking drives away care, and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable; would you not allow a man to drink for that reason?" "Yes, sir," said the unmerciful retorter, "if he sat next *you*."

One of his sayings, as reported by the Rev. D. Maxwell, was that "few people have intellectual resources sufficient to forego the pleasures of wines; they could not otherwise contrive how to fill the interval between dinner and supper." How will wine-drinkers take the explanation?

On the moral insecurity produced by wine-drinking, he said, "One may drink wine and be nothing the worse for it; or another wine may have effects so inflammatory as to injure him both in body and mind, and perhaps make him commit something for which he deserves to be hanged."

Here we must draw the rein, and must allow Johnson, rather than ourselves, to unbend the bow. That he should have always been consistent in his familiar talk on drinking was not to be expected, and still less that he should have expressed those clear and positive views upon the drinking system which the modern temperance advocate feels himself called upon and compelled to maintain. But that he was greatly in advance of most of his contemporaries in both his ideas and practice is placed beyond reasonable question; while the high-minded resolution with which he held his ground as an abstainer in all circles, and the skill with which he carried the war of ideas into the strongholds of drinking customs, merit our heartiest admiration. From what we know of him, all the probabilities are in favour of the conclusion that if now living, his masterly pen and voice would be cheerfully enlisted on the side of those who teach that neither to drink strong liquors nor to licence their sale is the wisdom of Christian men and of a Christian State.

## ONE FALSE STEP.—A TALE.

### CHAPTER I.

**S**LOWLY the spoon went round and round in Mrs. Merrit's cup as she pondered what her daughter had just told her. The communication must have troubled her, or that tea would never have remained so long untasted. Mrs. Merrit did not often get her favourite beverage so strong, or of such flavour. But when 'Our Mary' came to spend her afternoon's holiday with the dear old mother, she always, on her

way, called in at 'Shuttleworth's' for two ounces of their 'very best mixed,' and heartily she enjoyed, each time, the old lady's appreciation of its quality.

'Well, I don't know, Mary,' Mrs. Merrit said at last, 'George Benson is well enough, but—'

'But what, mother?' said Mary, with a warm flush and quick tone—'I'm sure neither you nor anybody else could ever say anything bad of George.'

'No, it's not bad, exactly—at least not yet—but I'm feared of what it may grow

grow to. George likes a drop of drink now and then.'

'Oh, mother! that's too bad! Why we've known him all these years, and I don't believe you've ever seen drink on him above three times in a twelvemonth! It's all nonsense! Young men will have a spree sometimes.'

'Aye! and old ones come to have one often! Mary, lass, when I first knew thy father, one wouldn't see drink on him oftener than that, and you know what it came to.'

'Don't talk of it, mother. George will never be like that.' Mary shivered. And well she might, remembering the horrors of her childhood, the turning out of doors to freeze in the dead hours of bitter, stormy nights—the clinging, shrieking, round her beaten, shrieking mother—the heavy blows, once from a red-hot poker, dealt on her own childish head and shoulders; the pretty baby scalded to death by the father's drunken stumbling with the kettle. The rags, and famine, and squalor of the drunkard's home—the oaths and curses with which the maddened man had been wont to burst into their home each night—and that last awful home-coming of his bleeding body, battered to death in a public-house quarrel. No, they would not talk of it; the remembrance turned their cheeks pale and their hearts sick; and every day the widow prayed earnestly to be forgiven, remembering that when her eyes had fallen on the corpse of her once loved-husband, thankfulness had rushed to her heart that, even by that fearful mode, she and her children were delivered from him. She prayed so that tea-time, as her thoughts went back yet once more to his gay, handsome youthfulness when first he wooed her.

Soon she spoke again. 'Lass! thou'd better never marry than have to go through what I've gone through;—and I'm feared, I'm feared.'

'Oh, mother! why you're worse than Mrs. Thelwall; George came to the house one night when he'd had a sup, and she happened to see him. He was only merry-like, you know—nothing much—but you should have heard the lecture she gave me next morning. One would have thought, to hear her talk, that people couldn't take a drop of drink now and then without some dreadful accident or other happening them. Teetotal folks do get such notions. But even she didn't lay it down

that poor George is to turn out a drunkard, because he sometimes takes a drop more than is good for him.'

'Well, Mrs. Thelwall's been a good mistress to you, Mary; and I'm sure she means you well. And she's right enough. If you'll take my advice and her's, you'll make George be a teetotaler before you promise to marry him.'

But that did not meet Mary's views. George was never so amusing and good-natured as when he'd 'had a drop.' He worked hard for his money, and why should not he enjoy himself? She would never grudge it to him. Old folks were so easily frightened. In fact, though Mary had come ostensibly to ask her mother's advice, she had really made up her mind to let George fix the day as early as he liked; and that very evening, as he took her back to her mistress's house, he did fix it.

Who can wonder? Who ever learned by other people's experience? Do not we each believe, in our hopeful youth, that life is going to be bright with us, whatever others may have found it? And who *could* distrust George? I am not sure that even Mrs. Merrit did, so long as she looked into his bright, ingenuous face, and heard his cheery, kindly talk, and saw his loving glances bent on Mary. Everybody liked George. Shopmates, acquaintances,—all enjoyed his merry talk, half-gossipy, half-intelligent and shrewd; all were ready and eager to have him with them. This night he was radiant, full of great news. Since their last meeting he had heard of a legacy of fifty pounds that was coming to him in a few weeks, left by a distant cousin.

'Mary! you said you wouldn't go into lodgings, and now I can furnish as nice a little house for you as Tom Briggs has. Mary, only say the word!'

And Mary did say the word. Two more months saw them settled in the 'nice little house,' and Mary was as happy as a queen—too happy to remember her mother's warnings. And the mother—if her forebodings were not quite laid to sleep—tried to still them with hope, and prayer, and with the remembrance that 'It's of no use crying over spilled milk.'

And really there seemed no need to cry. George loved his little wife so tenderly, so proudly; he never wanted to be away from her, never seemed to wish for more than the dinner and supper beer which they shared so cozily.

In



In their weekly marketings, and their walks, and other bits of pleasure-taking she was with him, and it was a wonderful safeguard. As his shopmates said: 'There's no getting hold of George for a bit of a spree now. He's always coddling after that wife of his.' And the shopmates' evenings were the duller for it. But Mary triumphed over his wonderful sobriety, and was, oh, how happy!

George, who for the last few years had lived in lodgings, was charmed with his snug little home, and wondered at the comfort his twenty shillings a week could buy, now that Mary had the spending of it. The thorough tidiness and cleanliness, the bright fire, the warm, comfortable meals, the neat, well-kept dress, the little occasional additions to their simple furnishing, were never-ending delights to him; and he thought he had the cleverest little wife in England. Mary would almost have thought so, too, if she could have managed not only to produce this amount of daily comfort, but also to lay by something for the 'rainy day,' or the 'more mouths' that might come. But she could not manage it. As she said to Mrs. Merriit, 'Things cost so much, George likes to have them nice, and the money slips away before one knows.' Of course, she made 'ends meet and tie' each week. Mary was thoroughly honest, and would even have treated her petted husband to a course of 'flint soup' rather than have run into debt; but she did not seem able to begin a little store. Some people have a genius for saving; the rest of us may try, trying will do something—but the results will not be brilliant.

Of course, neither of them thought of giving up the daily beer, and putting aside its cost. It was one of the necessities they fancied they could not do without, so the problem went unsolved, and they were happy in spite of it. Twelve months passed away, and it began to press a little closer. Both their hearts were warm with a new hope, a new joy, sweeter to Mary, at least, than any they had yet known;—but, as joys do, it brought new cares with it. Mary did not quite see how she was to buy all the soft, warm, dainty little clothes that would be wanted in a few months; or provide for all the other extra expenses of that longed-for time. She tried a little pinching in the quality of food and the quantity of fire, and George wanted to know 'if she was

going to starve him.' Of course, he laughed as he said it, and kissed her tenderly when she whispered her reasons—but he evidently did not like the retrenchment.

One day Mrs. Thelwall came to see her. The *ci-devant* mistress was also in a state of perplexity, and came to her old servant seeking help. Her difficulties arose from the fidgetiness of an over-particular, invalid husband, who could not bear strangers about him, could not endure the service of those who had not learned all his little peculiar fancies and dislikes. The maid-of-all-work, who had succeeded Mary, was now going home to nurse a sick mother, promising to come back as soon as she could; and Mrs. Thelwall, warned by past grumblings and fatigues, was anxious to avoid engaging untried help, or losing the return of this really valuable servant. So she asked if Mary could come to them for the interval. Mary caught at the suggestion. Mrs. Thelwall offered to pay her well, and the wages and the home saving of her food, would, she thought, supply the needful money. Her mother lived near, and would come in several times a day to look after the house and George's meals. Of course, it would be lonely for him, but she should soon be back again; and Mrs. Thelwall said he might come and see his wife whenever he liked, and she would often get a run home to see how he was going on. Altogether, it appeared a capital way of getting over her difficulty; and, with much coaxing, she at last persuaded George to admit that it was so, and to let her go. But he did not like it, though he admired his wife's willingness to help; it somewhat chafed him to have even so little of the bloom brushed off the loving joy he had felt in working to provide all things for his darling wife.

Mrs. Merriit shook her head, but she, too, felt the force of Mary's reasons. So she promised to do all she could for George, and did it, while Mary went back to her old work in the well-known kitchen.

How strange it was to her to be there again, going mechanically about her many duties, while her thoughts were with her husband, or picturing their little home, rich with a tiny occupant. How full her life seemed, as she meditated that hope! The little children of the house grew strangely dear to her, and their voices rang in her ears as

sweet



sweet music; her whole soul deepened and drew near to God, as she felt the wonder of the life He had given. A new sense of the worth and beauty of life awoke in her, with the strange trembling tenderness for the little unborn one; and with it came a more anxious tenderness for her husband. She wondered how she could have left him; fancied each hour what he might be doing; longed for the evening, when there might be a chance of seeing him; and felt dimly that this leaving him homeless was an abandonment of her real duty.

George came often to see her, always with a small grumble on his tongue,—declaring that he didn't know the house without her, he couldn't tell how it was, the sunshine was gone out of it, and it all looked in a muddle. When was she coming home? Mary could not quite tell. Week after week slipped away; the absent servant's mother was still too feeble to spare her, and Mr. Thelwall was more than usually ill. George's grumbles were growing almost into growls. 'It's enough to drive a man melancholy-mad to go home and find nobody to speak to,' said he, again and again.

'But, there's mother,' pleaded Mary. 'Aye! bless her old heart! She's there as oft as she can; but she's over-busy to come much, and mother isn't there, lass!'

Then came an extra coaxing, and a new picturing of all the happiness to follow when she did come back. And again and again the good fellow gave way, for he liked and respected Mrs. Thelwall for old and new kindnesses to his wife, and could not bear to insist on what would add to her troubles.

At last came the happy day of return. Three months had Mary been absent. Now she brought back with her four bright sovereigns, and a little precious parcel, given to her, with many a kind, matronly, and Christian counsel, by her old mistress. Its contents were laid away daintily in a drawer, and that night George was suffered to peep at them. What absurd speeches he made! How he poised the wee caps on his fingers! And after all the teasing, how tenderly he kissed his wife, as they turned away, and went down to their supper together.

Next day Mary was early with her mother.

'I'm glad thou'rt home, lass!' said the old lady, 'George has just been li ke

a fish out of water without thee. Thou mustn't go out again, wages or no wages. Husbands won't bear being left alone. They must have a bit of comfort somewhere.'

I fancy Mary suspected that George had found his 'bit of comfort' at the public-house, or some other spending-place, for there was no accumulation to add to her four pounds earned by those long months of self-denial. She hinted her disappointment a little, and George, really vexed with himself, only spoke as if vexed with her: 'Well, what's a fellow to do? One must go somewhere, when there's never a home to come to; and the chaps at the shop are always bothering a body to go with them.'

Mary was finding out that it is but poor economy for a wife to leave home and husband to take care of themselves, while she earns money elsewhere. She learned it more thoroughly still afterwards; for, the home-staying habit being broken, the 'chaps at the shop' did not always bother in vain, thenceforth. Every now and then—it was not very often, certainly—she was left to a lonely evening; and when George did appear, his tongue ran so glibly that she well knew what had oiled it. Her old words came to mind. Did she 'grudge him his bit of pleasure' now? No, surely! But she did grudge his company to strangers when she had been all day longing for evening to come that he and she might be happy together. And she could not always help feeling a little chafed at the unnecessary expenditure which was making her sacrifice of small avail. Yet, inwardly, she scolded herself for feeling this, and tried to atone for the murmuring thought by finding some new sacrifice she could make, something she could do without for herself, so as to still make ends meet.

All seemed set right when the baby came. Perhaps there is no fuller, sweeter sense of delight than that which possesses parents as they gaze on the tiny face of their first-born; their own! their very life! And almost it feels to the mother still to be part of her individual life, its dependence is so utter. Never again will it seem quite so much hers, never, perhaps, quite so sweet as during that first year, when one minute's neglect or carelessness on her part might cost the little life.

How utterly happy George and Mary were, and how foolishly they talked!

Young

Young parents share the lover's privilege of never wearying of the small details of love and admiration. There is no end to, and no cloying in, their chatter over the loveliness and sweetness of their little ones.

'Look at his bits of fingers, Mary! I think I'll have a morsel of a gold ring made for him. Never lady's hand looked as fit for one.'

'You goosey! You don't mean his fingers to grow, then?'

'Don't I? Aye, lad! thou'lt work for thy old father and mother yet, won't thou? Fancy that tiny fist tugging at the machine handle!'

'What shall we call him, George?'

'Willie. It's almost as if my little brother Will were come back. Mary, I've never forgiven myself for letting him slip out of my sight that day he got drowned. This little chap feels to comfort me more than anything yet.'

'Oh, George! isn't it dreadful to think what a small wrong-doing may cost a life, or spoil one?'

And Mary bent over to kiss her baby. The tiny teacher was already whispering many a deep lesson to her. Blessed be God for 'the little ones,' who teach us so much of the meaning of life.

So they breathed the blessed calm of that Sunday evening. Baby had been born on the previous night. Nurse was taking needful rest, and there was no one to break in on their rapture of thankful love. The Sabbath bells filled the air with their jubilant entreating, as if they, too, praised God with grateful hope. A lifetime of happiness had crowded for the young parents into that one day, and already they felt as if their new wealth was a possession of old use and wont. The swift current of their joy had swept away, for the time, all heartburnings, all fears, and misgivings. Great peace was with them.

But Monday mornings will follow Sabbath evenings, and George had to go, as usual, to the factory. What a sense of the new dignity encompassed him as he went out, after loving leave-takings. The men in the shop might have read in his look what had occurred. But they knew it beforehand.

'Well, George, so thou's been setting up a son, has te? and thou'rt fussy enough, I reckon?'

'I should just think I am.'

'I daresay; but wait till thou's as many on em as I have, and thou'll sing smaller!'

'Mappen he may. But, I say, George, thou'rt going to stand glasses round, I guess? A fellow mun stand treat o'er th' first lad!'

'Well, bless the lad! he's worth standing treat for!' quoth poor George, who would willingly, in his frank delight, have fed them with gold if he could. So sundry cans of ale were sent for, which made a hole in the residue of George's wages, and only served to whet the thirst of most who partook. By dinner time sundry of the men adjourned to the Sir John Warren, there to do a little St. Monday keeping. George stayed at work; but, going home, he passed the house, and his comrades hailed him from the window. He turned in, and was treated in his turn. Beery and smoky enough he smelt when he got to Mary's bedside again, and she hardly liked to trust her precious little morsel to his unsteady hands, much as he insisted that he must feel how the small chap had grown since morning. Mary grew nervous as he jerked the little bundle up and down; and that important functionary, nurse, had to interpose her authority, and take the baby from him. Mrs. Merrit came in, and did her quiet utmost to soothe the excitement of both; but the first sweet peace was sorely marred; and the good mother sighed over her old fears—a shadow of which she saw upon her daughter's brow. For Mary, lying sick and helpless, with her precious one to shield from every rough touch, gained a new impression concerning the heedlessness which drinking engenders, and many a disquieting thought crept into her mind in its train.

But the days passed, and as strength returned, and she went once more about her usual avocations, as the first trembling sense of baby's fragility wore off, she was once more apt in excuses for what seemed George's venial error in being unwisely glad over his new treasure. Nurse was gone, they three were alone in their little home, and all in all to each other. Every day Mrs. Merrit came in to see her little grandson, and her heart almost grew young anew in the happiness of loving the small, frail thing. The fountains of tender memory were unsealed as she hung over his cradle, or brooded him cozily in her arms; and Mary listened with untiring interest to the flow of stories of her own and her mother's childhood. The grandmother whom she had never known came to  
live

live familiarly in her thought, as she garnered many a little detail of her ways and sayings. 'I think, Mary, I never loved my mother rightly till I had babies of my own, then I knew a little what mother's love is worth. My mother's hymns and prayers went in at one ear and out at th' other, when I were a girl; but they come back to me now—they have done many a year; and often when I've been sore tried, I think they've saved me from going altogether to despair; but now the hymns sing themselves in my heart, and I seem to hear her voice saying her prayers beside me, many's the time, till I really seem with her again. Eh, lass, there's no saying what mothers can be to their children.'

Truly, it seemed as if 'mother's comfort' was with the dear old speaker now, and a softening peace was on her face, a reflection of the 'peace of God, which passeth understanding.' Her murmured caressings of the baby were often snatches of prayer—or low croonings of her mother's hymns. A new reverence crept into Mary's heart with the quickened love for her mother which baby had brought—one of his many good gifts. She felt as if these early blessings must influence her darling's future—as if he must be safe from ill while they lingered about him.

But slowly, and with unwilling eyes, she was beginning to see a great bodily change in her mother. Mrs. Merrit was little more than fifty; but the sufferings, and griefs, and overwork of her life had made her prematurely old. Little by little, during the last three years, she had been obliged to give up the laundry work which had long maintained her. Now, one family only of her old customers gave their washing to her; but her money cares had been lightened lately by a 'burgess part,' which, in due course, had fallen to her, an annuity of twenty pounds. That was riches to Mrs. Merrit, poor a pittance as we should think it. She gave grateful thanks for it to the 'Giver of all good gifts,' rejoicing that in her old age she should not need to burden her children. She set her heart on having baby christened; so one fine Sunday morning the wee thing was carried to the little Methodist Chapel which its grandmother attended, and she stood by the young father and mother, praying with her whole heart that the earnest words of the minister, to which they listened with bent heads

and awed looks, might bear fruit in them. They carried home the young lamb of Christ's fold, feeling as if they too, henceforth, were sanctified and set apart with him. Tenderer tones were in their voices, a hushed, gentle joy was with them all that day; and when George returned from seeing the old lady home at night, his latest words were: 'Mary, I wish thou and I were as ready for heaven as mother is.'

Poor George! he was open enough to good influences, but the inevitable Monday morning brought far others to bear upon him.

'Well, George, I never thought thou'd turn stingy! Christening thy lad, and never asking nobody to th' christening—never a drop o' drink stirring, I see warrant! Hast to turned teetotaler or Methody? Which?'

'Neither, Jem; but I were thinking a time or two yesterday that it 'ud be a good thing if I were a Methody.'

'Aye, I dare say; but don't begin by shirking your old friends. Why, did I ever christen one o' my kids, without inviting th' whole lot o' you? It's real mean, I say!'

'Oh, George is going to save his brass to give at collections.'

Of course, it ended in the old way; and Mary was startled that evening out of her quiet pondering over the minister's solemn words by the home-coming of her husband, more thoroughly in liquor than she had ever seen him before. Two of his shopmates, a trifle more sober, or at least steadier on their legs, escorted him; and it needed all Mary's management to avoid their sitting down in her little room to continue their carouse. She got rid of them, however, and coaxed George off to bed; crying a little with vexation, and a sore sense of being snatched out of the holy calm which had encompassed her since yesterday.

George was cross next day, though penitent, and baby was cross too, suffering the effects of his mother's overnight agitation. Many a time that day Mary wished her mother would come in, but she did not appear; and Mary did not like to leave George in the evening, lest he should go out again. She well knew that, after the last night, it was of no use to ask him to present himself before Mrs. Merrit, of whose dislike to his escapades he was fully aware.

Wednesday morning brought a message from the mother, who was not well, had

had taken cold on Sunday night, and wished Mary to go down. That fatal cold was never dislodged. Asthma, fixed first on the lungs in those old night exposures, had once more returned to complete its work, and the decline was quick and sure. But ere she died the sufferer found breath to urge on George a request that he would seek the safety of total abstinence. The few gasped-out words were very forcible, but George could not bring himself to promise. 'I can't, mother, it's of no use, I should have no peace of my life for those fellows at the shop. But I'll promise you to be careful, bless you; I love Mary and the lad too well ever to be a drunkard—for their sakes—never fear for me!'

'Oh, George, you're standing in your own strength, and I'm feared! I'm feared!'

Mary bent down to kiss her mother. I think she, too, was 'feared' sometimes now—now and then, for a few passing moments. But she did not second the pleading. She disliked the suggestion. Fidgetty Mr. Thelwall was her idea of a total abstainer (Mary did not know that he owed his ruined digestion and shattered nerves to former intemperance and dissipation, from which total abstinence had at length rescued him). Besides, how could she ask George to do without beer while she took it herself? And how could she nurse her baby without it? Like many another mistaken woman, she did not believe in that possibility. So the poor mother went to her grave unsoothed by the promise she craved.

What a void her death left in Mary's heart! Every trouble pressed more heavily now there was no mother to hear of it, and to lighten the load by merely listening to the recital. Mothers do not need to say much about our worries and grief; their kiss, or gentle, stroking hand on the hair, or murmured 'poor child!' have in them such full assurance of sympathy that we make ourselves strong again, in order not to press on them. Well for them who still have a mother to share both joys and sorrows! 'Oh, if mother were but here!' sighed poor Mary often and again, when small illnesses came to baby, and she needed experienced counsel, or George stayed too often at the Sir John Warren, or the nerves were overworn with weary efforts to stretch those hardly meeting 'ends,' which were made so much tighter by those recurring visits.

George could not bear dulness. His social temperament seemed unable to do long without some excitement of merry talk or sharp argument. And he found home somewhat 'humdrum' about this time. Mary's heart was sore with her great loss, and she herself was not well. She had overtasked her strength during her mother's illness—which followed so quickly her own confinement—and a low, wearing fever fixed itself on her nerves, depressing her naturally gay spirits till it was well-nigh impossible for her to speak other than melancholy words. Then baby suffered through her, had to be weaned very early, and did not take kindly to the process. Altogether there was some excuse for pleasure-loving George, for little but dismal words and plaintive wailings diversified the home evenings for a while.

But Mary did not feel it the less hard to be left lonely with her miserable, nervous anxieties and forebodings. She blamed herself more than she blamed him; but bodily illness was the root of her gloom, and she could not shake it off. Try as she might, she could not be cheerful as of old. And George, who had never learned to take refuge in books, sought his 'bit of brightness' in outside companionship.

Mary's good constitution soon shook off the incubus, however, and smiles came back to her eyes and jests to her lips; and George said that home felt like home once more. Yet, meanwhile, the publican's noose had been drawn a little more firmly round him.

Little Willie got over his weaning and grew and thrived, and cut his teeth, and lived through the whooping-cough and measles, and nestled ever closer and warmer unto his father's and mother's hearts. When he was two years old, a severe fit of bronchitis brought him near to death, and they hung over his little cot trembling, many nights, lest morning should never rise for their darling. But he rallied at length, and was well enough to crave again for 'goodies. How gladly George promised to bring him some!

## CHAPTER II.

'The People's Hall' was all aglow with light, reflected and re-reflected from gilding and glass, and soft-shining polished wood

wood; gleaming like moonlight in the marble slabs, and lying warm on the crimson draperies and glowing arabesques. Gay music sprang out at the touch of fingers of no mean skill, smiles were on the waiters' faces, and men's voices in gossip news-talk sounded cheerfully by the counters. For this People's Hall, with its mask of a name, was, alas, only a gin palace and music saloon.

It was very tempting to the cold passers-by, that stormy Monday evening. Pale men, who had been leaning to the stocking frame all day, and for hundreds of days past, till they will never more lose the stoop so contracted, men wearied in arm and brain by the heavy pull, and crash, and shake of lace machines; oppressed in mind and body by the din and dirt and oil-reek, amid which they had been spending ten long hours; looked in, and turned in, drawn irresistibly by all that splendid contrast to the mean homes towards which they were previously lounging.

They who built and decorated that shining store for 'firewaters' knew something of one part of our human nature. Well they knew that not the meanest and most squalid who should enter would be insensible to the parade of meretricious beauty set as a trap to catch them. Sandy Lane and Narrow Marsh, with all their filth, and stench, and gloom, and squalor; thundering and reeking factory, or over-packed lodging house, crowded with dirt and vice, cannot quite avail to choke the spring of gladness which the Loving One who called us into being meant should gush free and brightly at the sight of all fair things. Which of His good gifts, alas, have we not turned to evil uses? Well for us if we have done so in mere ignorance, and not of set and intelligent purpose, as they who baited this man-trap with beauty.

They placed it cunningly, too; there, at the western entrance to the great Market Place, where half the working population must pass every Saturday, with money in their pockets, intent on the week's providing; but often not so intent as to be proof against the suggestions made by the trap's imposing presence, to 'Turn in and have a glass. Cunningly set, too, with another view. There is hope for the ginseller that he may convert the working-men and women who pass, into regular, good customers; but he knows of another

set of people who are already such. These narrow openings on each side the buildings are the avenues to the acknowledged haunts of thieves and prostitutes. On their way thither the wretched decoys bring the unwary, guilty men who listen to their luring, and fit them to fall a yet easier prey to shame and robbery. They come themselves, also, to still with drink the despair that is helping their evil ways to kill them.

Alas, too, for the evil which is done in this place, where man's passions are fired, and woman's guard of modesty is weakened, where often she takes the first step towards the misery of those most wretched ones, whom the world counts as women no longer. Fausts and Margarets stand often before this counter, and Mephistophiles hands to them from the other side the poison cup which leads through sin to death. Circe-palace! den of the sorcery which maddens and imbrutes, how those whose eyes are open hate thee for thy works' sake!

Meanwhile thousands of eyes are not open, and the music and the vibrating glow of light and colour are as the syren's song to many who pass.

'George, old fellow, is that thee? I thought thou'dst gone to California, it's so long since anybody's seen thee.'

'Aye, it's me. My lad's been ill, and he likes his daddy to nurse him, so I've stopped pretty well at home for a good while.'

'Then I reckon he's better, as you're out.'

'Yes, I think he'll win, now. I've been doing some markets for my missis; she can't well leave him yet, he's so weak and fractious. Ah! they've been trimming up the hall, haven't they? Will you go in? One wants warming to-night.'

And in they went, George treating his friend to 'Old Tom,' and himself to the first draught of the newly-tapped 'Cream of the Valley.' Very warming it was, very comforting and pleasant to the throat, unaccustomed, for near a month, to the familiar titillation, and another glass had to follow 'to keep it company.'

Several acquaintances were there who had something to tell of the new rules mooted the last club night; and there was much to hear and discuss concerning the O'Connor land scheme. No wonder the latter was so fruitful a theme for the talkers; they were all subscribers

scribers to it; they hoped for an allotment in time. O'Connorville was their Utopia, their dreamland, where the golden age should come again, and they live in unheard-of comfort. It was, in their eyes, their one chance of escape from the poverty and toil; the unhealthy homes and murky town life in which they had lived hitherto, with only occasional glances at the fresh beauty enfolding country life. True, most of them had their especial garden plots amid the six thousand such that surrounded the town; but the pure Hungerhill air, the fresh smell of the upturned mould, the springing and blooming of their vegetables and flowers, the keen zest and pleasure in meals, and work, and mere breathing, felt during their brief glimpses of out-door life in that garden-land, set the prospect of 'living on the land' in very vivid contrast with their wonted avocations.

They talked eagerly and unweariedly. The two glasses received, ere long, an accession to their number. George grew warm in the debate, and forgot that his pocket was emptying too fast. He muttered as he threw his last pence on the counter, gulped the liquor, and was off with a scarce spoken 'good-night.'

'What's made Georgey so crusty all at once?' said the companions he left. It was the remembrance, which broke suddenly upon him as he spent the last penny, that his sick child was waiting at home for the 'butterscotch' he had promised to bring back.

'I'm a fool!' said poor George to himself, as he went, not very steadily, up the hill. 'I'd no business to spend a penny. Mary won't have a farthing all week to get things for Will; and he'll cry for his toffy all night long. I'm a fool.'

George was not over wise, certainly, but he was a loving father, though a careless one; and muddled as the gin had left him, it did not abate one sting of the anguish with which he thought of the eager 'dood, dad-da!' that would greet him from his darling's lips. He groaned as he came in sight of the sweetmeat-stall at the top of the Derby Road, and was sorely tempted to clutch its store of the coveted dainty. Slowly he stumbled on past it, the maddening fumes of the liquor mounting faster and faster to his brain. Soon he stopped short, 'It's no use,' he said, 'I can't go home to hear that poor lad cry out upon me all night long. I *will* take

him some.' And, hurrying back to the stall, he watched, as a drunken man watches, for an opportunity to seize some of the packets lying in tempting profusion close to his hand.

Pause awhile, dear reader, in your quick blame. Throw not down our story in sheer disgust with the thief. Not you, with all your indignant scorn of dishonesty, not the true-hearted wife to whom you read this, has more hatred and contempt for thievery and meanness than had our poor hero in saner hours, when he was himself, not deluded and distracted by the drink that quickened his impulses and blinded his reason, till the worse appeared the better action. 'Ha, stop, my fine fellow! Police! Police!' Struggling, and blows, and fierce plunges, hard fighting with stall-keeper and policeman, kicks, bites, any wild or brutal method of forcing them to let him go; the quick run of another constable, and in a minute George Benson, the heretofore honest and respected, is in the grasp of the law, charged with assaulting its officer, and with theft.

Little Willie may watch, and wait, and long, and sob himself to his troubled sleep, and wake, and cry for his 'dadda' and the 'dood'; Mary may listen, and wonder, and open the door and look out, and turn pale and sick, first with vexation, and then, as the morning hours creep on, with fear. She may grow frantic with her vague and terrible surmises; may feel Willie's cries tearing her heart, overladen with anxious grief; may leave him next morning to go in search of the truant; but the husband and father that left them will never return. The George Benson that passed his threshold that night, an upright, if a weak man, will recross it such as the association of the gaol will make him. He will come back ashamed to look his neighbours in the face, slinking away from a street-meeting with his old shop-mates; with a character that will shut him out from almost every factory in the town; and with the knowledge, gleaned from prison companions, of ways and means of living which make honest work seem slow drudgery. With worse than these—he will come back with the poisoned spirit and distorted views, and stupefied conscience, which veil from thieves half the horrors of their position. He will come back with a half admiration for the quick perception, the adroitness and clever cunning which



which are stock-in-trade to those who prey upon their fellow men; and all these new circumstances and possessions will make it easy for him to step further and further on the road he has entered this night.

Alas! for husband and wife and child! Least for the child, the little half-recovered invalid, who, but fitfully tended by its shame-stricken, distracted mother, poorly fed, now that the provider was withdrawn, drooped again into more than the old illness, and passed away from the sorrow to come.

This was the news which met George when he stole back to his home after a three months' imprisonment, and it decided his fate. Love for his child had been his strongest feeling. He had thought, during those prison days, that when he got out, he would sell their furniture, and move off to some place where they were unknown, to Calais perhaps; twist-hands might find work there. But the furniture had already been sold, bit by bit, to bury Willie and keep Mary alive. The home had dwindled from the clean little three-roomed house to a wretched one room, almost empty, and left to accumulating squalor by the wife whose spring of action had vanished with her pride in her husband, and the life of her first-born. Good and loving wife as Mary had ever been, in her first desolation she judged her husband, rather by the harsh commentaries of her neighbours, than by the pleadings of her own heart. She was ashamed and bereft. Stung doubly where she was most sensitive, she would not go forth to meet him whose sin had wrought her terrible woe. So George read first in the childless room, and her convulsed face, that he was no longer a father, and when, in answer to his gasping inquiry, all was told in one word, it seemed that hope and strength were gone out from his life for ever.

'Dead! dead!' Well, it was best so, he would never know his father's shame; or, if he knew it now, surely the little angel of the land where all things are known would not call that a crime, which was done for love of him.

Ah, George, self-deluding George; there is prison sophistry and danger in that consolation of thine! Thy wife had clearer eyes. 'It was not that,' George, she said, 'it was not that—but, oh! I can never forgive thee for spending my baby's pennies in drink.' George hissed a fierce oath, and could almost have

struck her; the true placing of the wrong went home to him so keenly. He had thought she would understand his sore temptation, and would forgive him when he told her all; but that was before he knew how much she had to forgive.

Yet, even then, had any one been nigh, able to feel their temptation, their grief, and their great strait; had there been any one to turn to for sympathy and counsel, they might have arisen, even from this slough of despond. They had loved each other truly, not with the steady, enduring love which has its firm foundation in mutual esteem and regnant principle, but very really, as they love who, having natures full of kindly impulses, live chiefly by impulse. And the old habit might have reasserted itself; for even amid these bitter words, the remnant of their love was stirring within, though it had not force enough to control the strong passions that fought so fiercely in its despite; if only some kind voice to which both could listen had shown them then the path of repentance and safety; if only some compassionate friend had had faith enough in George to open to him once more the means of gaining an honest livelihood! But his master was a stern man, who had laid it down as a rule for himself, that no one, detected in dishonesty, should ever again have employment or recommendation from him. Probably he had never reflected how such a rule, carried out, must cut off the chances of return, from those who had strayed—it might be only once—from the path of integrity. However it might be, he counted no force of sudden temptation, gave no weight to past good character; once over the precipice of ill-doing, the malefactor might lie helpless on the shore, to be swept out to sea by the next tide, for any hand that this man would stretch to bear him back to life and hope. And yet, if good is ever to roll back the current of evil in this world of temptation, they who love goodness must learn to forgive, to open the door of return to their brother, even unto the 'seventy times seven.' The Master of us all knew well, as He spoke those precious words, that they held the seed of hope for his weak, failing ones.

There seemed to be no one to help and counsel poor George and Mary. The tender Christian mother was gone. Mrs. Thelwall and her sick husband were living in the South of England, seeking health for the invalid. Nor, indeed,



indeed' could Mary have borne to tell her husband's shame to this honoured friend. George was the last survivor of his family, as Mary of hers. There was literally no one; and the tide was free to sweep over these poor ones.

Step by step George descended in the opinion of his already scornful neighbours. Drink was his first thought of refuge from his desolation. Drink was the sapper and miner that laid his soul ever more open to the tempting of the outcasts who held him now as one of themselves. Soon he was committed to that course of dishonesty from which utter loss of character blocks the return. Surely, hopelessly, he sank and dragged with him the helpless wife bound to him now 'for worse,' as once 'for better.' Outraged soon in every right feeling, the slave of one who grew every day more brutal and vile, she fell beneath her own contempt; and so fallen, so associated, what reascent or hope remained for her? Drink laid its strong hand on her also, and, yet more powerful than her husband's influence, made her first his tool, and then his willing helpmate in all his sin. Terrible remorse came to both in intervals, but weak will and evil habits and influences kept it from ever passing over into active repentance. Other children were

born to them, but the joy of parentage never came back; that was lost to them with the pure soul of their little Willie. Children born of such parents as they became are curses and not blessings; born evil by inheritance, abandoned to all evil influences, trained purposely to profitable sin.

'It is good,' says the thinker, 'when it happens  
That they die before their time.'

But these children died not. They were left to their endowment of poverty, and sin, and shame, when father and mother were borne away by the convict ship to linger out their lives, and die in an Australian hospital.

Yet I have heard of a Mary Benson, who, grown human again when drink was withheld from her, told, on her dying bed to the hospital nurse, the story of her first-born baby's sweetness; and closed her eyes in faint hope that even for her, the great sinner of years, and for the pure child-spirit, there might yet, through God's helping, cleansing mercy, be some future meeting wherein the penitent mother might look as from afar upon her stainless child.

But, alas, for the faintness of the hopes we link to repentances of the twelfth hour!

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Messrs. Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts, and Green, of London, have recently brought out part of 'The Targums of Onkelos and Jonathan Ben Uzziel on the Pentateuch; with the Fragments of the Jerusalem Targum from the Chaldee:' by J. W. Etheridge, M.A., Translator of the New Testament from the Peschito-Syriac. It was in 1862 that the first volume of Mr. Etheridge's translation of the Chaldee Targums was published; it contained those upon Genesis and Exodus, with some useful preliminary information. Thanks to Mr. Etheridge, English people have now for the first time the opportunity of reading in their own tongue the Targums upon

the other three books of Moses; that is to say, the ancient Targum of Onkelos, the less ancient Jerusalem Targum, and the mediæval Targum coupled with the name of Jonathan Ben Uzziel. In the second volume is supplied also a glossary of hieratic and legal terms in the Pentateuch, 'on the best authorities,' Christian and Rabbinical; and although we cannot set an equal value on all the statements we find herein, there is some interesting information here on the Divine names; on notices of the Messiah; on the names and priest-hoods of heathen deities in the Pentateuch; on the Sacred Place, with the features and furniture of the Tabernacle; on the Hebrew priesthood, its duties and

and apparatus; on the various sacrifices and oblations, festivals, and the great fast; and on sundry miscellaneous matters. Mr. Etheridge is known by his 'Misericordia, or Contemplations on the Mercy of God; regarded especially in its Aspects on the Young;' by his 'Hore Aramaice;' by his book on 'The Syrian Churches, their Early History, Liturgies, and Literature, with a Literal Translation of the Four Gospels from the Peschito;' by his 'Translation of the Apostolical Acts and Epistles from the Peschito,' and of the remaining 'Epistles and Book of Revelation from a later Syrian text;' by his 'Jerusalem and Tiberias, Sora, and Cordova, a Survey of the Religious and Scholastic Learning of the Jews, designed as an introduction to the study of Hebrew Literature;' and by his *Lives of the Rev. Adam Clarke and Thomas Coke*; as well as by the production of his first volume of the *Targums*. Mr. Etheridge is therefore no novice either in composition, compilation, or translation; learned and laborious, he has won for himself an honourable place amongst those who have added to the riches of English literature. The volume before us is printed in large type and on excellent paper. It is to be followed by further translations from the Chaldee Targum of Jonathan Ben Uzziel on Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel.

Anxious to promote the greater efficiency of the Established Church, a gentleman some time back offered a prize of one hundred and fifty guineas for the best two essays on the working of the parochial system. The second prize was awarded to a treatise by the Rev. F. R. Wynne, A.B., Incumbent of St. Mary's, Kilkenny, now published by S. W. Partridge, of 9, Paternoster Row, London, under the title of '*The Model Parish: A Prize Essay on the Pastoral Character and Pastoral Work*.' We have not seen the first prize essay, and cannot compare with it the second; but we can and do say emphatically, that if this is really surpassed in sterling qualities by that, there must be something uncommonly excellent about the first prize essay. The spirit of George Herbert's 'Country Parson' breathes throughout Mr. Wynne's volume, but with special adaptation to the new and enlarged wants of the latter half of the

nineteenth century. The wisdom which is from above pervades almost every page; we find it impracticable to suppose that any really Christian pastor, whether in or out of the Established Church, could fail to read this admirable volume with delight, or to find many a serviceable lesson within it. The author's plan divides the topics of the essay into two parts; first, as to the Pastor; second, as to the Parish. Six chapters are especially devoted to the Pastor; dealing first with his personal relationship with Christ; then with his lovingness of character; the boldness he requires to exercise; his studiousness; his laboriousness; and lastly his prayerfulness and patience. Under these titles fall many instructive details; as to the nature of the work; its special dangers, and particular needs; its difficulties and the means of overcoming them; the different systems of study the pastor finds useful; the quality, quantity, distribution, and order of his labour. The second part treats of the Parish, in ten chapters; as to preaching in it; personal intercourse with its inhabitants; treatment of its different classes of minds; its schools, catechetical classes, associations, prayer meetings, lay agency, and fifty other matters that are at once parochial and pastoral. Now, had we space to spare, nothing would be pleasanter than to extract largely from these pages; for the matter of them is such as to be valuable to every priest—that is to say, to every Christian. But room here is just what we most want; wherefore we bid Mr. Wynne's book a sudden farewell, not tying our praise to all parts of it alike, as if every paragraph were wise and good, but on the whole expressing our hearty and true affection for it, and dismissing it with our delighted and grateful commendation.

A book which the author believed himself to have been assisted to an extraordinary degree by a Divine influence whilst writing, should be valuable; and such a book we have here on the table, dedicated to the Rev. William Morley Punshon, M.A., edited by the Rev. Gervase Smith, written by the late Rev. Joseph Thorpe Milner, author of '*Sabbath Readings*,' &c., and from the press of H. J. Tresidder, of 17, Ave Maria Lane. We have tried to fasten upon the volume here and there; moving over its surface like a leech upon glass,  
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just able to hold on, but finding it quite difficult to bite in or get anything out of it, we have come to the conclusion, not that the writer must have been mistaken in supposing himself Divinely moved and assisted, but that the message cannot have been particularly intended for ourselves. For those who will be interested and benefited by a series of twenty 'meditations,' that is to say, sermons, or as many texts of Scripture, treated in an earnest and devout spirit, but in a really commonplace manner, this volume is the exact thing. The list of titles includes 'The Saviour's Mission and Service;' 'The Saint's Final Recompense;' 'The Goodness of the Lord Tasted and Seen;' 'Girding the Loins of the Mind;' 'The Suffering and Glorified Saviour;' 'The Day of Trouble;' 'An Evil Deprecated;' 'Rescue from Bondage in Egypt;' 'An Approaching End;' 'The Mind of Christ;' 'The Dispensation of the Holy Spirit;' 'Building on the Rock and Sand;' 'Benefits Received and Acknowledged;' 'The Mediatorial Exaltation of Christ;' 'The Householder Hiring Labourers;' 'Hope in Death;' 'The Sin of Unbelief;' 'The Uttermost Salvation;' 'Appearing before God;' and 'The Multitude before the Throne.'

We are not disposed to fill much space in noticing 'The Impending Woes of Europe,' a sensational pamphlet issued from the press of Elliot Stock, of 62, Paternoster Row. Misled by the inveterate tendency of most of the students of the prophetic books to find the events fulfilled literally in the natural world—instead of spiritually in that spiritual world, to which, clearly, the Apostle, intronitted into 'the spirit,' was introduced when he heard behind him a great voice as of a trumpet speaking—the writer has constructed a chart of the near future, painted red all over with blood, and full of great strokes of horror. Pity that good time and hard labour should have been thus wasted!

Some of our readers will thank us for pointing out to them the existence of a pamphlet on 'Health, what it is, and how to get and keep it,' intended for youth and young men, and published in London by H. J. Tresidder, of 17, Ave Maria Lane. It is a little four-

penny book, full of advice, for the most part sound and judicious, on the subject named in the title. One chapter treats of 'health, what it is;' another of food; another of clothing; others of air, sunshine, exercise, washing and bathing, work, recreation, rest, religion, alcohol, tobacco, opium, tea and coffee, sensuality, excessive study and anxiety, indigestion, over-exposure, over-exertion, and so forth. We would rather have had the style less stiffly methodical; here and there we have noted an unnecessary attention to comparatively trifling points. But these are small faults. The special value of the pamphlet lies in this:—that deeply encased in a padding of advice about many other matters affecting health, some very excellent counsel is judiciously given on a topic of all others most important as an affair of health, and yet of all others most difficult to speak of. The pamphlet might be put without offence into the hands of any young man, for chastity is only one of the many matters it alludes to, and the allusions to this are wisely couched; but the book would often be of incalculable service in warning against perils fatal to many whom a timely word of good advice would have saved.

The 'Sunday School Teachers' Commentary on the New Testament,' with explanatory notes and hints for teaching, by Eustace R. Condor, M.A., continues to come out at irregular periods, under the care of Elliot Stock, of 62, Paternoster Row. The seventh number closes in the 13th chapter of Matthew. This is a very excellent commentary of its kind.

Of very fair merit is a tale by 'M. A. R.,' recently published by W. Tweedie, of 337, Strand, London, with the title of 'Holmdale Rectory: Its Experiences, Influences, and Surroundings.' A loving and for the most part a happy family, the inmates of Holmdale Rectory, and sundry acquaintances of theirs, are the persons of the plot; including the rector and his wife, one son, and three amiable daughters; a Captain Archer, whose life becomes sacrificed to the bottle; Susan Oakley, an old servant of the rector's, who is ruined for life by the intemperance of her husband; Janet Hastings, a middle-aged

dle-aged spinster, held fast in the school of suffering through the drinking proclivities of a lover whom she rejected on their account; and Gilbert Archer, a relative of the captain's, who is in love with and marries Marion Douglas, a lovely girl whose life is abruptly and violently terminated through a fit of intoxication happening to her husband. The greatest fault of the book, in an artistic sense, is in the attribution of every one of its catastrophes to strong drink; but this makes the book none the less valuable as a temperance advocate; and in this aspect, and for its agreeable style and well-sustained interest, our cordial good wishes go along with the volume.

For fulness of knowledge and a happy trick of expression, commend us to the 'Gardeners' Weekly Magazine,' conducted by Shirley Hibberd, Esq., F.R.H.S., and published by E. W. Allen, of 11, Ave Maria Lane. Fresh, ample, and sound is the information; racy, rich, and vigorous the style of communication. The editor writes with a rare gusto; he reminds us of Cobbett; is, indeed quite equal to him in raciness, and, as befits his superior advantages, is in knowledge of his art immensely his superior.

'Nettie Leigh's Birthday,' by A. E. R., is the name of a right pleasant little tale. It is one of the best of the many excellent stories for children published by Mr. Partridge, of 9, Paternoster Row. It is an amusing story, but it is much more; lessons of Christian wisdom abound in it, and are so wisely conveyed as to make it a real treasure for young people.

Mr. Partridge has also published a second edition of 'Lays of the Future; Comfort to the Sad; Peace on Earth; Glory in the Highest,' by William Leask. The writer has, no doubt, strong poetical feeling, but his success in giving it metrical expression is not great. His lines are bare and hard, like lengths of iron wire; prosaic common-places abound; and we have not found a single original phrase or metaphor in the whole collection. A devout and soaring purpose, however, animates all the pieces in the book. The Future, of which these purport to be lays, is the

pre-millennial coming of the Lord Jesus, as deduced from a literal handling chiefly of the Book of Revelation. The literal Jews are to be restored to a literal holy land, although we are distinctly warned by an apostle, that in the deeper sense of the word he is not a Jew who is one outwardly.

There is always very much that is valuable in the 'Alexandra Magazine and Englishwoman's Journal,' which happily continues to make its monthly appearance under the care of Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, of 27, Paternoster Row. The existence of such a serial amongst Englishwomen is an honour to the class; its regular perusal by all the sex would be one of the happiest of all possible things for the country.

Two numbers have reached us of 'Our Own Fireside, a Magazine of Home Literature for the Christian Family.' The publisher is Wm. Macintosh, of Paternoster Row. The editor is the Rev. Charles Bullock, Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester, author of 'The Way Home,' 'The Syrian Leper.' 'Our Own Fireside' is one of the rivals of 'Good Words,' called into existence, probably, by a desire to have a magazine under the care of a clergyman of the Church of England, rather than to derive from a Presbyterian source. However this may have been, the result is a magazine for families, containing a judicious admixture of Scriptural comment, tale, essay, poetry, and music, with Sunday riddles, and all sorts of scraps for children and the desultory. Amongst the names of authors we find G. Tounshend Smith, Esq., Rev. Thos. Ragg, Rev. S. J. Stone, B.A., Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour (whose excellent temperance tales are widely known), Mrs. Webb, O. S. Round, Miss Margaret Plues, Rev. Jno. Miller, D.D., Alfred J. Caldicott, Esq., W. H. Kingston, Esq., John Cumming, Esq., F.G.S., and Rev. Edward Lester.

A new friend under an old name, the 'Literary Gazette,' published by E. Tucker, of No. 5, Warwick Square, London, reminds us strongly of a very useful monthly which recently disappeared, to the grief of many poor lovers of literature. But the 'Literary Gazette,' although in price as low as the lost 'Weldon's'

'Weldon's Register' was at its cheapest, is in some respects a great improvement thereupon. The 'Gazette' 'hopes to be useful by supplying all desirable information about recently published books, and occasionally about some that are unpublished,' by, for the most part, making each book speak for itself. The plan is excellent, and the 'Gazette,' although twopence is all its price, will be a real treasure to those who have not the larger and costlier literary magazines at command.

'The Turkish Bath an Antidote to the Cravings of the Drunkard,' is the title of a tract published by R. D. Webb, 177, Great Brunswick-street, Dublin. The title explains the object of its publication. The craving for drink is said to be 'cured by a positive luxury, which it is hoped will soon be within the reach of all.' Doctor Barter (of Dublin), 'has set a noble example by erecting an Improved Turkish Bath exclusively for the poor, where they receive gratuitously its inestimable benefits; and, as is in other places where the bath is in general use, drunkenness is scarcely known in the neighbourhood of his establishment.'

'Seed Sown,' published for the author by C. Langley, jun., of 23, George-street, Euston Road, London, is a sketch of twenty-five years' labour of the Fitzroy Teetotal Association. It would be well if other old societies would follow the example of reviving thus the recollection of their bygone proceedings. To all the old members it supplies a deeply interesting review of the past; and good stimulus to the new ones.

The Rev. Frederick H. Knapp, Curate of Patricxbourne, near Canterbury, is the author of a little book published by James Nisbet and Co., of 21, Berners-street, called *Faithful Words: 'A Few Thoughts on Christian Friendship,'* with a preface by the Rev. Jno. Stevenson, D.D. It is a tiny treatise on friendship, intended mainly to commend to the attention of the reader the One who 'above all others well deserves the name of Friend.'

It is rather late to notice 'Caudwell's Temperance and Alliance Almanac' for 1865, but it had not reached our hands when 'Meliora' last went to press, and the mention of it now may serve to remind our temperance friends to keep it in view on its next appearance at any rate, and, if they have it not, to get it even now. It has much useful information in it, and the price is very low. Besides the calendar, there is a review of the past year's temperance news from British North America, the United States, Australia, India, and Europe; there are articles on savings' banks, drinking fountains, the United Kingdom Alliance, and sundry temperance leagues, temperance advocates, and societies; and, to cut a long list short, there is something about almost every prominent point of interest in connection with temperance operations.

'Merry and Wise' is a Magazine for Young People, edited by 'Old Merry,' and published by Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, of 27, Paternoster Row, London. The young people are so abundantly taken care of in these days, that whether there is yet room for a new magazine for juveniles is a question difficult to be solved. But, if room exists, 'Merry and Wise' may very properly claim to occupy it, for its pages are full of pleasant articles, tales, enigmas, and other matters welcome to the young, and the wisdom is not forgotten by 'Old Merry,' notwithstanding his tone for merriment.

'The Shareholders' Guardian' professes to be a general compendium of all financial and Stock Exchange news, and a review of all matters relating to joint-stock companies. It claims to be devoted to the interest of the investing classes; and, judged from the odd number that has been forwarded to 'Meliora,' appears to make good its claim. It is published at No. 16, Ludgate-street, London, by John Holdsworth.

Of articles reprinted from the 'Social Science Review,' three have been forwarded to our office. One is a paper read by Mr. Thos. Beggs, F.S.S., honorary secretary to the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, with a report of the discussion which ensued upon

upon the reading; and the second is a General Review of the Subject of Capital Punishment, by Mr. William Tallack, secretary to the same society. Those who doubt the propriety of abolishing capital punishments should by all means read these articles. The third is a paper on Wet-nursing by Strangers, and Its Ill Effects upon Mothers and Infants. This last is printed by Wm. H. Warr and Co., 17, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London. The other two are to be had at the office of the Capital Punishment Abolition Society, Southampton-street, Strand, London.

'The Church of England Magazine' and the 'Temperance Spectator,' published, the former by Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, of 54, Fleet-street, the latter by Job Caudwell, of 335, Strand, maintain their respective places in a very important field of labour. 'Old Jonathan, or the District and Parish Helper,' from the press of W. H. Colingridge, of Aldersgate-street, London, continues to put in its monthly appearance with good counsels and pleasant engravings.

# Meliora.

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## ART. I.—THE LEGAL POSITION OF WOMEN AND ITS MORAL EFFECTS.

**D**URING recent years there has been, as we all know, a growing tendency on the part of women to criticise the treatment which they receive at the hands of the male possessors of legislative and administrative power. With the advocates of 'women's rights' the ordinary topics have been the merits of their sex and the injustice shown them by the other. Women, it is said, are possessed of virtues, abilities, tastes, intuitive perceptions, and powers of endurance which make them fully the equals of the other sex; while the latter, in withholding their recognition of these facts, display an unappreciative stupidity, even if they are not actuated by a petty jealousy and love of domination.

The conclusion usually aimed at by these premises is that women should be put on an equality with men as regards all public rights, such as the right of voting at parliamentary and municipal elections, and of offering themselves as candidates, and the right to exercise the learned professions, and to take their part in the civil if not in the military service of the country. The right to exercise almost every calling other than those above-mentioned is already granted by the law, and there is, therefore, no ground for complaining that women cannot be painters, sculptors, civil engineers, dissenting ministers, dentists, artisans, or labourers.

In this discussion, however, we do not propose now to take a part, having no wish to add to the list of combatants on a question which can never be decided by the pen. But it is rather to the other side of the picture that we would invite attention in this article. It is not so much in the rights refused to them as in the obligations which are not imposed on them that consists the injury done to women by the law. At first sight, it is true, an obligation does not appear to be a thing to be eagerly sought after, while the denial of a right may very often be matter of complaint. But whatever is paradoxical about this proposition will be cleared away upon examination.



It will be presently seen that, although valuable rights are withheld from a large portion of the female sex, yet a far keener insult is offered to them, and they are placed in a far lower moral *status*, by being exempted from the civil or penal consequences of their wrongful acts on the ground that, like infants of tender years, they have not the will constituting that moral responsibility which alone could justify their liability.

Disabilities and protection go hand in hand. Where the law disqualifies from the exercise of rights it also grants an exemption from the performance of duties. We are speaking, of course, of legal duties; and, by an exemption from them, we mean an immunity from any liability for the neglect or omission to discharge them. It is in this way that the law treats that part of the female sex which is most honoured in a social point of view by their own sex and by the other. It is the married woman who is selected, under pretence of protection, for this unflattering treatment. Perfect freedom before the law, whether in private or political matters, has its duties and dangers as well as its privileges, and the latter can only be enjoyed at the expense of the performance and incurrence of the former. History is but a repetition of this lesson as far as regards political matters; and biography, which is the history of individual greatness and littleness, inculcates the same truths from more contracted but more perceptible premises. And we would urge upon those who advocate the perfect freedom of women before the law, to devote their attention to the question of immunity from legal obligations, as showing a far weaker point in the conduct and principles of their opponents than the mere exclusion from rights however galling it may be. Do not let us shut out rights, however, from our view, for they are so inseparably bound up with duties that to exclude them would produce confusion and imperfection. For instance, the right to make a contract would not be of much value without the corresponding liability to its performance, inasmuch as no one would be found willing to make a bargain with one against whom it could not be enforced. Let us, then, confine ourselves to the case of married women, but so that we take into account both the rights and liabilities of which they are deprived.

Marriage being the aim of nearly every woman, and one which is attained by so many, let us examine the position which those who have fulfilled this happy destiny occupy in the eye of the law—the law made and kept in force by the other sex, which professes even a higher respect for the married than for the unmarried woman—and then let us consider what are the  
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teachings inculcated by the law upon the married woman, and what is the mental and moral attitude to which this teaching has a tendency to drive her.

In the first place the wife can hold no personal property, whatever she has being vested absolutely in her husband, unless some other person, under the name of a trustee, holds it actually or constructively for her under such circumstances as that the Court of Chancery will allow her the use of it. Thus it is with her furniture, jewels, money in the funds, shares and leases, and all legacies of such property which are left her without the interposition of a trustee, or so that the Court will treat some one as a trustee. The trustee is the legal owner, and the courts of common law and the banks and joint stock companies will not hear of any other owner. In the Court of Chancery alone, and not always without expense, will the right of the wife be recognized. As regards that kind of property which is called real, namely, estates for life or of inheritance, the husband may take the profits while his wife and he are alive, and sometimes longer.

Next, the law, which has thus denied to the married woman the possession of property, consistently prohibits her from pursuing any means of acquiring it. The married woman *cannot contract*, or, what comes to the same thing, if she goes through the form of contracting, she can derive no benefit from the bargain. If she goes out either as a menial or a governess, she can acquire nothing but her board and lodging from day to day. Her wages must be paid to her husband, and her receipt will be no discharge, unless, expressly or by implication, authorized by him. If she engages to sing at a theatre for £20 a night, she can maintain no action for the money, nor will the manager be safe in paying her without her husband's authority. So, on the other hand, the person who contracts with the wife has no means of making her perform her contract, and this naturally results in an abatement of the price, or in her incurring an obligation to a third person, whom she induces to guarantee her performance of her bargain; which obligation is equivalent to a reduction of the price. The manager, for example, might at any time find himself deserted by the lady on whom he had relied to perform his leading part. The husband, by selecting a residence at a distance from his wife's labours, may oblige her to relinquish them; for, if she leaves him without his permission, he may bring her back by a suit for restitution of conjugal rights. And, even if the woman is suffered to carry out her contract, the husband may forbear to enforce and may discharge it, or may accept any amount less than what is due in satisfaction of it.

it. It is true that the wife may bargain that the remuneration shall be paid over to a trustee for her; but then the husband may prevent her from earning any money at all; and, at all events, the money will never be safe till it is paid over to the trustee. It is hardly necessary to say that the rules of law above stated and exemplified render it absolutely impossible for the wife to set up in business by herself without her husband's concurrence, and then only with the intervention of a trustee. The rules which render impossible one contract would equally invalidate a series of contracts. We may mention, however, that by the custom of the city of London a woman may carry on business there in her own name; but then her husband must not meddle with it.

It may be said that the disadvantages of these incapacities will seldom be severely felt as long as the husband is able to give a home to the wife. But two things must be borne in mind. First, the husband is the sole chooser of the situation where he shall live, and of the kind of home which he shall afford his partner; for, although the wife has power to pledge her husband's credit for things necessary according to their mode of living, the husband alone has the power of choosing what that mode of living shall be, and how much of his income shall be expended upon it. Next, that, even where the wife is liberally provided for, her happiness may not consist of 'bread alone,' but may require the exercise of the faculties and energies with which she is endowed.

Let us suppose, however, that the husband is absent from the country. The wife, in this case, is unable to obtain a house; for of what use would be her covenant to pay rent or to repair? She can at any time leave the premises deserted and her landlord without a remedy. People will hesitate to undertake the schooling of her children, for there is no one who can be sued for the price. She finds a difficulty in engaging a tutor or governess, or in employing any one whose remuneration is not to be paid at short intervals. For all these things she must find a friend who will rely upon her honour, and will make the contract in his name or guarantee her performance of it.

The above being a description of the wife's position where she never possessed property, or where what she had passed to her husband by her marriage, let us try to imagine how much she would be bettered if she or her friends were prudent enough to require a settlement, and so vest property in a trustee for her, or if she has been so fortunate as to be the recipient of a devise or bequest by which property is left to a trustee for her. In this case it is not impossible to contract with her, for the Court of Chancery recognizes her as  
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the sole disposer of the property which the trustee holds for her, and will order her obligations to be discharged out of such property. But then it is never possible to enforce the fulfilment of any of her obligations without a Chancery suit; for, as has already been said, the courts of common law will not hold the wife bound by her contracts, and will consider no one but the trustee as the owner of the property held in trust for the wife. Now, it is hardly necessary to point out that no one cares to enter into a contract which can only be enforced by such an inconvenient remedy, or that if, in spite of this inconvenience, the contract is entered into, there is a natural tendency towards an increased price. In short, there is not that simplicity and clearness in the transaction which ought always to be preserved if both parties are to meet on equal terms and derive all the fair benefits.

Having thus seen how incapable the wife is to make a bargain, except on her husband's account, or as agent for a third person, with any of her fellow-creatures, let us now see what impunity the law gives her for doing injuries to the rest of mankind. When a person of the male sex makes a bargain the law holds him to it; and, when the same person commits a wrong, whether or not connected with any bargain, he is answerable in damages for it. The same with an unmarried woman. With the wife, however, it is quite otherwise. Whatever wrongs the wife does must be paid for by the husband. The wife is virtually irresponsible for those breaches of positive morality which the law punishes by damages. If she owes her husband a grudge, she has nothing to do but to slander, or libel, or assault, or drive over some one; if this is not convenient, the refuse of the house may be thrown over a neighbour's wall, or some other mode of trespass may be resorted to. Whether she is living with her husband or not makes no difference. An amicable separation from an unfriendly wife is no protection to a husband. The law supposes that a husband must always live with his wife, unless one or other of them commits some offence cognizable in the Divorce Court, in which case, at great expense, they may be judicially separated, or may have their marriage dissolved, as the case may be. The law tells the man that, if he wants even to be separated from his wife, so as to be exempt from paying damages for his misdeeds, he must beat her or commit adultery, and must persevere in this course with sufficient pertinacity to drive her to the Divorce Court. During all this time he must, moreover, save a little fund for costs and alimony, and must, therefore, persuade his wife to be thrifty. Now, on what grounds does the law make the husband

band liable for the wrongs inflicted on others by the wife? It is on the supposition that, as long as the marriage lasts, he has a control over her; and, as he has a control over her, says the law, we must make him exercise it or pay the penalty. In other words, under pretence of his having a control over her, the law gives her a control over him, for it puts him completely in her power.

We do not assert, however, that, where the wife has a separate estate, it is not possible to make her responsible for her wrongs as well as for her contracts. But observe upon what this depends. Both husband and wife must be sued together; they must be co-defendants. If the wife has committed the offence in question, as by the supposition she has done, judgment is given against both. But the plaintiff may issue execution against both or either. He may, therefore, require the husband to pay the whole of the damages and the costs on both sides, and he may enforce this by execution against his person or against his property. And he may do this although the husband is very poor and the wife is possessed of large separate estate. As regards the wife, her separate estate could not be taken in execution, for in the eye of the courts of common law—of which kind would be the court in which this action would be brought—the property does not belong to her but to her trustee, and one person's property is not to be made answerable for a judgment against another person. All that could be done, therefore, would be to lock up the wife until she paid. It will, therefore, be seen that if the wife has committed a wrong it always depends on the caprice of the successful plaintiff whether she shall be made to suffer for it or not; while if—to take a step further—we choose to imagine the wife conspiring with the plaintiff, the ruin of the husband may be reduced to a certainty.

We have now considered the civil irresponsibilities of the wife, first for contracts which she has entered into, and then for wrongs which she has committed; and we have considered these in the two cases of her having no separate property in the hands of a trustee, and in the case of her having such property. There only remains to be understood her impunity for her crimes. Now here we see, more clearly perhaps than before, because the illustration is more important, what complete omnipotence the law insists on imputing to the man, and what utter insignificance, both moral and physical, it insists on ascribing to the woman. The rule is that, whatever offences, other than treason, murder, or manslaughter, a woman does in the presence of her husband she is not responsible for them; she has complete immunity from

from the consequences. The wife may commit burglary, cutting and wounding, robbery or larceny, with the utmost freedom, so long as her husband is with her. The reason of this is that the very presence of the husband is presumed to amount to coercion; a presumption which the law regards with such tenderness and affection as scarcely to allow it to be rebutted. And the difficulty of rebutting it, and the limited number of cases in which that is possible, may be collected from the fact that the examples given in the books are 'where the husband is crippled or bedridden!' The law, therefore, regards the wife as having no will of her own—a position which our male and female readers both know to be untrue—and, being weak and irresponsible, as being therefore unpunishable. A child is considered as having a will of his own, and so is a servant. A child, who is docile, subservient, and dependent by his years and education, is as much responsible for a criminal act committed at the bidding, and even in the presence of his natural guide, as if he had done it of his own accord. A servant, who occupies a position of subordination, and whose will, by contract and by habit, becomes subjected to that of his master, is as much liable for what he does by his master's direction, and even in his presence, as if the act were committed in defiance of the strictest orders. The wife alone is regarded as having no mind, no will, no conscience apart from the head of the family.

Now, to any one who complains of this state of things, it may perhaps be answered that these extremes of legal folly with regard to wrongs and crimes are seldom actually experienced in practice; that husbands and wives, though they often quarrel, still preserve a fair practical unanimity as to worldly interests from a knowledge that what injures the one cannot be beneficial to the other. To this we reply that this is fortunately true, or society could not hold together for a single day; but the above remarks are directed against an evil which may still continue although society is not dissolved. That which is complained of is that the law, which is with us a very powerful moral teacher, takes a great deal of trouble and uses a great many absurd fictions, to avoid teaching the simple lesson that every adult and sane woman must be held responsible for the wrongs, whether civil or criminal, which she knowingly commits against her neighbour.

Upon a view of the whole action of the law concerning women, as well as from the remarkable reasons which, here as elsewhere, the law, unluckily for its own reputation, has consented to give, it will appear that, while a single woman is capable of exercising nearly all the rights and of incurring  
nearly



nearly all the liabilities which may be exercised or incurred by a man, the married woman is regarded as a weak, irresponsible being, who requires protection and is beneath punishment. In treatises and statutes, when we come to that part which speaks of disabilities, we find the married woman placed in unflattering contiguity with 'infants, idiots, and persons of unsound mind.' With the married woman, as with these others, protection and disabilities go hand in hand. They both of them indicate, on the part of the legislator, whether senatorial or judicial—for law is not all made in Parliament—a sort of contemptuous kindness for the person who is thus dealt with. Let us suppose a married woman explaining to the Genius of English law that she was still, morally speaking, a free agent, and that she desired to continue in the rights and was ready to accept the responsibilities which were hers when she was single; that, if the law would permit her to use her industry, and buy and sell, and hold property, she would not shrink from the necessity of answering, in purse or person, or both, for whatever injuries she might inflict on her fellow-creatures.

To this the Genius would answer: 'Madam, you know not how well off you are. It is true you cannot earn a penny because you cannot sue, but then neither can you be sued; and there are many of our sex, madam, who would be glad to be in the same position. And then, why should you wish to be able to make bargains, and to enforce them? It is your husband's business to support you; the law casts that duty upon him: confine yourself to your domestic work. You say you have no family, and your husband is abroad about his business, and has been unfortunate. Well, we never take into consideration these exceptional cases; besides which, the going abroad was his own act, and if, when the law considered you as having a will of your own, you consented to marry a husband who was likely to go abroad, you have nobody to blame but yourself. Though you are forbidden from acting or having a will of your own since your marriage, yet your marriage itself was your own act. Anyhow, wherever your husband is, the duty of supporting you is upon him; and, if I were you, I would leave it there, and, if he does not perform it, so much the worse for him; but your conscience will be clear though your purse may be empty. Then, again, what can be more absurd than to want to be amenable to actions for assaulting, or libelling, or running over people? Many men wish they could do these things with impunity! See the advantage which this power gives you over your husband! When once he has married you he has indeed  
given



given hostages to fortune—that is to law. Forego in future the curtain lecture, and hint gently at the libel, or the assault. You will see astonishment and fear, softly blending into admiration, diffuse themselves over the male countenance, and thenceforth your smallest wish will be attended to. Your husband will be your slave for life. If you desire a separation, you can command any terms you please. It is unnecessary to apply to the Divorce Court. The same gentle suggestion will produce all that you require. Your husband will never be beyond your power till he has packed up his carpet-bag, and fled from the country. As long as he lives here he cannot free himself except by killing you, and for that you know, madam, we can hang him. I may mention, however, as a caution to you, that we probably only catch one murderer out of five, and, out of every five whom we do catch, we only hang one; so that you must not presume too far on his fear of being hanged. As for your desire to be punishable for indictable offences as if you had a will of your own, I must warn you that this is an evidence of your insanity, which you had better keep to yourself, or your husband may get rid of you by a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*. Go, then, madam; be thankful for your happy lot: all the immunities and disabilities of innocent childhood are yours.’

We are well aware that there are many other sanctions which have an operation on the mind besides the legal ones. Nevertheless the law, by the constancy of its operation, and by the fact that its lessons are practical, visible and immediate, has a more powerful effect on many minds than either religion or positive morality. And there are certain cases in which the teachings of religion are so little wont to be applied, and the doctrines of positive morality are so wanting in force and distinctness, that the law is suffered to take the place of these; for the law, whether right or wrong, is definite, constant, and abounding in examples. Thus the maxims of the law become a code of morality binding upon minds which other systems do not reach, and even in all minds giving a tone to thoughts concerning matters which are regarded as unaffected by the other sanctions. When, therefore, at all times, and in every one of its provisions concerning married women, the law indicates that it regards them in the light of children, can it be expected that this opinion, constantly expressed and acted on, can fail to have a depressing and demoralizing effect on the class who are the subjects of it, and, through them, upon the whole sex of which they are the most honoured members? Can it have any other effect than to lessen the feeling of self-respect, to lower the sense of responsibility, and to invalidate the

the moral safeguards of conduct? And, as regards the male sex, must it not serve to stereotype their opinions in the mould in which they were fashioned at the time when woman was considered as in the *manus* of her husband, or, still later, when her incapacity to perform the military feudal services rendered her of no account?

Let the advocates of the entire freedom of women before the law rely less upon their hopeful announcements of the intended achievements of the sex, and turn their attention to this question of protections and immunities; for they will find it a weak joint in the adversary's armour.

#### ART. II.—THE SECOND REPORT OF THE CHILDREN'S EMPLOYMENT COMMISSION.

*Children's Employment Commission (1862). Second Report of the Commissioners, with Appendix, presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. London: George Edward Eyre and Wm. Spottiswoode. 1864.*

**F**OLLOWING up their first report, which served as the basis of an article in the sixth volume of 'Meliora,' the Royal Commissioners on the Employment of Children presented to Parliament, by command of the Queen, a second report full of information on the occupation and condition of a large number of the young people in Her Majesty's dominions. When we state that the recommendations in this second report apply, on the whole, to a population of at least 956,000, mostly young persons and children, whilst under the existing Factory Acts not more than some 825,600 are protected, it will be evident that the scope of the report is very extensive, and that it behoves Parliament to take into early and serious consideration recommendations applying to so large a number of our youthful population.

The manufactures falling within the compass of the second report, are those of lace, hosiery, straw plait, Irish lace and embroidery, hand-loom products and hosiery in Ireland and Scotland, paper-tubes or spools, and wearing apparel.

The evidence as to the state of the lace and hosiery manufacturers, not yet under regulation, was supplied in the appendix to the first report; the comments of the Royal Commissioners were not there given, but are contained in the report now before us.

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The branches of the lace manufacture, not yet under regulation, are distinguished from nearly all the industries hitherto legislated upon by two peculiarities. They are carried on (1) with a small and unimportant exception, by unassisted manual labour; and (2) often in rooms in private houses, frequently in mere dwelling or sleeping apartments in cottages, as well as in large manufactories. They comprise three departments of labour: (1) lace-finishing; (2) pillow-lace making; and (3) the 'making-up' of lace that has been made either by machinery or on the pillow.

In these departments, about 150,000 persons are computed to be employed; and 10,000 of these, of all ages and both sexes, are estimated as engaged in lace-making. Only a few of the 150,000 are at present under legislative protection; and the whole, save a small proportion, are women, children, or 'young persons' of age between the two. The places of work are dressing-rooms, warehouses, or houses 'private, or so-called.' The greater part of the work in dressing-rooms is done by females, many quite young, some of them children. The same may be said of the work done in the warehouses; and as for the private houses, all the work in them is done by women and children.

In these branches of the lace manufacture alone there is 'a larger number of persons in greater need of protection' than those already under the shield of the legislature. The places of work are provided with no, or with injudicious, means of ventilation; are often improperly crowded and very hot. The hours of work are sometimes excessive for several weeks and months together. Great injury to the general health, and a high rate of mortality from consumption are amongst the consequences of this state of things; and there is much neglect of early education, there is a low moral condition, there is much unfitness amongst the young women to undertake the care of a family, and all this contributes to a high rate of infant mortality. Many employers in Nottingham and elsewhere have long been desirous to apply a legislative remedy to this state of things, if practicable.

The Commissioners point out that, as in earlier times, when the only injuries likely to be inflicted by parents upon their children were those resulting from the abuse of physical force, the law protected children against parents thus abusing them; so, when, with the growth of trades and manufactures, children as apprentices began to pass out of the hands of their parents to those of masters, legislative means were used to shield them from the misuse of the power of those masters. But the vast development of our manufacturing industry within

within this century has brought with it, except in a few branches, no corresponding measures of protection to the young, although it has exposed them to tenfold greater sources of injury to health, mind, and morals, than existed in any previous condition of society. The earnings of the children are often of much real importance to the parents, owing to the severity of competition and the fluctuation of the demand for labour; but, in too many cases, it is proved that the children are over-worked by parents who could do very well without their earnings, were it not that they want money to spend in unwarrantable self-indulgence. In all such cases, surely, children may justifiably claim from the legislature, as a positive right, security for an exemption from what destroys their strength and keeps them low in the intellectual and moral scale. The legislature, in granting such security, would greatly add to the national power, by giving fuller development to the great sources of that power, the vigour and intelligence, the religion and the morality of the labouring classes.

But how is domestic tyranny of this kind to be found out? The Commissioners do not permit themselves to be staggered by this question. They point out that the parents who work in this manner with their own children are generally mere lodgers, occupying a small room, often a garret, in the same or in neighbouring houses with the mistresses who employ children, young persons, and women at the same kind of work for wages. Their hours of work can, therefore, be no secret to their neighbours. The mother, too, must go to the warehouse for the work, and the time at which this is to be returned finished is specified by the employer, who must know very well whether extra hours must be used for its completion. If extra hours were declared illegal, the evidence shows that the public opinion of the employers would second the legislature and that they would abstain from requiring such work to be done. And, considering all the facts, the Commissioners conclude that as regards these children and young persons working for their parents in these branches of the lace trade, some protection is not only desirable but is practicable, although not to the same extent as with the same description of persons working for wages in the mistresses' houses. They recommend:—

1. That it should be unlawful to employ any child under the age of eight years in 'mending,' drawing, joining, clipping, scolloping, folding, facing, or any other process of lace-finishing.

2. That it should be unlawful to employ any child under  
thirteen

thirteen years of age in any of the said processes more than six hours in any one day, or before the hours of six a.m., or after the hour of seven p.m.

3. That every child or young person or woman employed in any of the said processes should be entitled to the same meal hours as are secured to those working in manufactories under the Factory Act.

4. That it should be unlawful to employ any young person above the age of thirteen, and under the age of eighteen, or any woman, in any of the said processes more than ten and a half hours in any one day, or between the hours of seven p.m. and six a.m.

The above regulations should be worked under the local authority.

The Commissioners further recommended that every work-room used, as above, in working for wages, should be deemed a lace-finishing warehouse; that every such warehouse should be placed under the regulations of the Factory Act, except that the hours for work should be between seven a.m. and seven p.m., all the year round; and that a two years' interval should, in certain cases, be allowed between the lime-washings prescribed by the act.

Seeing, moreover, that existing enactments take cognizance not only of private dwellings, but of parts of private dwellings; that they require certain private dwellings to be registered and inspected; impose restrictions on the number of persons who can be received in private dwellings; and subject private dwellings to local bye-laws, against filth, overcrowding, and non-ventilation; on these and other grounds the Commissioners are emboldened to recommend that lace-finishing warehouses be subjected to the provisions of such enactments in regard to registration and inspection by the local authority, with the view of securing sufficient means of ventilation and of preventing overcrowding. In all other respects the provisions as to the warehouses would be carried into effect by the inspectors of factories.

The above regulations in substance would also apply to pillow-lace making, and are recommended by the Commissioners; and very similar legislation is suggested to be applied to the hosiery and straw-plait, and the other manufactures dealt with in the report, excepting the manufacture of wearing apparel.

We pass these hastily over, in order to have more space to devote to the manufacture last named, as much fresh evidence with regard to it is given in the report now before us. This report, having in its field of view not England alone, but Ireland

land and Scotland also, relates to one of the most numerous classes of persons engaged in industrial occupations. It might, indeed, have taken in every form of needlework done for gain, whether by females or males, and whether by hand labour or machinery; but the Commissioners have very judiciously limited the inquiry, as far as this report goes, exclusively to females employed as dressmakers, milliners and mantle-makers, seamstresses, shirt makers, collar makers, ladies' outfitters, stay makers, skirt (crinoline) makers, necktie, belt, and brace makers, tailors, hatters, cap makers, bonnet makers, boot and shoe makers, gloves, and a few others. In a subsequent report they promise to include the male workers thus excluded. A large class of women, working on their own account, are also placed outside the range of this report, because in the case of such it is obvious no legislative interference can be attempted.

The number of milliners and dressmakers in England and Wales, in 1861, was 286,298; and nearly 300,000 other women and girls were employed as seamstresses, shirt makers, &c.; making a total of nearly 600,000 females in this kingdom alone occupied in the manufacture of wearing apparel. In Ireland, moreover, there were 50,854 of the former class, and 61,771 of the latter; and in Scotland there were 33,066 milliners and dressmakers, and 18,345 seamstresses, &c. It was thus to a grand total of upwards of 750,000 persons that the Commissioners' present inquiry extended. No small number of these, however, are employed without the mediation of third parties; they work on their own account, and are not hired at wages. To such, as we have said, the researches of the Commissioners were not intended to apply.

The somewhat arbitrary distinction into two classes—milliners, dressmakers, and mantle-makers, on the one hand; seamstresses, and makers of shirts, collars, gloves, &c., on the other—was almost necessarily made by the Commissioners for facilitation of the inquiry. As a rule, dressmakers and milliners work on the premises of employers; and they either reside under the roof, or they are 'day workers,' paid by the day, and living elsewhere. The other class of seamstresses, &c., work variously, sometimes at their own homes; but in many instances collected in what are in reality factories. It is very seldom that they board or lodge with the employer.

Dealing, first, with the milliners and dressmakers; it is worthy of remark that children under thirteen years are very seldom thus employed, and then scarcely unless in assisting the workers at the sewing machine; and that, on the other hand, very few above thirty years of age are found in the regular establishments,

establishments, the older ones being either in business for themselves, married, or otherwise disposed of. In a total of 54,870 dressmakers and milliners in London, 1,039 are found to be under fifteen years of age, and 10,651 under twenty; and since of the elder ones very many work without the mediation of trade employers, it is evident that a large proportion of the workers are very young people.

Still dealing with the question of age, we notice that milliners resident with and boarded by their employers, are usually apprenticed at about 14 years old, for two or three years, paying a premium of from £20 to £50. It would be well, by the way, if some stipulation limiting the hours of work were in the indenture or agreement, but there seldom is. In London and other large towns the apprentices find themselves usually in the company of 'improvers,' a second class of inmates, who have gained some acquaintance with the business elsewhere, and who often pay a large premium for the privilege of improvement. A third class of inmates are paid assistants, receiving, with board and lodging, salaries varying from £8 to £16 a year in ordinary establishments, but as much as £30 to £70 in certain places. The payment of premium often operates very injuriously, because the apprentice or improver, however ill-treated, must still stay on or lose the whole of the premium, and is thus bound in a heavy penalty to continue at the mercy of the employers. Knowing that they have them fast, the latter are apt to put all the over-work upon these helpless classes, rather than obtain extra hands, who would require to be paid for.

'Day workers,' engaged and paid by the day, residing elsewhere, board also where they reside; except that tea is often provided by the employer. At the West End of London the wages of this class stand at from 8s. to 12s. per week; or, in few cases, 18s. to 20s. When paid by the piece, they earn much more. In provincial towns the pay varies from 5s. 6d. to 11s. or 12s., with extra wages for extra work. Of late years, the sewing machine has made great changes in the business, and it promises to lead to greater; 'in fact, to metamorphose the whole trade, more particularly the commoner kind of needlework.' The machine has benefited the employed, who, as a rule, earn by its help much more, and much more healthily, than the hand-workers.

Any inquiry into the condition of the resident and day-workers very soon reveals a variety of evils under which they labour. There is, first, the bad condition of the workrooms; too many of which, especially in 'private' houses of business, are so wretchedly overcrowded in the season, that no ordinary means



means of ventilation can avail. In not a few, the requirement of fresh air is wholly disregarded; and even where some trifling apparatus is provided, the workpeople, rendered unnaturally sensitive by the habitual closeness and heat, catch cold where there is the slightest draught, and this causes them to have a strong dread of fresh air and carefully to close up the orifices provided for its admission. 'Sedentary occupations,' as Dr. J. Sutherland, of Edinburgh, says, 'are not heat-producing. They are all cold. Every breath of cold air causes a shiver in the workers, and they close up every cranny to protect themselves, notwithstanding the certainty of disease and possibility of death before them.'

In thirty-four workrooms, examined by Dr. Ord, the allowance of air was from 100 to 250 cubic feet; in fourteen others, from 250 to 500 or more cubic feet; whereas in barracks 600 cubic feet per head are judged necessary, and a minimum of 500 feet is considered desirable for all persons engaged in sedentary occupations; at the same time, there must, in all cases, be provision for incessant change of air by ventilation. One-half per cent. of carbonic acid given off by the lungs and skin, in addition to the other noxious emanations proceeding from living bodies, is considered to be enough to produce mischief if left in the air to be re-breathed; and as an adult gives off by the mouth alone nearly a cubic foot of carbonic acid per hour, this dangerous state of the atmosphere would be induced in an hour and a half in a closed room containing only 300 cubic feet of air. Every time we inbreathe, about twenty cubic inches of air enter the lungs; this gives an average of nearly 14 cubic feet per hour, or 36 hogsheads per diem for each person. This statement illustrates the cruelty of the limitation of the supply of fresh air in the instances above quoted.

The workrooms being too often unhealthy, it is of so much the more vital importance that there should be every good sanitary provision in the bedrooms, that night may at least do something to repair the mischief done in the day. Unhappily, very objectionable arrangements for sleeping are not unfrequent. It is especially in the establishments of Court milliners and dressmakers, living in the precincts of the fashionable world, that such arrangements are found. Large numbers of occupants thrust into small rooms; none but the most indispensable articles of furniture supplied; and utter discomfort to eye, touch, and smell; are features much complained of. In one room, in the height of the season, three persons slept in one bed, where the bedroom was so damp that the water ran down the wall; in another, eight girls had to sleep in one room,

room, wherein was a sink, down which all the slops were poured; in a large number there was no system of ventilation provided, or, at any rate, made use of. In one Court milliner's house at the West End, one of the Assistant Commissioners, Mr. Lord, found only 178 cubic feet of air allowed for each occupant. In other places, there was little or nothing to complain of.

The long-continued respiration of a foul and heated atmosphere is regarded as the greatest of the physical evils incident to this class of workers with the needle. The immediate results are head-ache, giddiness, nausea, fainting; and, in a very large number of cases, lung-disease and death ensue. The lungs are affected not alone by the chemical and organic impurities of the air; to these causes of mischief must be added the presence in workrooms of dust and shreds of materials which float in the air and irritate the lungs. Amongst other agents of evil, coal-gas is a very active one; for in the rooms where it is burnt it not only rapidly spoils the purity of the air, but it imparts an unwholesome heat to it; besides, it injures the sight through the glare and the incessant flicker of its flame. The vitiation of air by a common gaslight giving the light of twelve standard sperm candles, is 50·2 cubic feet per hour, consuming 3·30 cubic feet of oxygen, and liberating 2·01 cubic feet of carbonic acid. Most urgent complaints are made of the excessive heat of workrooms where gas is consumed; and this is not surprising when we learn that nearly 700 cubic feet of air may be raised twenty degrees of heat in one hour by a common gaslight. To the eyes, gaslight is injurious from several causes. It is deficient in the blue ray, and is, therefore, much more exciting to the retina than daylight; and there is in it an incessant tremor, a visible vibration, which exhausts the iris of the eye with efforts to compensate for the unsteadiness.

Turning next to the duration of working, the Commissioners report with pleasure that although this business is still unfortunately too much distinguished from other occupations by the excessive prolongation of the labour, there has been some improvement throughout the country, since the inquiry of their predecessors in 1841-2, especially amongst dressmakers and milliners in provincial towns and in the wholesale city houses. The greatest obstacle to further improvement in London, is the fashionable 'season,' which, during three or four months in the year, excites all the millinery establishments to a fever. Orders suddenly come in, and either they must be executed no matter what the suffering, or (it is alleged) the customers must be offended, and their custom

lost. The employers state that skilful extra hands are not to be obtained at such times ; that very expensive establishments must therefore be kept up all the year round, in order to retain superior workwomen ; that upon the hands thus employed must fall all the extra work in times of pressure ; and that thus the evil admits of no remedy. It is much aggravated by the short notice so often given by ladies for the execution of their orders. A titled lady is alluded to, who sent three times before morning service on Sunday for a dinner dress. In short, woman is here her sister's worst enemy ; most often, no doubt, from thoughtlessness or ignorance, but sometimes too evidently from want of heart.

The long credit often given in this business adds to the evil by crippling the means of the employers, and forcing them, for economy's sake, to exact more labour from their assistants. It is surprising how long ladies even of title will let their milliners' bills lie unpaid. Perhaps they would hardly do this, if they reflected that, where such a system prevails, the milliner must charge very high prices to compensate for the loss of interest and the risk ; besides finding it easy, if so disposed, to put false items in the bills which the customer will not be so well able to check as she would if the bills were paid before the disappearance of the dresses.

The long hours complained of by the in-door workers in many establishments are justly alleged to be due in most cases to the want of proper arrangements and management. Either the principal is at fault, or the forewoman is unsystematic, or the young people themselves lose time, or make mistakes in the forenoon which have to be atoned for by work in the night. It is in the West End of London, and for the most part in the private establishments of fashionable dressmakers there, that oppressive hours of work are still the rule for the three or four months between March and July, constituting 'the season.' In such houses the usual hours are at least fourteen and more commonly fifteen per diem ; that is to say, from eight o'clock in the morning till eleven, or even later, at night, the poor creatures are kept in constrained postures, boring out their eyesight, contracting their chests, and sitting their limbs almost into atrophy, whilst wearying their fingers with the needle. In the week preceding each 'drawing-room,' that is to say, for three or four weeks in each season, the hour of closing is postponed to twelve, to one, or even to two o'clock for several nights in succession ; and on the day and night immediately prior to a 'drawing-room' it is a common thing to work for twenty hours at a stretch, and not unfrequently the whole night through. One young person was found  
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who had occasionally worked from eight a.m. to three the next morning, night after night for weeks together. Another was always up by six a.m., and never in bed before twelve, from April to the end of June, and often was later. Others, before a 'drawing-room,' worked till four a.m. for three nights, and till three a.m. on one. If, by a whimsical Nemesis, the ladies, who wear the dresses thus produced, were to be doomed to lie on masses of needle points for twenty-four hours, we might think it cruel, but who could protest against the injustice of the decree?

It is not only in London that iniquities like those above referred to are transacted. In many of the provincial towns the evil of long hours seems to be just as great as it is in London. In Cheltenham, Exeter, Bath, Southport, Manchester, and other places, atrociously long hours of working are well known. In Ireland, generally, greater moderation is observed; and most of the silk mercers and drapers in London who make dresses and millinery, rarely exceed twelve hours. The day-workers, as a rule, have regular and not inordinately protracted hours; but the rule has many exceptions. For all classes of workers, affairs are much better managed out of 'the season;' and many of the employers then give long holidays, in kindly consideration for the health of their work-people.

It is not to be supposed that excesses such as we have hinted at, superadded to the effects of sedentary and round-shouldered occupation, can have any but the most deplorable results on the health of the workers. As a class, needle-women notoriously suffer most seriously, especially from consumption and other lung and chest diseases, and from derangement of the digestive and reproductive organs.

Mr. Lord, Assistant Commissioner, says in his reports:—

'But it is not the weakly ones alone that fall victims to the conditions, whether of late hours or of unhealthy apartments, under which this business exists. The poor girl at Ryde, "who was quite observed there for her good looks and health," dying of consumption after a year in London; the two who had been very well in Plymouth, utterly broken down by one season at the West End; the painful iteration throughout this evidence, "my health has suffered; my constitution has been very much impaired; very many suffer; I was myself very strong;" leave no room for doubt. "They are continually ailing; their appetite fails with long sitting in close rooms; coughs and face-aches are very general, and head-aches too; they often faint at their work; it is so usual that no particular notice is taken." "I do assure you it was quite sad," says a day-worker, speaking of the resident: where she worked last season, "to look at their pale faces, and see them walk quite crippled with swelled feet by standing so long at the trains." "The servants were far healthier than the young ladies in that house." "No doubt," remarks a very superior first-hand in one of the most fashionable houses in the West End, "needle-work does affect you in the course of years. It is not so much that dressmakers become really ill, but they become gradually, almost imperceptibly, weaker. A little thing soon knocks them down!" In that last sentence the whole effect of their work upon their health is briefly epitomized.'

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That the health of almost all the workers is more or less disordered; that bloodshot eyes, frequent head-aches, dyspepsia, and liver complaints abound; that dressmakers undergo a slow but well-marked physical deterioration; that their condition is apt to be languid, sapless, anaemic; that chlorosis is abnormally prevalent amongst them; and that among the needlewomen in the city of London there is an excessive mortality, especially from consumption and continued fever, there is abundant evidence given in the report before us.

The Commissioners point out that whilst in addition to the pressure of the fashionable 'season,' there is that of sudden and large orders in the case of mourning, weddings, &c., severely trying the resources of the establishments, it is amply evident that, by carefully considered arrangements, the necessity for long and exhausting hours might be done away with. They remark very truly that the inconvenience caused by a sudden influx of orders is by no means peculiar to dressmakers and milliners; that it is very common in other trades liable to shipping orders and other disturbing incidents; and that even in these, though involving large mercantile transactions, the moderate hours of the Factory Acts are found in practice to be perfectly compatible with the most active and successful industries. They further call attention to the fact, that the exact time when the pressure of the 'season' will occur is, in the case of needle-women, well known beforehand, recurring with great regularity every year, and could therefore by suitable means be more easily provided for than in many other trades where the fluctuations are uncertain and cannot be foreseen. That long hours are not profitable to employers there is every reason to confess; for if needlewomen work late at night, they must be fagged and comparatively useless the next morning. There is also no real reason to deny that late hours are unnecessary. A review of the evidence collected by the Assistant Commissioners distinctly prove that a great change has come over the minds of employers since the former inquiry was held (in 1841-2), many of the principals of the most fashionable houses now being in favour of more moderate hours. Establishments in high repute are mentioned, wherein twelve or thirteen hours per diem are very seldom exceeded in the fashionable season; and if these find such hours sufficient, there is no doubt the rest might do so too.

Approaching, now, the question of legislation, the Commissioners report, to the credit of many large employers, that these have conscientiously and successfully exerted themselves to keep moderate hours, even at what seemed some pecuniary

pecuniary loss ; and the Commissioners are satisfied that a larger number would most gladly follow the example, if they could be assured that the limitation of hours could be made general, so that unscrupulous competitors might not thrive at their expense. The requirement, in all such cases, is, that one rule shall prevail all round the trade ; and as willingness cannot be relied upon in all, those who will not yield to moral or social pressure, must be acted on by something sterner and more irresistible.

"As it is," says a reliable witness, "if I refuse a lady, she goes to my neighbour, who takes her order ; so I cannot refuse without displeasing her, and perhaps may lose her custom, because she thinks me so disobliging. But if everyone were the same—if all were equally prevented by the law from working more than what I have said—we should be all alike ; and the ladies, when they knew that it is necessary, would give us a little more time ; their orders would be executed quite as quickly as now. If there were a law, then the young ladies might complain to some one if they were overworked, and a commissioner would come to see about it. Now there is nothing to be done at all."

And another, equally reliable, is equally emphatic :—

"The best thing for all," he says, "would be a strict factory law to limit the hours of work. The trade might safely be left to right itself. We have, besides our resident saleswomen, from forty to fifty young women here in our workrooms ; all are day-workers. Their hours are from eight a.m. to eight p.m., and we do not mean ever to exceed them. One hour is allowed them for dinner, and half an hour for tea. When we have as much work as we can get through in the week, we must refuse orders, or take on more hands. I am quite sure that all philanthropic efforts, whether by individuals or associations, will end in smoke ; nothing but an Act of Parliament will be of any use to restrict the hours of work. I do not say this on the spur of the moment, it has long been my deliberate conviction."

It is true that, by many of the employers, any legislative restriction is regarded with distaste and apprehension ; coercion is unpleasant, when it is they, not their workpeople, that are to be coerced ; and any possible injury to their business is dreaded. Some who are credited with kindly intentions to the workpeople are of opinion that if the hours of work were put under factory-law, day-workers would be largely substituted for residents ; and in walking homeward at nights would be exposed to much moral danger. The Commissioners think it, however, by no means certain that a legal limitation of the hours of work would lead to such a substitution ; they find great confidence expressed that girls of the class of which residents now consist, would not be obtainable except on condition of having residence provided for them ; and that it is so essential to employers to have such girls about them that they will be content to keep them on those terms. Then, with regard to the fear of pecuniary loss, they note that in this trade there can be no foreign competition ; that the work must be done on the spot ; and that, this being so, if all were placed



placed under one common rule of law, arrangements would soon be made by all to carry on their business without ruining the health of their workpeople.

The Commissioners view it as thoroughly established that there is nothing in itself injurious in millinery and dress-making to the well-being of the persons so employed, provided that the hours of work do not exceed those which suffice in other industrial callings, and that the work and bedrooms be properly ventilated. On the subject of ventilation, they proffer some excellent counsel. They lay it down as a rule, that, in a proper system of ventilation, there must be no 'draughts;' that there must be a motive power sufficient to renew rapidly the whole body of air; and that there must be means for warming the fresh air in winter. Where the ventilation produces cold draughts, the workpeople rise up in protest against and soon put a stop to it. Where the renewal of air is merely by a current crossing the upper part of a room, this will not suffice, for the air down below may still remain unrenovated. For warming the fresh air before it enters, the Commissioners recommend the 'Ordnance Ventilating Stove,' which has been tested at the War Office and found efficient. This stove is made like a common grate, but has behind it a fire-brick chamber, in which is warmed, and through which passes, fresh air from without, coming into the room by an aperture near the ceiling. Fresh warm air being thus supplied, means must be provided for the withdrawal of foul air; as by wooden shafts of proper size, ascending from corners of the room, above the roof of the building, with other apertures placed close to the ceiling and fenced with wire-gauze, or perforate zinc; or by Sherringham's valve; or by the chimney ventilator of Dr. Arnot; or by Watson's self-acting syphon ventilator. This last invention has been largely tried in public institutions, factories, and other places in different parts of the kingdom, with the greatest advantage. It acts by establishing a double current of air, removing the old whilst bringing in the new. It has the excellent recommendation of being self-acting, for the heated foul air produces an up-current just in proportion to the amount of heat generated by breathing or combustion. It draws the fresh air, too, from the roof of the building, where it is more likely to be pure. Provision for further ventilation may be made by pipes conveying outside a current heated by gas lamps, where these are burned; and the Commissioners, in a note, commend an ingenious method of burning gas *upside down*, which has been invented by Mons. Soubra on the continent. On this plan, a wide glass tube, bent in the form of a syphon, with one



one leg, of course, considerably longer than the other, is so fixed in relation to an argand gas burner, that the latter is inverted within the shorter leg of the tube ; then the longer leg being heated for a short time in order to warm the air in it and generate a downward current into the short end, the burner is lighted, and the flame, following the direction of the current, continues to burn upside down. Here is at once, removal of the burnt gas and protection from flame ; can anything be more felicitous ?

Returning to the question of legislation, the Commissioners hold it to be satisfactorily established by every kind of evidence that legislative enactment is essential to insure a limitation of the hours of work, and to make the workrooms and sleeping places wholesome ; that in no other department of industry are such measures more urgently required ; the persons concerned belonging, as to sex and age, to that part of the labouring population for whose welfare the Factory Acts have been enacted. A large proportion of them are either apprentices—a class already partly under the protection of the law—or are equally dependent. The well-being of many thousands of women in the earlier years of life is involved in this question.

The Commissioners deem it of primary importance that all workrooms and sleeping apartments should be subjected to official inspection ; and that that inspection should be by legally qualified medical practitioners, acting under 'the local authority' of the district, and properly remunerated for their labour. In order to insure sanitary propriety, powers for ventilation and cleansing should be given similar to those in the Factory Extension Act of 1864. The Commissioners also think that the great and peculiar evils arising from gas-lights should be remedied, both by special provision for carrying off the products of gas-combustion, and by the use, as they suggest, of coloured glass shades. After mature consideration of all the evidence, they have arrived at the definite conclusion that there is nothing in the dressmaking and millinery business incompatible with the hours of work prescribed in the Factory Acts. For the first year, indeed, to make the transition more easy, they suggest that the hours of work may be either between six and six, or seven and seven, or eight and eight ; but after that they would have them fixed at either six and six, or seven and seven at the option of the employer. As it is clearly established that utterly insufficient time is at present allowed for meals, and that it is important that a reasonable period be allowed for change and exercise as well as for feeding, they consider it essential that at least

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an hour and a half be allowed, and this at suitable times, as specified in the Factory Acts. As few persons under the age of thirteen are employed, the provisions of the Factory Acts with regard to children may be dispensed with; and the same observation they apply to other provisions, such as those relating to machinery, and to time and place of taking meals. With regard to the extent of the enactment, they conceive that all cases where young persons and women are employed for the profit of others fall legitimately within the principles of the Factory Act. For the purpose of interpretation some such words as those in the Act for the Regulation of Bakehouses might suffice, the expression 'employed' being applied to any person working in a millinery or dress-making establishment, or any kind of needlework for the profit of another person, whether receiving wages or not.

So much applies to the first of the two great classes of needlewomen. We must pass now to the second class, consisting of seamstresses, shirt-makers, glove-makers, boot-makers, and other workpeople, all having certain common features in their employment, especially as to the mode in which they are paid, resembling the workpeople of ordinary industrial callings. In all the trades now under review, the use of the machine is rapidly extending. In the wholesale boot and shoe trade of Leicester alone, for instance, there are upwards of 800 machines in use. In spite of difficulties, too, the application of steam power is progressing, and the Commissioners think it will become general in the end. They remark that the introduction of the machine, joined to the extraordinary and increasing demand in foreign, and especially in the colonial markets, for wearing apparel of English manufacture, is effecting quite a revolution in those trades; that, in fact, it is evident that the whole employment is at this time in such a state of transition as has befallen the lace trade, weaving, &c., in the superseding of hand labour by mechanical power.

According to the census tables, of 287,082 needlewomen of all classes, excluding dressmakers and milliners in England, 44,365 were under twenty, and 10,801 under fifteen years of age. There are amongst these 119,007 shoemakers, 76,015 shirt-makers and seamstresses, 27,386 tailors, and 23,605 glovers. These are all or nearly all females. In the North of Ireland are some very large shirt-making establishments. One at Londonderry has given employment to as many as 10,000 persons at a time. In London, Dublin, Bristol, Norwich, Leicester, Belfast, Dromore, Glasgow, and other

other places, large clothing factories exist. In all these places a large part of the work, especially the finishing, is done out of the factory, often by small journeymasters and mistresses. The cutting-out and machining is done in the factory. A large number of children and young persons are employed in the various departments of needlework; they help the machinist, or they hem shirts, or line boots, or are otherwise made useful. Except perhaps in the boot-trade, no regular system of apprenticeships exists, so far as concerns females; but in many instances there is an agreement to serve from three and six months, to two and three years, the girl receiving a small payment, gradually increasing from 6d. to 2s. and 3s. a week.

The wages in the sewing trades now under notice differ much in their character. In some kinds of shirt and collar-making a mere pittance is paid for hard labour; in other branches good wages are given. As a rule, all home-work is worse paid than factory-labour; partly because time is wasted, and partly because employers trust most willingly out of their own custody the cheapest kind of work. The machinists are the best paid class at all ages; thus, whilst girls, of 14 or 15, in boot-factories at Norwich and Plymouth earn 4s. and 5s. weekly, machinists often earn from 12s. to 15s.; if not more than 5s. in some cases, as high as 30s. in others. In factories with work limited to 10½ hours per diem, machinists frequently earn from 6s. to 12s., and machinists from 9s. to 18s., or about one-third more. In the shirt and collar trade, and in belt and brace-making, some women earning only 8½d. or 9d. a-day make no complaint! Women working at gloves seldom make more than 4s. or 5s. a-week. It is thought that most wholesale houses pay a fair price to all whom they employ directly; it is when work passes through several hands, each of which will have its profit, whilst only the last does the work, that the pay which reaches the workwoman is miserably disproportioned to the price paid by the purchaser for the manufactured article. It is observed that if employers would adopt the plan of marking on a ticket the price to be paid for each piece of work, as done by Messrs. Tillie and Co., at Londonderry, the great evil so often inflicted by middlemen would be prevented. But who can guarantee that the middleman will show this ticket to the worker?

With regard to the hours of work, as a rule they are more regular and limited in factories, especially in the larger ones, than where the work is done at home, or in the houses of small employers. In the majority of shirt, stay, and clothing manufactories the stated day is about nine or ten hours' actual work,

work, beginning at eight or nine o'clock a.m. A few have the regular factory hours. There are, however, many exceptional cases, and very long hours are occasionally exacted. The most prolonged labour, as we have said, occurs in the cases of persons working for themselves; thus shirt-makers often work from five a.m. to eight p.m., and in the boot-trade some hand-workers keep at it from seven a.m. to ten p.m. But long hours more particularly prevail when workpeople employed in a factory are allowed to take work home to be done after their factory labour is over. In the case of small masters and mistresses, long hours are rather the rule than the exception; and although the number of children and young persons employed by each is small, collectively the young workers are an extremely numerous class. In one case a child only seven years of age was found working at brace-making for an old woman in a court out of Golden Lane, London, from eight a.m. to eight p.m. for 6d. a-week. In that neighbourhood many children work from half-past eight to seven p.m., and others, from seven to thirteen years of age, work still longer; some thirteen hours, and, on alternate days, fourteen hours a-day. Long hours like these are not peculiar to London, they prevail also in country districts. At Yeovil, it is quite common for the children at eight or nine years old, who work three or four together at glove-making for a mistress, to labour from six a.m. to eight p.m. And, bad as this is, it is exceeded by the cruel exactions of parents in the case of their own offspring; and painful illustrations are adduced by the Commissioners of the sad truth that too often parents, when their pecuniary interests are concerned, cannot be trusted with the welfare of their children.

The allowance of time for meals is more liberal in factories than in small workshops; but, at home and in small places, the food is hastily taken, often scarcely stopping the work. At Yeovil, the medical officer for the union reported that the hasty swallowing of meals, and the habit even among the females of taking beer or other stimulants in the place of substantial food, 'to save time,' were productive of bad results.

Employed at so early an age, and in such protracted labour, it is certain that many cruel practices must be used to keep the children at work. A person at Yeovil told the Assistant Commissioner that her daughter began to work at six years old; her mistress employed her from 6-30 a.m. to 8-30 p.m., and 'it was as much as her life was worth to look up.' The Commissioners think that this is in no degree an exceptional case.

As with the dressmakers, so with the seamstresses, great  
reason

reason exists to deplore the unwholesome character of many of the places where they work. Several well-built factories and warehouses are noticed, whose proprietors have been anxious to introduce good sanitary arrangements and secure the health of their workpeople—as Messrs. Tillie and Henderson, of Londonderry, where in an extremely well-managed establishment, proper accommodation of lavatories, water-closets, hot-water-pipes for warming, and strict cleanliness and healthfulness of the buildings, have been provided, besides a regular medical attendant at a salary of £100 per annum; and the health of all the workers is very good; also, Mr. Edwin Bostock, bootmaker, of Stafford; and Messrs. Lloyd, and Messrs. Gibson and Woolley, of the same town. But still the Commissioners regret to report that in many of the larger, and in all the smaller places of work, the rooms are overcrowded, and either altogether unventilated, or only ventilated by chance. They say:—

‘It cannot be too often repeated that ventilation secured is equivalent to space gained; that it is, therefore, in the highest degree economical, especially in large cities and towns, where rents are so high; and that, apart from the question of health, it is known that in every form of prolonged, and especially sedentary occupation, and therefore especially in all kinds of needlework, a pure atmosphere, by sustaining the bodily vigour, enables the worker to produce more in a given time, and so to benefit equally the employer and the employed. There is no doubt, also, that the depressing influence of a foul atmosphere induces a desire for stimulants difficult to resist.’

In point of education the whole class is in an extremely low condition, as well in London and in the large towns, as in the more rural districts. In a school in Golden Square, where are 200 girls aged from nine to fifteen, mostly employed in the shops and factories in the neighbourhood during the day, the state of ignorance is reported by the mistress to be something astonishing. Although there were not more than a dozen of the whole number who had not attended a day-school, not more than a third of the 200 were able to read, write, and cypher; and the remaining two-thirds were unable to say the alphabet. Of about fifty girls employed by one person in making chenille nets, not one-half could read. In a boot factory in Norwich, of twenty girls from sixteen to twenty years old, seven could not read; and at a clothing and shirt factory in Manchester, two girls who were questioned, each thirteen years old, proved to be able neither to write nor to read, and others were reported to be in an equally neglected state. Amongst the glovers in country districts matters are still worse. The children, working constantly from eight years of age, and without any half-time provision, are ‘utterly uneducated and often unable to read.’ Growing up thus empty of learning, and  
able

able at an early age to support themselves independently of parents and guardians, they easily fall a prey to vice. The want of respectable lodgings has been a source of much evil, and many praiseworthy efforts have been made in London and elsewhere to rectify the mischief by the establishment of 'homes,' where the young women are lodged and boarded.

The Commissioners think that no real difficulty would accrue in a limitation of the hours of work, and in the adoption of the half-time system as prescribed by the Factory Act; and they recommend that, allowing the option of from six to six or from seven to seven all the year round, the provisions of the Factory Act as to time should be applied to all establishments for the manufacture of wearing apparel, be they small or large. In the case of children working for their parents at home, they suggest a general enactment to be carried into effect by the local authority, forbidding children under eight years of age to be employed at certain processes, and regulating the time of work of others above that age.

As the first report of these Commissioners on the employment of children, of which an abstract was given in 'Meliora,' in Vol. VI., was followed by legislation, bringing about 50,000 persons under its protection, we may surely hope that during the next Session of Parliament something may be done in a similar manner to ameliorate the condition of the very much larger class still outside the pale. Any sincere effort to bring this about will assuredly receive the most hearty commendation of 'Meliora.'

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### ART. III.—THE MODERN THALIA.

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'I'd rather be a kitten and cry mew,  
Than one of these same metre balladmongers.'  
*Shakespeare's Henry the Fourth.*

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IT will probably be generally acknowledged that the present is hardly the time for entering upon a discussion as to the lawfulness or necessity of amusement.

The complaints against the amusements of the age rest, indeed, not at all upon the fact of their being amusements, but upon the characteristics of frivolity and viciousness with which almost all are alike impressed. Putting wholly out of the question the attractions of the public-house, which depend chiefly, if not solely, upon the quantity of intoxicating drink consumed; and those of the skittle-alley, to which precisely the  
same



same complaint is applicable; and turning to those places which offer simply amusement to the visitor, it is painful to see how strongly the entertainments they offer are characterized by utter and hopeless frivolity. If we turn, for a moment, to the theatres, we observe the degradation that has fallen upon the stage in all degrees, from the wealthiest theatre of the West End of London to the miserable playhouse of Whitechapel or the Waterloo Road. From all of them passion and thought are equally banished, sense has given way to 'sensation,' and, in place of appeals to the intellectual faculties, the eye and ear alone are addressed. The same class of dramatic writing meets us wherever our steps are directed. East and west alike, a light comedy of manners, a 'screaming farce,' or a 'sensation melodrama,' appealing only to the lowest and most vulgar emotions of our nature, has the best chance of gaining the suffrages of an 'enlightened British public.' Shakespeare and the Elizabethan dramatists have been ruthlessly put aside to make room for clumsy adaptations (or rather translations) from the French. If a play of Shakespeare happen by any chance to be performed, it is brought out either to exhibit the resources of the theatre in matter of upholstery, stage decoration, and effect, or else because it is supposed to be the only method for the display of a 'star' actor surrounded by a 'bundle of sticks.' It is soon withdrawn, and the old dreary round of farce, melodrama, and pantomime succeeds. Let anyone who may be disposed to think this a hasty and undeserved censure, simply take the trouble of calling to mind those plays which have met with the largest measure of success during the last five or six years. Did not crowds flock nightly to one of our largest theatres for more than two years to see a 'sensation header'? did not the lisping and stammering of a half-idiotic lord draw nightly throngs for more than a year to another house? did not a clever optical illusion form for many months the chief attraction at a third? and have not the two most successful pieces recently in course of representation been in one case a melodrama, the repulsive incidents of which are only made palatable by wonderfully elaborate scenery and startling mechanical effects, and in the other a revivification of a clumsy and stupid play expressly to exhibit the shameless gestures and vulgar attitudinizing of a half-naked woman? If melodramas such as these, crowded with such vulgar emotions as these, and impressed with such frivolity and degradation of thought, be tolerated at the theatres of the West End, what can be expected in those of the East? While the 'Ticket of Leave Man' draws crowds to the Olympic night after night we need not be surprised to  
find



find 'The Convict's Fate; or, Life at the Hulks' in Shoreditch or Whitechapel. When four long acts of slow poisoning, spiced with adultery, form the intellectual food presented to the frequenters of a West End house, it needs not astonish us to find an East End manager advertising 'Charley the Cracksmen; or, Love and Revenge;' and if Miss Menken startle her audience at Astley's by performing in a chemise, it is not a matter for wonder that another woman should be found willing to caper before the select audience of the Pavilion lightly attired in a towel and sandals.

We have hitherto purposely avoided all mention of the most frivolous of all kinds of dramatic literature—that of burlesques and extravaganzas. The writers of these productions may, if they please, imagine themselves to be the legitimate successors of Aristophanes, but it will require much ingenuity to persuade an educated Englishman that there is much resemblance between the author of 'The Clouds' and the writer of the last vulgar and common-place burlesque of 'Romeo and Juliet,' or 'Othello.' Without doubt this species of composition has its uses, and when applied to the legitimate purposes of ridiculing pretension and satirizing incompetence, whether political, social, or theatrical, it is a useful species of the dramatic art. The 'Rehearsal,' the 'Critic,' the 'Beggars Opera,' and 'Bombastes Furioso' are excellent specimens of what burlesque ought to be. Folly is sharply satirized, and that in the most complete and effective way, by exhibiting it in its completeness, but with only such an amount of distortion as is produced by exaggerating the weak points of the subject of the burlesque. But what can be said of those works, the only object of which seems to be to raise a laugh, even though at the expense of the loftiest poetry and the most dignified ethical teaching? It is perfectly legitimate to turn a sensation melodrama into ridicule, but the writer surely oversteps the bounds of his art when he takes up such a subject as 'Othello,' and represents him as a stage 'nigger' with a high collar and a banjo, or seizes upon 'Faust' and turns Gretchen into a harlot, and the scene of the Walpurgis-nacht into Cremorne Gardens. We need only go a little farther, and, as Douglas Jerrold said, we shall have 'a comic prayer-book, and the sermon on the mount set to the tune of the "King of the Cannibal Islands."' But, apart from all considerations of subject, the manner of the modern burlesque is eminently open to criticism. Only those who have listened to some half dozen of these productions can have any idea of the extent to which the absurd system of quibbling and playing on words is carried. Whole speeches are constructed expressly to  
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lead up to some pun more striking than the rest, and throughout this introduction the hearer is kept under a perfect hail of plays upon words and distortions of meaning to obtain something like a jingle of sound of the most distracting character. In Barham's 'Life of Theodore Hook' there is a fragment on punning by Hook, which contains a list of prohibited puns—that is to say of puns that are so dull, common-place, or obvious, that the professional diner-out is strictly cautioned against using them. As may be expected, they are not very amusing reading, but compared with the tasteless, senseless, and purposeless jingles of the burlesque writers the article becomes excruciatingly humorous.

It would be possible to forgive a burlesque if its stupidity were the only complaint to be brought against it. Unfortunately it happens that that is the fault of least consequence. The manager of a theatre, like everyone else, is liable to say and do stupid things occasionally, and ought not, on that account, to be blamed too severely; but he can certainly avoid delivering himself up to the promotion of actual immorality. There is no doubt but that the kind of acting and the line of thought produced by a long series of burlesques, is anything but favourable to the morals of those engaged, and it is difficult to see how it could be otherwise. To look around upon the London theatres, it would not appear to be a matter of much consequence what sort of writing or what kind of acting are bestowed on a burlesque, so long as the ballet is amply supplied with pretty faces and trim ankles, or an actress can be induced to put on a dress which would be scanty even for the ballet, and to coquette with her audience in the midst of her part. This has been done, and done with so much success, that it would not be difficult to name more than one theatre the stage of which exhibits, with tolerable plainness, the manners of the Argyle tempered by the wit of the Haymarket.

The complaints which have been made of the theatres attach—and with even greater force—to the music halls, which within the last few years have sprung up, mushroom-like, all over London, from Islington in the far north to Lambeth in the south, and from Ratcliffe Highway in the east to the Edgware Road in the west. Whatever is worst and weakest at the lowest class of theatre is exaggerated and multiplied tenfold at the music hall; the music is worse, the songs are more vulgar, the dancing is more indecent, and the whole entertainment more frivolous in every respect. Yet these places are crowded night after night, though it is probable that very few are attracted by the entertainment offered, and that most find their chief inducements in the liberty of smoking,

smoking, the facility for unlimited drinking, and the presence of a crowd of the lowest and least reputable of both sexes. The proprietors of these places are sufficiently alive to their own interests to know that it is quite unnecessary to provide anything very good or very costly in the way of entertainment for their customers. Many of them have talked loudly enough about 'elevating the masses'—'bringing good music home to the people,' and similar revolting cant; the question is, 'How have they performed their task?' And to this one honest answer only can be given—that what they do is to give indifferent music to bad company in a poisonous atmosphere. They know perfectly well that the extrinsic attractions of a music hall are amply sufficient to draw a crowded and remunerative audience night after night, through all seasons of the year, an audience profitable not merely by the sums that are paid for admission, though they must be very considerable, but on account especially of the inordinate profits made upon every portion of liquor consumed. And the sale for drink is exceedingly large for a great many reasons. First of all the entertainment is really so bad that the *habitué* of the place finds himself under a sort of necessity to drink more than he otherwise would, if for no other reason, then simply *pour passer le temps*; secondly, in the intervals of the performances—that is to say about every quarter of an hour or twenty minutes—the waiters run about asking for orders, and a great many of the younger visitors think it right and necessary to 'encourage' them by calling for a number of things which they do not want. These are always the very youthful part of the audience, lads who have a nervous dread of the waiter, and who fear to look small or poor in his eyes, or else who think that to drink more than they like or than agrees with them is a sign of manliness and knowledge of the world.

The whole question, indeed, may be resolved into a very simple matter—given a music hall in a likely neighbourhood; let it be gaudily painted and fitted up, especially in the item of plate-glass; lay in a sufficient stock of adulterated wine, bad beer and poisonous spirits; provide a company consisting of a few women with indifferent voices, worn faces, and damaged reputations, a few men destitute alike of voice, character, and humour, a 'nigger' or two; and the thing is done, provided, of course, that the patronage of what is euphemistically called 'the social evil' be secured. It becomes then only necessary to add a strong flavour of the 'comic element,' of which the two following forms have been found most successful;—either a jumping idiot who sings a vile song to a vulgar tune,

tune; while he indulges in coarse and brutal gesticulation, or a woman who has parted with enough of her modesty to dress herself in a man's clothes, and to sing an indelicate song in that array. One point more should not escape the 'intelligent and spirited proprietor,' though that is happily losing much of its attractiveness—the introduction of a man, woman, or child, the latter preferred, to expose him or herself to the nightly chance of death or mutilation on the tight rope or *trapéze*. Supposing all these requirements attended to, success is certain. Night after night the music hall will be thronged, the consumption of drink will increase, and the degraded women who form the greatest attraction of the place will become a nuisance to the neighbourhood. But what cares the 'spirited' proprietor for these things? His profits are secure, and the greater the nuisance the larger they become. Very speedily he is in a position to retire from business altogether—to set up his villa at Putney or Highgate; or, perhaps, to spend thousands of pounds in an abortive attempt to corrupt some other and quieter neighbourhood, by conveying into it those followers of his who have been so dire a nuisance in the place formerly graced by his presence. Let any one whose good nature may be shocked by the severity of this censure, and who may set it down as harsh and undeserved, simply open his eyes to what is going on around him. Let him go for once to the nearest music hall—it will not be a long journey in any case if he live in London;—let him note carefully the company he meets there, and observe the quality of the entertainment offered. Or if this be too tiresome an experiment, and it must be owned that it will be to any man of taste or feeling, let him buy, instead, half a dozen of the most popular of the 'Music Hall Melodies'—those gorgeously illuminated publications that grace—or disgrace—the shop-windows of half the music-sellers of the present day. Let him read the words, note the intense vulgarity of the music, and ask himself candidly in what category he should place people who can find pleasure in such things as these. Take for example the song of 'The Perfect Cure.' On the cover is a portrait of the vulgar mountebank whose performance of it rendered it so popular, dressed in the costume of striped calico and foolscap—(appropriate enough as to this last item)—in which he sings and—jumps. The inquirer turns the page and finds a piece of wretched doggrel beginning:—

'Young Cupid plays some funny tricks  
With us unlucky elves,  
So, gentlemen, I pray look out,  
And take care of yourselves.

One day I met a nice young maid,  
Looking so demure,  
When all at once to me she said,  
Why you're "The Perfect Cure!"

The song goes on to tell how he 'wasted on her lots of cash, in hopes her love to share,' but discovered that he was not the only favoured lover. Kicked out of her house, he

\* \* \* 'fell into a common sewer,  
They dragged me out, and loud did shout,  
There goes "The Perfect Cure!"  
I was laid up ill for seven months,  
Indeed I'm not romancing,  
Which brought on Mr. Santinny's dance,  
That's why I keep on dancing.'

It is impossible to continue the quotation in these pages. The story is old and filthy, and one that may be read in the police reports often enough. It is told in language of the coarsest and most vulgar description, unredeemed in its utter stupidity by the smallest spark of wit or fun, and appealing only to the lowest passions and basest experiences of a horde of reprobates. Bad though the words are, however, they are not the worst features of the song. In actual performance they and the music are of quite secondary importance, compared with the insane jumping and obscene gestures of the singer—gestures that are frantically applauded and rapturously encored by a crowded audience of both sexes.

Or if this specimen be insufficient, let our inquirer make another experiment, from which he may, perhaps, gain a clearer idea of the sort of thing that finds a pleased audience in a London music hall. A single verse will be sufficient by way of a specimen, but that is so stupendously silly, that it may be worth while to mention that the song from which it is taken is really published by a 'respectable' house in New Bond-street. The music is composed by a Mr. Hobson, and the words are the work of a person named Maclagan, by whom it has been sung, according to the title page, 'with immense success.' The title is 'Wanted a Wife,' and the following is the first and by no means the worst of the four stanzas of which it consists:—

'Ho! A Ho! a partner for life, with a hoop a doodle diddle dum!  
Either short or tall, A Ho! A Ho! the fairest of you all,  
With a hoop a doodle diddle dum.  
Oh, ladies dear, mind what I say! Oh, dear ladies, before I go away!  
Oh, dear ladies, mind what I say! Oh, dear ladies, or else I'll faint away!  
[Spoken.]  
Now, ladies! don't all speak at once!

Chorus.  
Hoop a doodle dum! A Ho! A Ho! Hoop a doodle day.'

[Repeated eight times to each of the first three stanzas and twelve times to the fourth.]

This

This is not the babble of infancy, nor the drivel of an inmate either of the asylum at Earlswood or of that at Colney Hatch, but is an actual song that has been sung night after night in the Islington Philharmonic Hall to a crowded audience, who cheered it just as enthusiastically as they would applaud the political orator who flattered them with the usual electioneering phrases of 'free,' 'intelligent,' and 'independent' electors. It would be very easy to multiply instances of this kind of thing, but a single specimen in an altogether different class must suffice. The song of 'Isabella with her Gingham Umbrella' was exceedingly popular a short time ago, and is said to have produced a small fortune for the proprietor. In seven long stanzas it describes the loves and sorrows of a city clerk, in connection with a young lady concerning whom he informs his hearers that when he met her on a penny steamboat:—

—'soon I did diskiver,  
As we steamed up the river,  
She was bo'sun to a bonnet shop in Battersea.  
I asked her her residence, I asked her her name,  
When she said that with pleasure she would tell me the same,  
And putting up her umbrella, said, my name is Isabella,  
And my father keeps a barber's shop in Islington.'

After the manner of his kind, the hero of the song pays his addresses to the young woman, but discovers at last, 'in a sixpenny hop,' that he has been jilted by the faithless Isabella 'for a ginger-whiskered feller,' with whom he discovers her 'doing double-shuffle up at Islington.'

If after these specimens the curiosity of any reader should still be unsatiated—should any one still desire to explore farther in this region of frantic nonsense and conspicuous vulgarity, let him run through the songs that are most popular or that have been so during the last year or two—'The Dark Girl dressed in Blue,' 'The Charming Young Widow I met in the Train,' 'Polly Perkins of Paddington Green,' 'The Belle of Highbury,' 'Didn't she seem to like it,' and the rest; and he will find that they consist for the most part of versified police reports, seasoned with the additional attractions of coarseness and vulgarity, and adorned with Cockney street slang and filthy *doubles entendres* by way of jokes. If, in addition to all this, the inquirer pays a single visit to any one of the places at which those songs are sung, he will speedily be convinced—if any farther conviction be needed—that the chief cause for their popularity consists in their inborn indecency, and in the pleasure that their degraded hearers find in seeing a woman, with no character to boast, dressed in the  
clothes



clothes of a man and singing before a mixed audience songs which twenty years ago would have been confined to the Cider Cellars or the Coal Hole, and would not even in those dens of infamy have found listeners until after midnight.

To what a change in the manners and habits of the English people does this state of things point! It is true that songs and ballads form no longer the staple of our literature, but as a straw will show the direction of the wind, they serve to indicate with more or less precision the habits and tastes of those who delight in them. And if this be the case, and there is really too much reason for thinking that it is, the life of the masses of the middle and lower classes of our countrymen must be compounded in about equal proportions of impurity and frivolity; while their pleasures, if these songs be taken as a criterion, are chiefly derived from the contemplation of profane, vulgar, and revolting ideas and images. There was a time, and that a not far distant one, when the ballads of the English people were based for the most part upon noble and chivalrous subjects; when a love of truth and right, and a hearty scorn of meanness and ignobility of sentiment illuminated the songs of the populace; when if sin, shame, and dishonour were spoken of, they were not turned into matters for vulgar jesting, but a decent gravity was observed, and the dignity of virtue was not insulted; when a healthy and masculine love of Nature and delight in her works shone through the rustic verse; and when some glow of dramatic power and passion gave a living and a vivid reality to even the humblest attempts. But this 'enlightened' age of popular education and smart pupil-teachers has seen a painful change come over all these things. In these latter days success has become the idol before which all must offer their devotions, and now the history of a successful railway contractor, or the life of a wealthy grocer, finds more readers and more admirers than the story of the toil of an apostle, the agony of a martyr, or the glory of a saint. Now, the possession of wealth is held of infinitely higher account than the honours won by diligent and unswerving self-sacrifice, and the history of the children of Israel becomes again a fact for the people of England, inasmuch as they have set up their golden calf higher than ever before, and a degrading Manicheism has usurped the rights of the Maker of the Universe. Such, if the tinsel be stripped off, is the true character of the age, in spite of the rhetorical flourishes with which 'popular' writers have disguised it; and as it is, so is it reflected in the songs and drama of the time. A base, worldly and heartless tone is, indeed, perpetually discoverable in these compositions. Instead of the  
worthy



worthy singers of the times gone by, who found in their hearts the passion and feeling to which they gave life and body in their verse, we have a race of hack-verse makers who derive their inspiration from books, and their subjects from the very worst points in the lives and morals of their fellows. And this is the more to be lamented since the age is not in itself altogether deficient in glorious deeds. Our coasts are the perpetual witnesses of acts of heroic self-sacrifice, and of unconscious and unquestioning bravery and virtue, while an event such as the loss of the 'Birkenhead' is one to the full as splendid as any of those recorded in history—one which must bring tears of joy and pride to the eyes of every true Englishman, and wring from him thanks to God that he is of the same blood with those who died there, and, so far at least, shares in the inextinguishable glory which attaches to their names. But such things as these find no expression in our popular literature, a paragraph in the corner of a country newspaper is their sole record, and they pass into oblivion unhonoured and unsung. We have plenty of songs celebrating the triumphs of vulgarity and chicanery, or relating at ample length the adventures of clerks, shop-girls, and 'dashing Cyprians';—why have we no one to write for us a ballad that might be sung about the streets, or by the fire-sides of English homes in winter—a ballad that might worthily celebrate such deeds as these? Why should our poets and song-writers persist in going to all the ends of the earth for their tragedy, or into the slums of the modern Babylon for their comedy, when materials such as these lie ready to their hands? Or, do they desire subjects of unrelieved grief and terror—our streets are filled night after night with a crowd of well-dressed women, every third one of whom could, if she chose, tell a story of poverty, perfidy, misery, and disgrace, that is a shame and a scandal to a country calling itself Christian. If our verse-writers would but learn the one lesson that 'that is best which lieth nearest,' if they would but write of the greater subjects they see and know, the wrongs and sorrows of these would not be unsung, and we might congratulate ourselves upon the fact that a popular song is no longer the glorification of shame, and a place of popular amusement no longer the home of vice and filthiness.

These considerations all lead down to the true cause of the trifling value of modern song-writing and the modern drama. There was a time in which our balladists wrote, not for the mere sake of writing, or because of the money to be made by their labours, and when our dramatists strove, however imperfectly, to 'hold the mirror up to nature.' The verse

was

was written because the poet could do no otherwise—something within him would find a voice, and bubbled forth into song as naturally as the life and love of the nightingale. With the invention of printing, and the cheap and rapid mode of production thereby introduced, a change came over the aspect of things, and ballad-writing, ceasing to be the work of the poet, became a trade, governed by the laws of supply and demand. The change was, of course, gradual, but it has been complete; its consequence is that ballad-writing is, in the present day, a work of the smallest consideration and lowest practical value. The persons who exercise it are, almost without exception, utterly destitute of all the nobler faculties of insight and dramatic power; but, having a certain knack of versification, they contrive to make a living by the production of a vast quantity of trash, which, were they or their publishers wise, would never see the light. A similar reproach attaches to modern plays. They are produced as a matter of trade, and bear all the characteristics which might be expected on that account. The plots are almost invariably taken from the French, and it not unfrequently happens that the dialogue is transplanted in a similar manner. The consequences are, perhaps, felt most severely by the class which perpetrates the crime. A public accustomed to the highly flavoured dishes which suit the French taste cannot appreciate the simpler plots and less violent sensations which characterize the best periods of the English school, and, as a consequence, the dramatist who relies solely upon his invention in the production of his work is likely to be speedily distanced by his less honest, but more worldly-wise, competitor. As for dramatic criticism, that is practically dead. The journal which attacks the productions of the modern stage, speedily finds itself shut out from those houses the pieces produced at which he has condemned, so that journalistic criticism is reduced either to a complaisant praise of everything produced at every theatre, or to a mere notification of the appearance of a new piece, with the cast and a sketch of the plot. Public expression of opinion is gagged in a somewhat similar way. The enthusiastic pitite who should utter too loudly his contempt for the hash presented to him on the stage, would speedily find himself engaged in the contemplation of the theatre from the outside under the guidance of a policeman in the interest of the management.

The present state of the literature of the stage and of the music halls, leads to some rather serious reflections as to the state of mind of those who enjoy them, and as to the prevailing tone in society which they reveal. The present generation

tion is one greatly given to glorifying itself, to boasting of the material progress which it has made, and to scoffing at the ignorance of its benighted ancestors. But surely we have little reason to be proud of such a state of thought and feeling as that revealed by the songs and plays of which we have spoken. Such things as these are signs of declension rather than progress, and cannot but fill the thoughtful looker-on with the deepest apprehensions for the future of those who take their pleasure in them. He will be inclined to suspect that, with a more extensive range of knowledge, we have become shallower and less reflective; that for the wisdom that comes by thought we have exchanged a crude and superficial knowledge of certain details of fact; that our aspirations, instead of being purified and ennobled by time, have retrograded; and that vice and sensuality have, in spite of our efforts to disguise the fact, to the full as much influence over us as over the most backward of our ancestors. We have, it is true, learned exactly the distance between the sun and the earth, we know how to calculate eclipses, are quite certain that there is nothing supernatural in the lightning, and that the thunder is not the voice of the gods; and now that we have all this knowledge, of what value is it to us? Has it made any one of us wiser or happier, or caused us to occupy ourselves in ways one whit worthier or nobler than those which filled the lives of our forefathers? Are our pleasures purer or more refined? less tainted by sensuality or less scarred by vice? It can hardly be questioned that a truthful answer to these questions must be a decided negative. Noble impulses seem in this whirling town life of ours to be almost dead, or pushed aside at the dictation of a vile theory of expediency. The London music halls—alike by their literature and the company which frequent them—prove only too distinctly where many find their chief pleasure, amongst the triumphs of base and ignoble sentiment, and in the contemplation of the lowest forms of vice and impurity; while the condition of the London theatres affords ample evidence that a vehement sensation is greatly preferred by the majority to the highest forms of poetry or the most refined graces of acting. Of the nonsense uttered at the music halls it seems almost useless to speak, though it certainly is a most remarkable circumstance that the popularity of a song should apparently be in an inverse ratio to the rationality of the words. Their baseness and impurity in language and tendency are open to the strongest animadversion. As literature they are utterly worthless, as far as the provocation of genuine fun is concerned they are worse than useless.

They

They produce no honest and wholesome laughter; the most that they can do is to cause a sort of effervescence of the polluted spirits of the auditors through their lips. It were well if all who delight in them, whose corrupted natures find a congenial food in these worthless and impure stories, who enjoy them, listen to them with approbation, and witness the shameless gestures of the performance without protest, could be brought to see into what a depth of degradation they have fallen, that they have learned 'to call evil good and good evil,' that their conduct is likely, under such circumstances as these, to be a reflection of the amusements in which they take pleasure, that they are likely to be guided by the basest motives, and that they themselves are on their way to become the slaves of the vilest passions. When people do begin to see this—do begin to realize the moral death of which these productions are a sign—then, but not until then, we may look for a reformation in the productions of the stage, and then we may begin to hope that music halls like those now existing, with their concomitant evils, will pass into the limbo of all worthless things, and their literature become a thing of the past.

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#### ART. IV.—STIMULANTS AND NARCOTICS.

1. *Stimulants and Narcotics, their Mutual Relations; with Special Researches on the Action of Alcohol, &c., on the Vital Organism.* By Francis E. Anstie, M.D. London: Macmillan and Co. 1864.
2. *Lectures: Chiefly Clinical.* By Thomas King Chambers, M.D., Honorary Physician to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; Physician to St. Mary's Hospital. London: Churchill and Sons. 1864.

THE medical profession, like every other that has been petted and privileged, is essentially conservative. It clings to the old, and obstinately opposes the new. Hence, within its own circle, and among its own disciples and members, an undying warfare has been carried on, between Authority on the one hand, and Truth on the other. The young and ardent disciples of Physic, inevitably affected by the philosophy of their time, are ever questioning the decrepid 'opinion' of the past, and demanding that it shall justify its existence by the evidence of facts and reason. Protests against  
medical

medical dogmatism, like protests against all other dogmatism, have necessarily arisen, constituting the steps of progress in medical science, so far as it is science at all. As the two bulky volumes before us mark the history, or rather the approaching termination of such a struggle, especially in respect of one very important and practical point connected with Sociology and Temperance, we will, prior to any detailed discussion of the problem, briefly indicate the opinions that have in succession been held and propagated by the medical schools as to the relations of alcohol to the human organism, and each of which in turn has had to vanish before the light of science and the demonstrations of daily life.

First was the period of darkness and of absolute faith in strong drink, and this within the limits of the time when George the Third was king. It was a condition of total national blindness, wherein neither doctors nor patients ever dreamed that alcohol was not a daily necessity, as innocent as water and as valuable as bread! But at the close of the great war men began to think once more, and inquiry and science started forth on a new mission destined to change the entire aspect of the social and physical world. Doubts were engendered, causes were sought into, and truth emerged. Beddoes was succeeded by Carrick and Cheyne and Sir Astley Cooper, who declared that '*spirits and poisons* are synonymous terms.' Combe and Hope and Billing, and other men of that high class, followed in the track; and, as the distilled form of alcohol became discredited as a beverage amongst the intelligent portion of the profession, examination of the facts rapidly spread amongst the outside and deeply interested public. But superstition, especially when sustained by appetite, is like a limpet, and holds on to its barren anchorage with a singular tenacity of life. Hence, secondly, no sooner had the doctrines of Liebig been promulgated than they were at once misinterpreted and misapplied. If alcohol could not nourish it could at least warm; for it had been discovered that it was an element of combustion! After a long reign, during which doctors and *litterateurs* wrote much that was absurd about 'carbon,' it was at last discovered that alcohol was eliminated from the body in great part as alcohol, and that there was no proof that any portion was decomposed or burnt up. A third theory shot up on the continent, the author being Professor Moleschott, who alleged that if alcohol was not food itself it made food last longer; and, therefore, that the bottle was a savings' box! On the same principle, the pipe and the opium pill must be regarded as provender; and so, for awhile, it was contended, by some few

few consistent enthusiasts, that tobacco, opium, arsenic, and alcohol were 'diet'—'extra diet.' By and by, however, this theory was found to mean only this—that the more you kill the molecular life, by narcotizing it, the less life there is; therefore, the less waste; therefore, the less need for food to supply the waste. So, in spite of the names of Johnston, and Lankester, and Lewes, the thing died under the weight of its own ridiculousness, and the wisest of its patrons (Dr. Chambers) read its burial service.

Dr. Anstie now steps in with another saving theory. If alcohol cannot nourish, in any ordinary sense,—if it cannot warm, under the ordinary conditions of the body,—if it is not food, in any *ordinary* usage of the phrase,—then it must be made food in some new and extraordinary sense of the word! In this, at least, our author has accomplished no questionable success; for we have here a costly book of 500 pages, laboriously devoted to prove that alcohol, in certain doses, is a stimulant and a tonic, not a poison; which redefines all the meanings usually attached to the words; which shows that food is medicine and medicine food; that stimulants are tonics, and tonics are stimulants, and food is both; and, therefore, that alcohol is food! Gravely, we assure the incredulous reader that this is the gist and substance of the book, stripped of the elaborate periphrases which cover and conceal the lengthened absurdity. Let us not be unjust to the book, however, for though this verdict is true with respect to leading purpose and final proposition, we concede that the volume exhibits the results of much reading, as well as a praiseworthy attempt at reasoning, and occasionally reproduces some excellent ideas, particularly when the author is working with the conceptions of Dr. Chambers and other writers possessed of more insight than himself.

In the very 'introduction' Dr. Anstie, as it appears to us, misstates the doctrine he designs to refute. Who has ever said that all the results of the use of alcohol, in all doses, are 'the same essentially'? Nay, what can be meant here by this word 'essentially'? We fear that much of his book, as well as much that has been written by writers less learned than Dr. Anstie, is a mere confusion and chaos of words. The cardinal fault is the absence of definition, arising from the absence of clear conceptions on fundamental relations. Affirming, for the sake of argument, that alcohol has a fixed disturbing relation to living tissue and to blood corpuscle; that every appreciable dose, brought into contact with the smallest point of muscle, nerve, or cell, is followed by an unnatural contraction, or a destructive dissolution,—what force have the  
earliest



earliest illustrations of Dr. Anstie against this position? Common salt, says he, is food in small doses; an emetic medicine in medium; a fatal poison in larger. 'It is plain,' he adds, 'that the first and second of these actions\* are not physiologically continuous. The food action consists of being absorbed into the blood, and partly decomposed into acid for the gastric juice, and soda for the bile. The irritant effects are not vital at all, but morbid.' Now, we hold that this is as shallow and as erroneous as a kindred transatlantic theory recently broached—namely, that salt, arsenic, alcohol, &c., do not act in the least, but that the action is confined to the vital organism acting upon them; and is, in fact, that mysterious and mythical principle, yclept 'Vitality,' putting forth its remedial efforts in order to assist and expel what does not act at all! It must be patent to every person capable of thinking, that to resist what does not press or injure is a foolish work of supererogation, of which Nature would scarcely be guilty. It is equally plain that none of these agents are physiologically inert, innocent, or neutral. They palpably provoke resistance, and must, therefore, do something to account for being done-to in that inhospitable and unfriendly fashion! The body, we may suppose, no more seeks to expel its 'friends' than the whole man does; and 'friends' do not systematically sicken, corrode, or intoxicate their hosts. Neither do we employ policemen to expel from our borders people who do nothing wrong. Now is it not undeniable that we have in diet a class of substances which, taken in considerable quantities in health, produce none of these effects; while in drugs we have a numerous class of things the use of which regularly, almost universally, is followed by such disturbances—generally in very minute, and almost in comparatively small, doses? Dr. Anstie is bent upon the Quixotic scheme of abolishing this broad distinction, by what is certainly a very obvious assumption and sophism; and, we may add, as an example of the meeting of extremes, that the theory of the *inertness* of drugs comes to the same conclusion, since it leaves

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\* The author deceives himself with the double meaning of the word 'action'—namely the process of acting, and the result of acting. Now, what sense is there in affirming that a succession of physiological effects are not physiologically continuous? It is as injudicious as to affirm that 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, are not numerically continuous. Will Dr. Anstie tell us what breaks in between 2 and 3, 5 and 6 numerically, or between 'irritation' and 'inflammation' physiologically? Moreover, the illustration is sophistical on another ground—namely, that the same dose is not concerned in the three 'actions' named. It is *not* food, and *emetic*, and *poison* at the same time; and, therefore, the word 'continuous' has no business here. When Dr. Anstie has proved that *any* portion of alcohol (as of salt) is available as *food* for the body by decomposition, he will have caught the teetotalers by putting salt on their tails; but at present he is illogical.

'Vitality'



'Vitality' without any discriminating reason for treating these innocent drugs so violently and so differently. The source of the double fallacy consists in regarding action as one-sided. When the soda and the acid are mingled in the common effervescing draught—which acts and which is inert? Plainly, there is a mutual affinity and a mutual repulsion among the elements; it is an example of coaction. A strong corrosive agent, capable of acting upon dead tissue, will of course not the less act upon the living. Will it, so far as it acts, act differently? No, but the result will be different; while 'the tendency'—its own law and direction of force—will remain the same. The effect is a joint result, whereby one law of force modifies another. For example, let a man slip from the joists of a bath house when the water is out, he may *fall* twenty feet, and break his bones upon the flags. Let him slip when the water is in, and he will fall only fifteen feet to where the water meets and sustains him, and float unharmed on the top of it. 'The pressure,' 'the tendency,' the push or draw downwards, is just 'the same essentially,' but it is resisted or overcome by another condition, or rather by the same tendency modified—the gravity of the water. 'It is manifest,' as Hobbes long ago remarked, 'that efficient and material causes are severally by themselves parts only of an entire cause, and cannot produce any effect but by being joined together. So, also, power, active and passive, are parts only of an entire power; nor, except they be joined, can any act proceed from them; and, therefore, these powers are but conditional—namely, the agent has power if it be applied to a patient; and the patient has power if it be applied to an agent; otherwise, neither of them.'\*

The doctrine of the fixed character of alcohol, then, is no more refuted by Dr. Anstie's illustration than the uniform tendency of gravity in the case of the falling man. The 'actions' of which he speaks are the results of two sets of forces, and must of course be different under different circumstances; but, as it would be absurd to say, that since 'breaking the bones' and 'floating' are plainly different 'results,' therefore, 'falling' is not essentially the same; so it is equally absurd to say that because a certain tendency of salt can be resisted, and a certain quantity utilized, but a larger quantity cannot, or cannot effectually, therefore there is no tendency to 'irritate' in the first dose, and each particle of that salt has a relation to the living tissue different from that of the second dose. Dr. Anstie thus confounds the share of one element of

\* 'On the First Grounds of Philosophy.' Chap. 10. sec. 2.(1655.)

causation with that possessed by another; and, finally, identifies the result with a single force or action concerned in its production! In like manner, Sydenham's two-century old doctrine of 'Disease, a Remedial Effort of Nature,' though far better than the definitions then in vogue, is partial and inaccurate. Disease is, first, the injury inflicted by the action of the poisonous or destructive agency, whatever that may be. Second, the reactions of the system, including whatever may be true 'remedial effort.' The fallacies exposed occur again and again in the volume of Dr. Anstie. In noticing the experiments of Dr. Hammond, who found that while a dose of alcohol, with full allowance of food, sensibly disordered him, with stinted food it left him in a pleasanter condition—a case only proving that of two evils, namely, the absence of food or the presence of a little alcohol, the latter may be the least of the two—Dr. Chambers avoids the fallacy of Dr. Anstie, observing 'we cannot doubt that the *essential action* of the alcohol was identical in both cases; but in the last, the blunting of the nerve force was requisite for perfect life; in the first it was not wanted, and was, therefore, injurious.' In commercial, as in physiological life, it may be requisite or expedient a man should borrow money in some exigency of trade, or panic of the market, even at heavy interest; but who, save a purblind theorist, would on that account enter upon an elaborate argument to prove that 'borrowing' was not a dangerous course to pursue; or that it would not be followed by some kind of loss; or that it was a legitimate provision of mercantile pabulum, and was in fact as profitable as any other kind, or indeed all the same with any other?

The remark of Dr. Chambers very well disposes of the revived argument for narcotics, derived from the fact that in many nations and ages we find people addicted to their use, as to many common follies and common sins. The occasional use of artificial alcohol is right, in certain very small doses, in certain states of incipient disease—runs the argument—because some hundreds of millions of people have been in the habit of using to excess (both as to time and quantity) the naturally provided narcotics of opium, hashish, coco, and tobacco! People who are uneasy, naturally enough desire ease; and, therefore, rush to any agent which, as they have learned, possesses the property of 'blunting their sensations.' How we get beyond this fact, or justify the wisdom or innocence of the practice by repeating it, we fail to see.

Passing from the introduction, we come to the history of the doctrine of stimulus, which is by far the most amusing and instructive part of Dr. Anstie's book. Sixty-four pages  
are

are devoted to showing 'the striking confusion of ideas' that has prevailed in his profession, and which, we doubt, he is not destined materially to clear up. Here and there, as he passes on, we note concessions and statements exceedingly damaging to the authority of medicine, and which we trust may tend to shake the blind faith which the public repose in medical opinion. Teaching and tending in the same direction are many passages of absolute no-meaning, which the author cites from the highest authorities of his profession, and offers as the fruits of a matured medical philosophy. We content ourselves with just two specimens. First, take Professor Bennett's description of 'Inflammation'—a portrait with the subject totally omitted! He 'speaks of it as (1) originally caused by an irritation of the ultimate molecules of the part, in consequence of which their vital power of selection is destroyed, and that of their attraction is increased. The strong pulse, the fever, the increased flow of blood in the neighbourhood of the inflamed parts, are (2) the results of inflammation, and show that the economy is at work repairing (3) the injury. The results can only be remedied by the natural action of ordinary cell processes' (*i.e.* nutrition). But where and what is the 'inflammation' itself? It is left unexplained; and we have here a professed account of 'an inflammatory process' with the nature of the process quite forgotten! On the following page (56) the observations of Professor Lister are reproduced to place inflammation 'in a new light'; which is professedly done in the six statements following:—1. The early stages are characterized by a tendency of blood corpuscles to adhere to each other, inducing obstruction to the circulation. 2. This adhesive property is *not* a vital one, since it is never seen in health, and can be produced in effused blood by chemical action on the plasma. 3. It affects the white, or less vitalized corpuscles, more than the red. 4. The cause [effect?] is due to some change in the containing blood vessels. 5. The earliest stages of a local irritation are accompanied by 'vital depression.' 6. Therefore inflammation consists in the removal of the modifying influences of the living (healthy) state, allowing the physical properties of the parts, hitherto restrained, to come into play. Let the reader carefully examine these half dozen sentences, and tell us what he finds, save this—that corpuscular adhesiveness is a condition of the blood in inflammation, caused by some change in the blood vessels of a chemical rather than vital kind, since the more life or health the less of this diseased condition! The sixth concluding axiom, literally rendered, amounts to the truism that when vital forces are stronger  
chemical

chemical forces are weaker—that when matter is not living it acts like non-living matter—which we are by no means disposed to question; but that such propositions can further sound philosophy of any kind, we may, without presumption, most gravely doubt. In immediate connection with this subject we stumble upon a curious contradiction. Dr. Anstie started with the dogma that ‘if the action of all doses of a [meaning *any one*] drug is the same essentially, it ought to be true universally’; but at p. 58 we are told that ‘all irritant action—*i.e.* action capable, if prolonged, of causing inflammation—is of a radically distinct, if not opposite, kind from whatever increases the proper functions of a part—whatever, in fact, makes it to be more alive.’ His illustration of difference is that of mustard applied (1) to ‘a delicate web of *naked* capillaries, and (2) of mustard, largely diluted with our food, operating upon the sheathed and protected coats of the stomach’! Now, in this case, we can perceive no difference of *kind* in the sinapic action, but only one of degree; just as we see no difference in the mode of action of heat, whether we place the hand an inch, or a foot, or a yard from the fire. The physiological result may be different, but heat has not, therefore, two modes of action, radically distinct. There is, neither in the mustard, nor the heat, nor the alcohol, a degree of it which forms a pivot or turning point of difference; but, to use Dr. Anstie’s own words, it is a case of prolonged and continuous action, more or less resisted or neutralized. But, by the definition, this irritant action is not essentially inflammatory, but only such when prolonged; and, therefore, the initial degrees differ from the terminal in their results, while they are essentially but one action ‘prolonged.’ Now, while Dr. Anstie, as we have seen, had previously argued that if every dose of any drug is the same in its action, it is true of all drugs—he has here virtually admitted that some irritants produce an action not inflammatory in one degree, but certainly so in another if prolonged; and, therefore, by his own logic, if it be true of one agent it is true universally, and, by consequence, true of alcohol. In other words, the inflammatory action of alcohol is but a prolonged action of an irritant, and is, therefore, ‘radically distinct from whatever increases the proper functions of a part.’ And this, in fact, is the precise conclusion at which, with his clearer insight and more logical mind, Dr. Chambers has arrived:—

‘On the whole we may conclude that the effect of continued small doses of alcohol is to diminish vital metamorphosis, to make it irregular, and to induce, in healthy people, the necessity for crises of evacuation.’—P. 561. ‘What I wish particularly to mark is, that the primary as well as the secondary action is a diminution of vitality in the nervous system.’—P. 568.

Dr.

Dr. Anstie's criticism upon Virchow, the great cellular pathologist, at p. 53, indicates either great prejudice or great powers of misapprehension. 'Every vital act' [effect], says Virchow, 'presupposes an excitation or an irritation. The irritability [or power of reaction] in a part, appears to us the criterion by which we judge whether it is alive or dead. The different [re]actions which can be provoked by the influence of any external agency [or exciting agent] are essentially of three kinds—a manifestation either of function, nutrition, or formation.' Dr. Anstie calls this 'vitalism,' and an 'artificial abstraction'! But what is really given us here? An external agent and a susceptible subject, which, together, equal (1) cause and (2) result—namely, a certain play of the organism. Apply a solution of tannin to a dead skin. Will it redden or inflame? No, but tan. Apply it to a living stomach. Will it tan? No, but it will redden or inflame. This is all Virchow really says or means; and these are facts, not abstractions; and have no relation to the dogma of the vital instinct, intelligence, or archæus. Passing over the second chapter of Dr. Anstie's book, we come, in the third, to what he calls 'reconstruction.' A quotation from Coleridge forms the starting point, wherein that philosopher says that 'the lower powers of nature [physical forces] are *assimilated*, not merely employed, and assimilated presupposes the homogeneous nature of the thing assimilated'—i.e. *like to like*, which is what we mean by nutrition—'else it is a *miracle*, only not the same as creation, because it would imply that additional and equal miracle of annihilation.' Then Dr. Anstie proceeds with his attempt to persuade us into the belief of a series of such miracles—to wit, that tissue and organ can be long and continuously worked without food (or what is the same thing, adequate food), and yet that force shall not disappear; or, if it does, that what is not like the organism, or what does not even stop in the body, shall sustain, or nourish, or feed it! Men shall live and be plump, work and not waste, while they consume a few grains per day of the coco leaf, a few grains of a stimulant, a few whiffs of a pipe, or a few ounces of gin! Nay, at p. 160, he says, that 'life may be maintained for weeks on water as its only pabulum,' except 'the atmosphere,' and except 'the tissues.' We had no true idea before of the virtues of the pump, or of the nutrition of the air, but if these can accomplish such marvels as to become nerve and brain, bone and muscle, it is time to abandon our scepticism in regard to the magic leaf and pipe, and still more marvellous alcoholic elixir.

We have seen persons in trance living without food altogether;

gether; we have known persons who alleged that they took no food, and parted with no solids or liquids, or next to none; and we recently were cognizant of the case of a young woman who subsisted (so far as her friends knew) on an ounce or two of toast per day, a small cup of coffee, and two or three dessert spoonfuls of cod liver oil, *for nearly a year*, walking or riding about during the time. The dilemmas are at the service of Dr. Anstie, for the cases are not complicated with alcohol. Either no-food in trance is food, or the little food is deception; or there are states of the body (induced by natural causes, as well as by narcotics) in which the molecular change or waste in the tissues is reduced to a point so low as to be adequately met by the food originally in the body, whether in the blood or the tissues. But that any of the miracles of Dr. Anstie's theory are wrought, we most certainly disbelieve. Whatever else the water, the tobacco, the coco, and the alcohol may do, they cannot achieve the impossible. Whatever we may *not* know about 'the conditions of life,' we know that bricks cannot repair glass; that machinery of any sort, low or high, artificial or vital, cannot work without change; that 'force' comes into the organism only by nutriment; and that neither smoke nor alcohol, neither coco nor opium, can act like genuine food.

But we tire in this hunt of sophisms. The book is a mere play upon words, with a pernicious tendency; and, in a scientific point of view, has no value at all. The author admits that Dr. Todd's theory has broken down, but he still contends for his practice! The course of experiment, however, even within the profession, has now overturned the conclusion of the book. Professor Gairdner, of Glasgow, and Dr. Wilks, of London, have given the *coup de grace* to the alcoholic prescription of alcohol. Their elaborate papers and reports leave no standing ground for Dr. Anstie. The *Lancet*, of February 11th, 1865, recants on behalf of the profession, and gives the correct title to the practice which has so long and so fatally been adopted—the joint result of professional prejudice and public credulity.

'We take credit to ourselves,' says the editor, 'for having brought before the profession from time to time the therapeutical fashion of stimulation, which has been so prevalent of late years, and for having suggested doubts as to whether it was a fashion based on grounds which would bear scrutiny. There are few things more remarkable in the recent history of medicine than the extent to which alcohol has been introduced, and the importance which has attached to it in the treatment of disease. Coincidentally with a greatly reduced use of it in society, has occurred a greatly increased use of it in medicine. Judging from the London practice of the last few years, a cursory and casual observer might think that alcohol was a remedy of specific power, the triumphant introduction of which was to make Dr. Todd as famous as vaccination made Jenner, and chloroform Simpson. We are not surprised to hear of the failure of this plan.'



Dr. Gairdner, however, shall speak for himself:—

'The habitual exhibition of drugs and stimulants has a great tendency to mask the disease, to disturb or retard the crisis, and to increase the mortality. This is an opinion formed after a most careful observation of particular cases in detail over many years. I venture to put it forward as a law, that in a large proportion of cases, typhus fever, left to its natural course, and treated with abundant milk diet, and without drugs or stimulants, will have its natural crisis before the twelfth day. . . . Milk or buttermilk is with me the staple food in typhus—I know no other food that can be depended on. To give wine, whisky, and beef-tea while withholding milk, is simply, in my opinion, to destroy your patient; and the more wine or whisky you give, while withholding milk, the more sure you will be to destroy your patient soon, because you are thereby superseding the natural appetite (or what remains of it) for a nourishing and wholesome diet, by a diet—if it can be so called—which poisons the blood and checks the secretions, and alters for the worse the whole tone of the nervous system, and of the digestion and assimilation.'

That alcohol can give no force, because it can give no nutrition, in any form or quantity, Dr. Chambers also allows:—

'I do not think we shall be able to trace any direct increase of force to alcohol, even in the smallest doses, or for the minutest periods of time. . . .

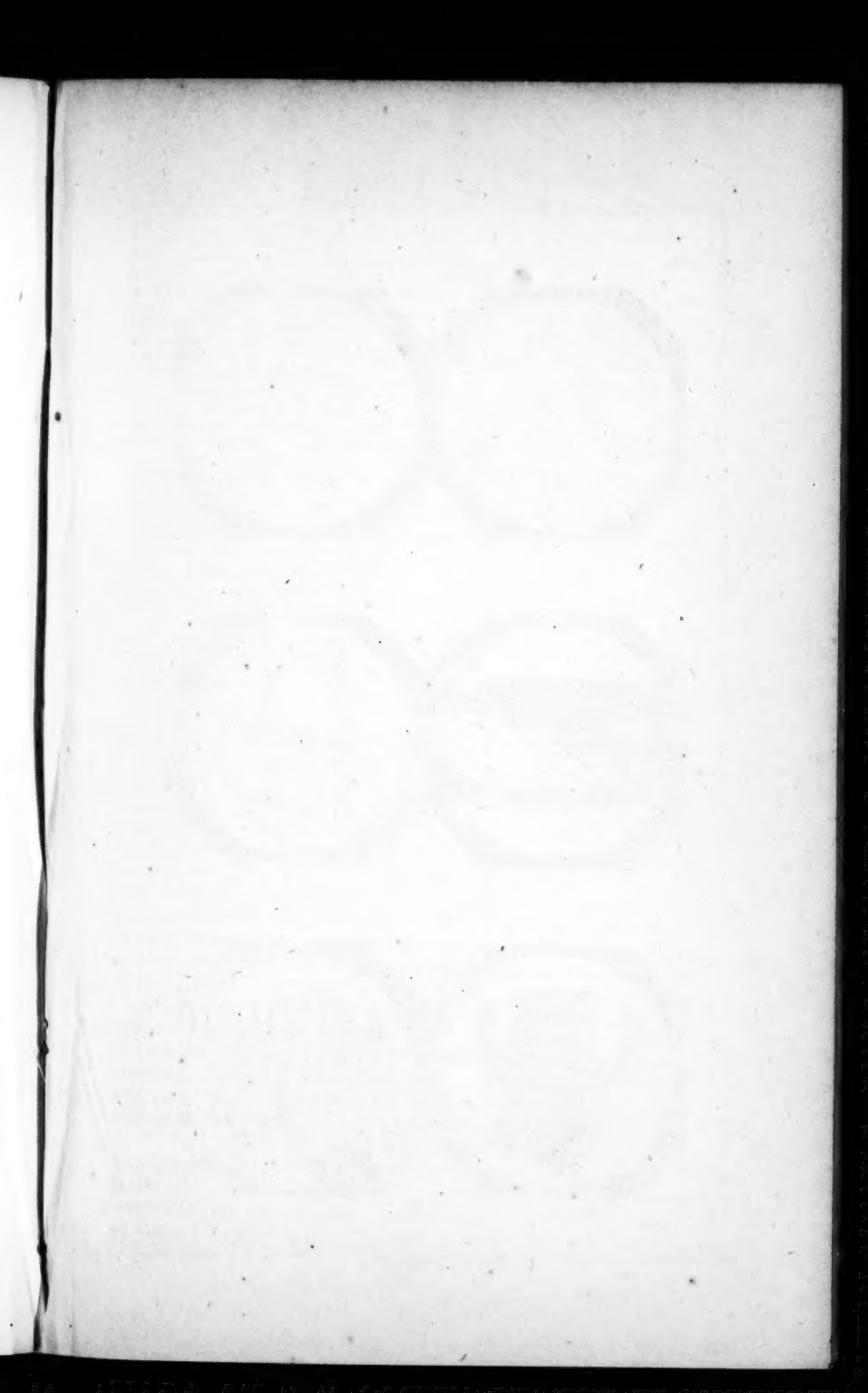
'In a patient lately under my care the same peculiar sensation of stiffness, and also the objective phenomena of rigidity of skin, without loss of sensation [which follow the use of alcoholics] were produced by the pressure of diseased bone on the fifth nerve inside the skull. If we call this symptom a partial paralysis from partial obliteration of nervous function (to which I suppose nobody will demur), we must call the effects of alcohol also a partial obliteration of nervous function, for the phenomena are strictly identical.—P. 567.

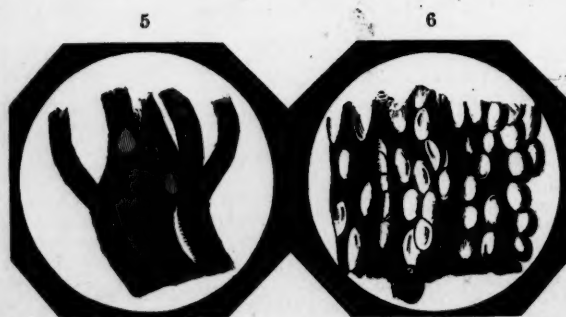
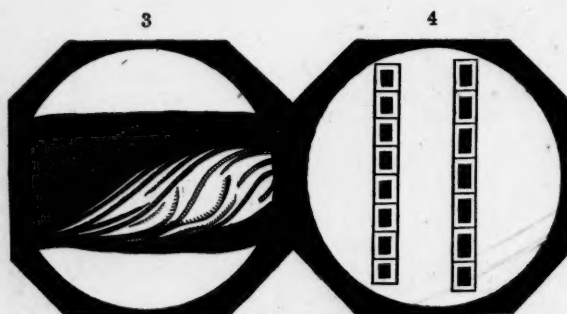
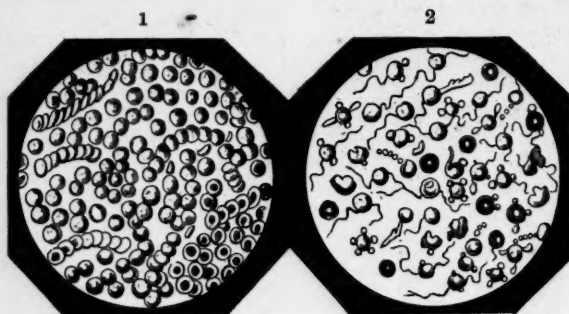
The whole issue of Dr. Anstie's theory, however, if it were as true as it is absurd, would leave the temperance doctrine and practice intact. Suppose it to be a fact, that under certain abnormal states, a person may take such very minute doses of alcohol, at certain intervals, as will not produce any perceptibly poisonous effect or after depression—though we and others have perceived that even a table spoonful of wine produces effects of an abnormal character—what then? We shall require a physician to prescribe it, and one who knows the exact state and constitution of the patient; for the use, in frequency and quantity, will vary with every case; or, in other words, the whole system of social drinking must be excluded from the conditions and limitations laid down by our author.

There is, however, a class of effects resulting from the use of alcohol that are altogether unnoticed by the argument of Dr. Anstie, which are not questions of pulsation, or temperature, or feeling, but of intimate structure, illustrating the necessary and inevitable antagonism existing between the poisonous agent and the living tissue.

Blood disease is the first example of what we mean; and it will be worth while practically to illustrate this. The blood consists of a fluid, termed *liquor sanguinis*, and the corpuscles or blood discs floating in the former. It is well known to  
microscopic







microscopic observers of the blood\* how speedily elements of diet, medicinal substances, and poisons, pass into the *liquor sanguinis*, and how the corpuscles of the blood become affected by these various agents. By experimenting on the blood with sherry wine, or diluted alcohol, the discs become altered in shape, and throw out matter from the interior; minute molecular particles also fringe the circumference. Some of these molecules separate from the blood discs and swim about in the fluid; others elongate into tails, which wave about in a tremulous and very remarkable manner. (See figure 2.) There can be no doubt that when the *liquor sanguinis* becomes surcharged with alcohol, either by imbibition of small quantities daily, or of a large quantity suddenly, the blood corpuscles not only become affected, but the *liquor sanguinis* itself also suffers deterioration. An unwholesome or deficient diet gives rise to many blood diseases, such as gout, scurvy, fever, diarrhœa, &c.; and, indeed, it would be strange if substances taken as food did not impart their qualities to the fluid of the blood, and also to the corpuscles. The day after a debauch, the parched tongue, the nausea, the shivering and feverish symptoms invariably experienced, testify, that not only has the blood become poisoned or deteriorated in quality, but that it has circulated such poison to every organ of the body. Professor Schultz truly states, 'that alcohol stimulates the blood discs to an increased and unnatural contraction, which hurries them on to the last stage of development, that is, induces their premature decay and death. The colouring matter is dissolved out of them, and the pale discs lose all their vitality, whence less oxygen can be absorbed and less carbon carried out.'† It is not difficult to recognize the pale anæmic condition of the

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\* Our friend, Dr. Henry Monroe, F.L.S., of Hull, in a recent lecture has given some interesting illustrations, which we are permitted to copy.

Figure 1 shows blood corpuscles. Some with darkened centres, owing to the focal point at which they are seen; others in rolls indicative of slight inflammatory action (250 diameters).

2. Blood corpuscles altered from their natural shape by the action of sherry wine or diluted alcohol (250 diameters).

3. Striated appearance of muscular fibre separating into fibrillæ (250 diameters).

4. Structure of ultimate fibrillæ of striated muscular fibre, as seen under a higher magnifying power, showing how it contracts under galvanic influence (of nerves or art).

5. Fatty degeneration of the muscular fasciculi of the heart. The striated appearance nearly obliterated and composed of oil globules (400 diameters).

6. Fatty degeneration of muscular fibre far advanced, and wholly composed of minute molecules. The transverse striae wholly obliterated, and fat cells of various sizes running between, and attached to the fasciculi.

† Cited in Dr. Lees's 'History of Alcohol' (1847).

daily spirit drinker. The experiments of Dr. Böcker on the blood, with spirits, wine, and beer, the results attested by the microscope, and the researches of Dr. Virchow, all concur to prove that alcohol poisons the blood, and arrests the development, as well as hastens the decay, of the red globules.\* Dr. Böcker noticed the alterations undergone by the blood of habitual alcohol drinkers as yet in good health—viz., a partial loss of power to become red by exposure to the air, in consequence of the loss of vitality in a portion of the blood discs. This loss of vitality manifests itself by the formation of black specks (oil) in the discs, and then by their conversion into round pale globules, which in all cases of disease (or of diminished vitality) are found in excess in the blood. This devitalized condition of the nutritive fluid is probably the first step to the devitalization of the tissue which it feeds.

Fatty degeneration is another disease to which reference is now frequently made in medical literature. A very frequent cause of this disease is the habitual presence of alcohol in the circulating medium. There is no kind of tissue, whether healthy or morbid, that may not undergo fatty degeneration; and there is no organic disease so troublesome to the medical man, or so difficult of cure. It is a fact that the fibro-albuminous substance called flesh, under certain circumstances, undergoes a transformation into fat. In involuntary muscle this degeneration begins with the transverse striæ, and more especially at the circumference of the fasciculus. As this extends inwards, minute molecules of fat take the place of the striæ, and at length obliterate them, so that at last the normal structure of the muscle entirely disappears. When cut into with the knife, a greasy stain is left upon the blade. The heart, when affected with fatty degeneration, which is often the case with persons addicted to spirit drinking, loses the firm muscular appearance which characterizes it in health, and presents a pale, yellowish buff colour, sometimes extending throughout, at others limited to individual parts. To show the frequency of this peculiar disease, Dr. Ogle says that in 143 *post mortems* he found 100 persons whose hearts were thus affected, and that in each case a microscopic examination of this organ was made. Dr. King Chambers truly says, 'that the most active renewal of the body possible is health—the cessation of renewal is death—the arrest of renewal is disease.' Now, as the direct action of alcohol is to arrest the renewal, how can a medical man wisely recommend as a vital tonic, that alcohol which has the property of arrest-

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\* See 'Works of Dr. Lees,' vol. i. (1854).

ing the metamorphosis of tissue? Again, says the same high authority, 'in death decomposition goes on to its end, there is no renewal of the organism, and the living form disappears. In disease decomposition goes on, but there is an arrest of renewal; and the decayed tissues are not thrown off by the newly-formed substance—they become degenerate—not regenerate—a kind of death in life.'

If by the aid of the microscope we examine a very fine section of muscle taken from a person in good health, whose flesh is firm, elastic, and of a bright red colour, we find it made up of parallel fibres, with beautiful crossings or striæ; but if we examine the muscle of a man who leads an idle, sedentary life, and is accustomed to the use of intoxicating drinks, we shall detect at once the pale, flabby, inelastic, oily appearance which is seen in the examination of the heart so diseased. Alcoholic narcotization appears to produce this peculiar condition of the tissues more than any other agent with which we are acquainted. 'Three-quarters of the chronic illnesses,' says Dr. Chambers, 'are occasioned by this disease.' The eminent French analytical chemist, Lecanu, found as much as 119 parts of fat in 1,000 parts of a drunkard's blood—the highest estimate of the quantity in health being  $8\frac{1}{4}$  parts, while the ordinary amount is not more than two or three parts; so that the blood of the drunkard contains forty times in excess of the ordinary quantity. Must there not be an intermediate condition of every degree between? Take, as an instance, a very suddenly fatal case of this disease which occurred to Dr. Monroe not long ago, and which, he states, is only one of a like character with half a dozen more which he has witnessed during the last few years. A person of middle age, rather stout, of exceedingly quiet habits, never appearing to be in a hurry about his business or anything else; inactive, taking only moderate exercise, never seen walking fast or exerting himself; but who had contracted the bad habit of drinking a glass of whisky two or three times a day, though never seen drunk or appearing in the least excited. He was the picture of good health, having had scarcely a day's illness in his whole life. Latterly he sometimes complained of a fulness at the chest and slight beating of the heart. One day, after having partaken of his dinner, a glass of ale and his pipe, as usual, he rose up to go to his business, but suddenly dropped down on the floor and died immediately. On making the *post mortem* examination, the brain, to all appearance, was healthy; so were the heart, lungs, liver, and other viscera of the body. The man had died, apparently, without the slightest indication of organic disease or any serious

serious lesion to account for so sudden a catastrophe. 'I then,' says Dr. Monroe, 'made thin sections of the heart, liver, and kidneys, and placed them under the microscope, which immediately revealed the mystery of his death, since every organ, subjected in turn to microscopic analysis, exemplified the slow, structural disorganization of this disease. The fibres of the heart, a powerful muscle, had become so enfeebled and degenerated by the interstitial deposit of fat globules, that it had suddenly and spasmodically ceased to act, whence death resulted.' Had the man been a pure water drinker, such a suddenly fatal termination could hardly have happened. It is the misfortune of almost every medical man in good practice, to have some scores of patients in a year, labouring under various forms of fatty degeneration, who would never have occasion to require his services, were they willing to forego the daily use of small quantities of alcohol. A word to the wise is sufficient.

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#### ART. V.—RICHARD COBDEN.

1. *Speeches of Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P., on Peace, Financial Reform, Colonial and other subjects, delivered during 1849.*
2. 1793 and 1853, in Three Letters. By Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P. 1853.
3. *Richard Cobden, M.P.* A Lecture delivered at St. James's Hall. By Newman Hall, LL.B. 1865.

THE grave has closed over Richard Cobden. On the seventh of March last, in the calm repose of a spring day, and under a bright sun, the churchyard of Lavington, situated on the brow of one of the beautiful Sussex hills, received the remains of the great economist. There was something touching and appropriate in the funeral ceremony; it was as simple and unadorned as had been the language and habits of the living man. Around that grave were assembled some hundreds of men, who without invitation had met to pay this tribute of respect to the departed. These men represented all the interests, to the promotion of which he had consecrated his energies and his talents. It was most fitting that the companions of his life, those who had shared his struggles and their triumphs, should accompany his relics to their last earthly home. This fact will speak to posterity more eloquently than if he had been borne in solemn pomp to the national mausoleum of England's illustrious



trious dead. It conveys also an impressive lesson to the distant; and there is not a corner of the world to which the sad intelligence has been carried, where there have not been found stricken and mourning hearts to receive it. The good done by Richard Cobden is confined to no country or race. His name has taken its place among the great men who have worked in the cause of universal freedom and civilization. He endeavoured to break down the barriers which legislation and State policy had erected under specious names, and which had the effect of separating man from man, and creating unnatural jealousies and enmities among peoples. His voice was ever raised in behalf of the down-trodden and the oppressed, under whatever government they may live or whatever language they may speak.

The press has been unanimous in bearing testimony to the uprightness of his motives, and the true nobleness of his character. All political differences have been sunk in the general sorrow, and there is but little left for us to say. We cannot, however, be silent when a man like Richard Cobden has passed away. We cannot withhold our expression of grief, although the weight of it may in some degree choke the utterance. We do not aspire to the higher strain of panegyric, we would not eulogize the dead any more than we would flatter the living. He needs the inscription of no 'lofty line,' his works speak for him. We seek only to apply, and this especially to the industrial classes of his countrymen, the lesson that is taught by his steady, consistent, and laborious career, and to deduce for their contemplation the moral that is supplied by his comparatively early death. No one in his generation has done more than he to improve the condition of the class who labour; no public man manifested more sympathy for them, and by none will the public loss be more felt than by them. It is not our intention to present a memoir of Richard Cobden. A very brief glance for our present purpose will suffice.

There is nothing of striking interest in the youthful life of Richard Cobden, although some French writers have raised him from the lowly position of a Sussex ploughboy. His schoolboy days present nothing above the rank of commonplace. He shared in a fair degree the advantages of home culture and school education which fell to the lot of those born in his station of life—in the beginning of the present century. He drew his first breath in a farmhouse which occupied the site of that which he had made his country residence up to the time of his death, it having been rebuilt for him by a number of his attached admirers and friends.

friends. His birth is dated the third of June, 1804. He was descended from a respectable family of the yeoman class, who had lived in the farmhouse at Dunford for more than two hundred years. His grandfather had been several times the chief magistrate of the neighbouring town of Midhurst. Of his family he used to speak often and freely, and it seemed pleasant to him in the more exciting period of his public career to refer to the scenes of his boyhood and youth. He spoke of his father as being kind-hearted and honourable, but without business aptitude, and consequently, having entered upon farming at an unfortunate time, as not being a prosperous man. His mother, he said, was a woman of great energy of character, and of both parents he expressed himself in terms of gratitude and affection. At an early age he removed to the counting-house of an uncle in London, where he advanced himself by dint of shrewdness, diligence, and quick intelligence. The notions of men of business of that time were very different from those which now prevail among men of the same class, and his uncle thought that the love of reading displayed by his young assistant would interfere with his future success as a tradesman. The hours in offices and warehouses were very long, and young men were expected to give all the time to business not imperatively demanded for rest and meals. Richard Cobden in after life often remarked with much satisfaction upon that change in public opinion and usage which has enabled young men to gratify a reasonable love of recreation, and devote some portion of every day to the cultivation of the mind. Like all men who have acquired a large amount of knowledge in a severe school, and who have been to some extent self-taught, he insisted strongly upon the necessity for young men laying the foundation of a life of usefulness by practising strict self-denial, by reading good books, by a careful observation of the current events, and especially by the study of mankind. At the time referred to he was acquiring that knowledge, and maturing those habits of self-command which gave power and effect to his public efforts; and the uncle lived to see the reading boy, of whose future he had entertained such grave doubts, take a distinguished place among the foremost men of his time, while reverses and misfortunes in business overshadowed his own later experience. Mr. Cobden allowed fifty pounds per annum to his aged relative during the remainder of his earthly life. After Richard left his uncle's warehouse, he became a commercial traveller, and subsequently took his place as partner in a Manchester firm; and it is stated, on good authority, that at the time he embarked in the League agitation

tion his own share in the profits amounted to £9,000 per annum. Mr. Cobden, however, had an ambition, for which the details of a counting-house or manufactory could not find sufficient scope nor adequate employment. From almost his first appearance in Manchester he took part in the local politics of the borough, as well as an interest in the larger and more national questions of the day.

In Mr. Cobden's career, so far, there is nothing remarkable and nothing to distinguish him from a great number of our public men. In all communities, but especially among the Saxon races, there are examples of a like success. In our own country there are many who, from a humbler origin and with fewer advantages of education, have attained position, and in fact won for themselves or their immediate descendants the highest honours of the State. There could be collected a still more numerous list of examples of men who have raised up colossal establishments, and realized princely fortunes from smaller beginnings. But Cobden stands among the few who have abandoned lucrative commercial pursuits to pursue a public object, and who have declined to receive, in the shape of title, office, or pension, that reward which is usually reserved for distinguished services, and can be received without suspicion or reproach by the man of strictest principle. Mr. Cobden declined all this in the most quiet and unostentatious manner. There was nothing of the cynic in his nature, nor was he insensible to the intended honour. The refusal was, however, an evidence of his inflexible tenacity of purpose. He knew that nothing the Government of his country had to bestow could add to a reputation so honestly and honourably acquired, but he felt that possibly it might impair his influence. He was faithful to his mission. He was wont to say that the triumph of free trade principles would never be complete so long as a custom-house remained upon any shore, or a single tariff existed. It was the duty and business of his life to give expression on every available opportunity to the great idea which first moved his mind against the Corn Laws. The highest offices or titles could have no attractions for him, but even if their acceptance would have been agreeable he would have rejected them, inasmuch as he would have felt that they might fetter his free action, or surround him with obligations from which it would be difficult to break loose.

It will not be an unprofitable retrospect to look back upon the time when Richard Cobden appeared on the scene as the apostle of free trade doctrines. He had acquired a reputation as a writer by the appearance of some letters in the local  
journals,

journals, and by the publication of a work on 'England and America,' and another on 'Russia.' Although these works were published anonymously, as written by a Manchester manufacturer, it soon became known that the author was Mr. Alderman Cobden. Had he sought to win renown as a successful agitator, no career could have seemed so unpromising at the time as that of joining in a crusade against the Corn Laws. Their retention was fought for as stubbornly as slavery has been subsequently contested in America, but with this difference, that we have been able to settle our disputes without an appeal to the arbitrament of the sword. The protectionist party were all-powerful in Parliament, and had an immense influence in the country; and, besides this, although there was much and wide-spread distress, the minds of the people were uninstructed as to the actual causes of that distress. There was great apathy among the manufacturers themselves, and the working classes, who began to declare a bitter disappointment as to the result of the Reform Bill, had joined in an agitation for the People's Charter. Among the more intelligent of the working classes Socialism had obtained many converts, and, both by the Chartists and the Socialists, the free trade doctrine was regarded as a nostrum which would increase competition, place more power in the hands of the manufacturers, and grind down the poor to a lower depth of poverty and degradation. This was the state of public opinion when the Anti-Corn Law League commenced its active operations; but, on the other hand, it had justice behind its demands, and it was aided by those terrible teachers—starvation among the poorer, and bankruptcy among the middle classes. Ever since the termination of the war there had been periodical visitations of distress, and by turns all the manufacturing districts had bowed before it. Each shock seemed heavier than the one which had preceded it, and although there might be occasional gleams of prosperity, the gloom was never wholly dispersed. A storm seemed impending that threatened nothing short of social disorganization. In 1838 the distress was extreme in many parts of Lancashire, and in Bolton it had reached an almost unexampled severity. Of fifty manufactories in that town thirty were entirely closed. About five thousand workmen were out of employment, one-fourth of the houses were without tenants, and the prisons and workhouses were full to overflowing. Dr. Bowring, who then represented the borough in Parliament, had brought the question before the House, and an inquiry into the extent and causes of manufacturing distress had been made, but without resulting in any specific measure

measure of relief. Dr. Bowring insisted upon ascribing the want of employment and consequent suffering to the existence of the Corn Laws. A committee of the principal manufacturers had been formed in Manchester for the purpose of inquiry, and Mr. Paulton, a young surgeon, who had delivered some powerful addresses in Bolton on the subject of the Corn Laws, was invited over to Manchester to repeat the lectures. A petition against the Corn Laws was adopted by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, and an association was formed, which in a brief space of time enrolled above twenty-five thousand members. This association commenced the *Anti-Bread Tax Circular*, and sent forth Mr. Paulton and a staff of lecturers, who found willing listeners and made many converts.

Mr. Cobden was not a careless observer of the movement. At a meeting connected with its object, he had been describing the birth, growth, and the principles of the Hanseatic League, and other associations which had sprung up in the middle ages—to assert the rights of the burgher classes against the encroachments of aristocratic domination. Some one in the meeting, in a moment of enthusiasm, shouted out, ‘Why should we not have a League?’ The speaker caught the inspiration, and said, ‘Yes! an Anti-Corn Law League.’ That moment found a name and a leader for the new association, and from that hour Richard Cobden became a power in the country. In 1841 he made his first speech in the House of Commons, amid the derision and amazement of the country gentlemen; but that speech established him in the assembly as a man thoroughly in earnest, and fully understanding the great principle he had been sent there to defend. We leave the further history of that time, but it can never be perused without pausing to reflect upon the lustre given to two great names—those of Sir Robert Peel and Richard Cobden. There were others who took a glorious part in the great struggle, but so many that even to name them is impossible, and all but one selection would be invidious. None will think their own pretensions slighted if at such a moment, when the nation is mourning a great loss, we confine ourselves to one great name, that of John Bright, a man whom Richard Cobden especially revered and loved, and who repaid that love with true loyalty and unswerving faith.

We turn from the history of Richard Cobden to contemplate the man himself, and we do so because in many of the flattering notices of his death there is evidence that he was not fully understood. It has been the fashion in certain quarters, and among those who could not appreciate the sterling qualities of a mind like that of Richard Cobden, or  
who

who from interest or inclination sought to underrate the man, to represent him as working from contracted views, as misinterpreting the teachings of history, arrogating the functions of the prophet, and signally failing in the correctness of his predictions. While they give him the fullest credit for honesty of purpose and directness of action, they do so at the expense of his judgment and sagacity. They have pronounced him a mere political economist, ignoring all principles which do not bow absolutely to the stern rules of his own science, and as being, in fact, one of the founders and one of the strictest teachers of the Manchester School. These objectors do not inform us what are the admitted or supposed tenets of a school which is inferentially condemned, but which, at the same time, is said to include many of the most practical minds of the age. Generally, we may assume that they point out its philosophy as one that places commerce above everything else; they tell us that its disciples are men who look with vulgar scorn upon all that is glorious in our traditions, and upon the memories of heroic achievement and noble sacrifice bequeathed to us by our forefathers, and hold as an article of political faith that art, literature, and science are only worthy of cultivation to the extent that they can be made subservient to the purposes of trade. There are men, it is true, and it is to be feared that they grow in numbers in the same ratio of increase as the wealth and prosperity of the country, who intensify their desires and their aims, and concentrate all upon the acquisition of wealth. The desperate energy with which such men follow out their favourite schemes, and prosecute the most gigantic undertakings, serves no doubt an important and useful purpose, inasmuch as the results enable us to enter into successful competition with the world, and to carry our productions to the uttermost ends of the earth. But while they give power, perhaps in a much larger degree they bring weakness to the State. To make commerce the one great object of pursuit, rather than subservient to the higher purposes of life, is to invert the proper order of things. In all ages of the world the moralist has proclaimed the same great truth, that wealth has a tendency to generate corruption and decay, and the moral has been enforced by pointing to the wreck of empires which survive only in name. It is not less a truth now than when it was taught amidst the flourishing civilization of Carthage, that opulence begets luxury, luxury leads to effeminacy, and effeminacy to decrepitude and premature death. Communities, like the individual members of which they are composed, if they disobey the moral laws of God, must submit to the punishment. When we speak of  
danger



danger to our country, let us be sure that we do not overlook the quarter from which it really threatens. Some may look for it in the power of an aristocracy, others in the aggressions of democratic violence or impatience, but with our free platform and free press there is no calm politician will see any substantial danger from such sources. After some contest and much oscillation, these powers will adjust themselves in the balance, and acquire their fair share of power in the management of public affairs. There is danger in a mere money power acquiring ascendancy, and in a host of contractors and traders obtaining high office, and using the power thus obtained to the furtherance of selfish schemes and unpatriotic ends. There are men now, as there were in the days of the Saviour, who would carry their merchandize into the temple of the Most High, and who would not hesitate to make the altar itself an article of trade. This money power is now a sign of our weakness—it may be the omen of our fall.

If a philosophy ignoring the moral laws be the open or covert doctrine of any school, Mr. Cobden was neither a teacher nor student in it. No man had less respect for wealth for its own sake, and no one looked with greater pity and contempt upon those who seemed to amass it for the pleasure of accumulation. Professor Goldwin Smith tells us, in his letter to the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, that he heard Cobden say, in reference to a covetous and dictatorial millionaire: 'That man talks as if his words were shotted with sovereigns; and yet it is not money that deserves respect, but a generous use of it.' He revered deeply such men as Joseph Sturge, who used the means at their disposal with a liberal hand, and regarded money only as a means of doing good. His remark in private to one of his friends on the death of Joseph Sturge was this: 'This was a truly good and great man. He spent nothing in self-indulgence. He regarded his wealth as so much money held in trust, and manifested no anxiety but as to the means of applying it for the good of others. I wish we could infuse his spirit into many of those who, with greater possessions, make only a parsimonious use of great wealth for purposes of philanthropy and public usefulness.' Many instances might be cited of his expressed opinions on this head. On one occasion, when an intention was intimated of going to a person to solicit a subscription for the promotion of a public object, who had obtained a reputation for great parsimony, although possessed of ample means, Cobden remarked: 'You might as well appeal to his money chest.' Those who mixed with him know how little he esteemed the possession of wealth, and how his eye glistened at the mention

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of any generous deed, or any munificent gift for the public benefit.

Richard Cobden was not a mere political economist. It has been common among a certain class of writers and speakers, especially among the propounders of philanthropical specifics for existing ills, to decry political economy as a system built up by artful men to advance capital at the expense of labour, and its professors have been treated as if they were the authors of the laws it was their business only to study and explain. There are others who, with scarcely less injustice, have condemned the science because it deals only with the material interests, and does not aim at the moral improvement of mankind. They condemn it because it does not step beyond its own proper province, and usurp the chair of moral philosophy. There has been very much of this idle declamation among men who never gave themselves the trouble to study the first elements of the science they hasten to reject. 'Let us,' says Bastiat, 'guard against these puerilities which obstruct science. In wishing to pass for philanthropical we cease to be truthful; for it is contrary both to reason and to fact to represent moral development, self-respect, the cultivation of refined sentiments, as preceding the requirements of simple preservation.' It is not a device of man, but a law of God—that food is the first necessity. The animal wants must be met before the moral and spiritual nature of the man can be reached. It is the ordination of Divine Wisdom, and is as imperative and unerring in its operation as the law of gravitation. What meaning is to be found, then, in the philosophisms which flow from men who despise political economy, and talk of intellectual culture and moral advancement as worthy only of consideration? They would be wiser than what is written. All experience has shown that the schoolmaster or the missionary have but a poor chance of usefulness among a population existing on the verge of destitution. Privations and hunger have driven nations mad before now, and within the present century in England the want of bread among the working classes has broken the ties of nature and made savages of civilized men. Those who in 1838 investigated the condition of the operative classes, saw that the first requirements were food and raiment, and they commenced a struggle against that law which had the double effect of limiting the field of employment and raising the price of food. Freedom of trade was not all that was wanted to raise up a people sunk in moral degradation and physical misery, but it was that without which all other boons would have been offered in vain. Richard Cobden and the

the more enlightened of his colleagues took this ground. It was the first step towards social redemption and national regeneration. It was the great burden of the appeal made by them to the masses, and they would not be driven from it by the invective or scorn of opposing interests, nor lured from it to pursue the subtleties or artifices poured out before them from press, pulpit, and platform. They took up a great economical principle. It was their duty to vindicate it, and although it might appear to some to embrace only sordid considerations, and be confined within the narrow limits of trade and food, it was the vital question of the day, and the discussion would have been not aided but embarrassed by blending with it any of the plans of social amelioration or political reform which then solicited the attention of the public.

But Richard Cobden, although he made this the present aim, did not contemplate it as the end. He looked, like all great reformers, upon the remote consequences of the changes he sought to accomplish, and the future seemed to him clear as day. The laws which limit the market and raise the price of food tend to impoverish the workman, but they prevent the free intercourse of nations, create jealousies among peoples, and render necessary, or furnish pretexts for maintaining, large armaments. In the conclusion of his work on 'Russia,' published in 1836, he prominently brought out this idea, and it pervaded all his speeches on free trade. In the work on 'Russia' he appealed to the reader to recommend his work in proportion as he might feel that it supported 'sound views of commerce, just principles of government, freedom, improvement, morality, justice, and truth.' In his speech at Manchester in October, 1842, he spoke as follows :—

'Never lose sight of the fact that this great movement is distinguished among all others which have agitated our country in that it has not exclusively in view local interests, or the internal prosperity of our own country. You cannot triumph in this conflict without the results of that triumph making themselves felt to the ends of the earth. The realization of your doctrines will affect not merely the manufacturing and commercial classes of this nation, but the moral and material interests of humanity on the whole surface of the globe. The moral consequences of the principle of commercial liberty, for which we contend, have always appeared to me, amid all those involved in our movement, to be the most imposing, the most worthy to excite our emulation and our zeal. To establish commercial liberty, is at the same time to establish universal peace;—it is to unite, by the cement of reciprocal exchanges and benefits, all the countries of the world. It is to render war as impossible between two nations as it is between two counties of Great Britain. We should, then, no more see those diplomatic intrigues by which two men, through mere dint of protocolizing—a combat of dexterity between a minister in London and a minister in Paris—end by enveloping two great nations in all the horrors of a sanguinary strife. We should no longer see such monstrous absurdities, when these two great nations,  
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united as they would then be by their interests, every counting-house, every warehouse, every workshop would be the centre of a system of diplomacy, which would tend to peace in spite of all the arts of statesmen to kindle war.'

It is not necessary to multiply quotations from his speeches to prove that his views were not narrowed down to questions of 'cheap bread' and 'cotton prosperity.' In 1848 he vindicated himself and his colleagues from imputations such as we have referred to, in the following words. They are extracted from a speech delivered in the Free Trade Hall on 24th January in that year :—

'Now, gentlemen, you will bear me out, that, throughout the long agitation for free trade, the most earnest men who co-operated with us were those who constantly advocated free trade, not merely on account of the material advantages which it would bring to the community, but for the far loftier motive of securing permanent peace between nations. . . . I, who have known most of the leading men connected with the struggle, and have had the opportunity of understanding their motives, can say that I believe the most earnest, the most persevering, the most devoted, of our coadjutors, have been prompted by those lofty, those purely moral and religious motives to which I have referred, and especially for the object of peace.'

The volume which is named at the head of this article, and is a re-publication under his own revision of all the speeches delivered by Mr. Cobden in 1849, will show that his views on foreign and domestic policy were enlarged and statesman-like. For a time they subjected him to severe criticism from the press, but his friends can now appeal to them as giving the best evidences of his true English heart and genuine patriotism. He dared to speak out when large numbers of his former friends thought it prudent to be silent, or felt that he was engaged in an unavailing opposition to the national sentiment, and when others pronounced him mistaken and wayward in his views. The compiler of these speeches in the preface says :—

'The orations of 1849 are as distinguished as any of their predecessors for homely, earnest, and appropriate language—for substantial, apposite, and vigorous thought—for calm and clear statement, for correct and forcible argumentation,—for pertinent and felicitous illustration, and above all for that logical and effective arrangement of statement, thought, argument, and illustration, which so prominently characterizes all Mr. Cobden's productions.'

We do not know the hand which wrote these lines, but we have read the speeches since Mr. Cobden's decease, and we fully endorse the judgment which had thus been passed upon them, so long before public events had justified so many of his views, and before his death had invested them with so melancholy an interest. The next generation will be better able to appreciate how far he read correctly the political history of the past and of his own-times, and to what extent

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he erred in his judgment as to the effects of the policy of England upon the civilization of the world. Where he ventured to pourtray the probable consequences of a particular set of measures, it will be found that his sagacity was seldom at fault, but posterity will do him justice when they can more clearly peruse his anticipations by the light of the results. It was fully half a century before Lord John Russell justified the declaration of Charles James Fox, that the war against the French Republic was an unnecessary war on the part of England; and it is possible that the next generation may look back with incredulity and amazement upon that part of our history which records the panics under which the mind of England quailed in the early days of the restored Republic of France.

The volume before us is full of interest. If carefully read, it will correct those misapprehensions which have been widely spread, and which were fostered and propagated by the press. It will show the nature of the connection between Richard Cobden and the peace movement. The newspapers invented a 'Peace at any price party,' and placed him at the head of it. This miserable phrase supplied the place of argument for some years, and was hurled at the head of every man who questioned the policy of spending large sums of money upon national defences, who objected to loans for war purposes, or who ventured to assert that two great nations were frightening each other, and without any real danger of aggression on either side. It so happens that Mr. Cobden was not, and never had been, a member of the Peace Society, although such a connection would have been no discredit. That body was composed of many of the purest-minded men and most sincere Christians in the community, mainly members of the Society of Friends. They believed that human life was sacred, that war was anti-Christian, and in their own quiet and unobtrusive manner they had promulgated their views, and done much good. This body of men had been scoffed at by some, and by others regarded as a set of amiable enthusiasts, who were wasting their energies in pursuit of an impracticable object; but they passed on in their quiet path of usefulness without attracting much notice from the press or the platform. At length it was urged upon some members of the Peace Society, who had mingled in political affairs, that there was a large amount of opinion, in all the countries of Europe, and also in America, opposed to war as a means of settling national disputes, and opposed also to the maintenance of large armaments, believing them to be not so much measures of protection as temptations to war and aggression, judging

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them as more offensive than defensive, and affirming that it was desirable to adopt some means of uniting this scattered opinion, and giving it practical expression in such a way as would be most likely to influence the governments and the peoples of the world. It was alleged that there were thousands of men who did not adopt the abstract principle of the Peace Society, who would aid such a movement. Elihu Burritt had been labouring to this end, and ultimately Joseph Sturge, Samuel Bowly, Rev. Thomas Spencer, William Ewart, M.P., Edward Smith, Joseph Cooper, Charles Gilpin, and some other equally well-known labourers in the cause of peace and reform, took the initiative, and convened the meeting which led to the formation of the Peace Congress Committee. This committee was formed on a broad platform, and admitted those who did not subscribe to the programme of the Peace Society. To this committee Richard Cobden attached his name, and at the several Congresses held in Brussels, Paris, Frankfort, and London, as well as in Manchester and Edinburgh, he gave expression to his views as to the necessity of awakening public attention to the folly and extravagance of nations increasing their armaments. But in no case did he assert that peace should be maintained at any price, and, least of all, at the price of England's honour or safety; on the contrary, he said, 'Show me that there is any real danger, and that our defences are not sufficient to anticipate and provide against it, and then I will vote for an application of the largest sum that may be considered necessary to meet the emergency.' He asked not for total, but for gradual disarmament, entertaining the not unreasonable expectation that, as civilization advanced and intercourse increased, there would be less and less necessity for keeping up those means, offensive and defensive, the expense of which lay so heavily upon the industry of the people. In his speech in the House of Commons, on June 12th, 1849, on international arbitration, he thus spoke:—

I do not anticipate any sudden or great change in the character of mankind, nor do I expect a complete extinction of those passions which form part of our nature. But I do not think there is anything very irrational in expecting that nations may see that the present system of settling disputes is barbarous, demoralizing, and unjust; that it wars against the best interests of society, and that it ought to give place to a mode more consonant with the dictates of reason and humanity.

The Peace Congresses attracted much attention, and those in the continental cities were attended by some of the most distinguished publicists of the time, and were convened under the special sanction of the governments of the countries  
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in which they were held; but events arose which interfered with their progress and success. The internal convulsions that ended in changing many of the cabinets of Europe in 1848, and the rise of the man who, by a singular fortune, had been seated on the throne of France, succeeding each other, had distracted the public mind from peace projects, and fixed its attention upon preparations for war. The excitement in this country was intense. The journalists, with a few honourable exceptions, became alarmists; fed and pandered to the most childish fears; and chafed the prevailing flood of prejudice and passion. The press made capital out of the unpopularity of the man whom the French nation had elevated to the position of chief magistrate. The most ridiculous stories were circulated and believed, and on the strength of a sentence uttered by him in the early part of his career, and one of doubtful meaning, he was held up as nursing one master passion, and as seeking power only to gratify it by the subjugation of England. They could see no way for a great ruler and a great people to avenge Waterloo but to wash out the disastrous memory in blood. The vilest arts and meanest tricks were resorted to to misrepresent the motives of the man. In every sentence he uttered an endeavour was made to find an occult meaning, in every act of his daily life a sinister design. It was believed also that the French people, who have been hitherto renowned for a chivalrous love of glory, were to become all at once a body of pirates or brigands, to disregard all the laws of war as recognized by civilized men, and without cause, or pretext for quarrel, and without even a declaration of war, were at once to make an invasion of England. The extravagance and folly of the newspaper press could only be exceeded by the conduct of the same press, when, in the time of the Third George, we rushed into a war with Republican France, and opened a field for the display of that military genius, the greatest of modern times, which dazzled the world, enslaved the continent, and raised its possessor to an imperial throne. Mr. Cobden endeavoured in 1853 to stem this torrent of folly, and re-published, in a pamphlet form, three letters which had appeared in the *Times*. The pamphlet was entitled '1793 and 1853.' It brought upon him a storm of criticism, and shadowed his reputation for a time. That work, exhibiting the clearest views, and the most honest patriotism, can be appealed to now as the amplest vindication of his fame. In it he showed the true origin of our long war with France; how the passions of the people were inflamed by diatribes against the French as a people, and against the ruler who had won an empire by his sword.

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He deprecated the idea that, in the face of a daily augmenting intercourse between the two nations, and a rapidly-increasing commerce, war was at all probable; and he boldly denied that there was any substantial cause for the panic which prevailed. He entered upon the history of previous panics, and showed up the shallowness of the panic-mongers; and he reduced his whole argument to an arithmetical formula—that if two powerful nations in fear of each other increased their respective armaments in the relative proportions of from three to six, they would in the end be no stronger than before.

From this time Mr. Cobden retired, in some degree, from public life, and devoted his leisure to recruiting his health, which had become impaired, and refreshed his mind by studying the condition of the different countries in Europe. He was not much heard of in public until he was employed by Lord Palmerston's Government to go out as plenipotentiary for England to effect a commercial treaty with France. This was accomplished with so much satisfaction to the respective governments, and so much benefit to the commerce of each country, that it has been considered as the second great achievement of his life. The amount of trade between the countries now, and which is increasing, and must necessarily increase, is the best guarantee for the maintenance of peace. It is possible that there are some omissions in the treaty, and that some important, as well as minor, matters were overlooked. The treaty is charged with great unfairness to certain interests, and this will require attention and supervision on the part of both governments; but, as a whole, the treaty has been highly beneficial to both countries.

This work was not accomplished without much difficulty. It was necessary to look over the involved and cumbrous systems of centuries; to pore over tariffs, treaties, and diplomatic negotiations of all kinds; and to carefully examine all the interests that would be affected by the change. In this case, again, a large portion of the press took the part of obstructives to progress. The men who sat in Paris to mature and develop the various clauses of a treaty to be submitted to the cabinets of the two nations were harassed by the misrepresentations and distortions of the press. Mr. Cobden declared to friends who called upon him in Paris that the greatest annoyance he had experienced in that arduous work was from the articles in the *Times*; that he had to meet men who, like himself, were only anxious to perfect a great object in the best manner, and in one most likely to be permanent in its results; but he was compelled to say that the newspaper most extensively read in his own country, and the  
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one having most influence over public opinion in England, and which in France was supposed to represent English opinion, was misrepresenting the facts of the case, and was in fact hostile to the great purpose he was employed by his Government to carry out. With a feeling of disappointment and indignation he wrote home and requested that they would discontinue sending him the *Times*. This, and not any sense of personal insult or wrong received from it, was the cause of his not receiving that paper afterwards in his house. No amount of contumely heaped upon himself would have induced such a step, but he felt that the policy adopted by the *Times* was one inimical to the best interests of the country and of mankind.

He had throughout his public career strongly supported the views of those who laboured for the repeal of the duty upon paper and the stamp duty—the so-called taxes upon knowledge. It is possible that Mr. Cobden attached too much importance to the information to be gathered from the daily newspaper, and to the working man having it accessible to his use; but he was not in error in the view that the tax upon newspapers created a monopoly, and was a bar to free, open, and fair discussion. Mr. Cobden in his work, '1793 and 1853,' shewed the conduct of the press in the beginning and during the long continuance of the war with Bonaparte. During his own public career he had felt how powerful it was for evil, and if he singled out the *Times* for his mark of special reprobation, it was because from its position and influence it had the greatest power for mischief. During the free trade struggle, the *Times* was steadfast in its opposition until the League had become a great fact. In every other movement the same policy had been pursued. The *Times*, by the exercise of high talent, and the employment of large means, by a spirit of enterprize which did not hesitate to enter into competition with the Government itself in securing foreign news, and by great commercial tact, had won for itself the position of the leading journal of Europe. That position had given it a power over public opinion unexampled and unrivalled; but its power was not used to the best and wisest ends. In the days of Cobbett, that powerful writer had designated the *Times* by a coarse but an expressive epithet, that still adheres to it. It was ever remarkable as the friend of despotism abroad, and the enemy of liberty at home—the 'ever strong upon the strongest side.' It has always been more powerful as an enemy than as a friend, and has consistently opposed every popular movement, until that movement became too mighty for opposition or resistance, and then it has found reasons for changing sides, and rendered  
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its aid when that aid could have been dispensed with. Mr. Cobden did not hesitate to rebuke the insolence of such a power, but he rarely undertook such a task; he preferred the nobler course of leaving his own words and works to speak for themselves.

Mr. Cobden was, no doubt, sensitive to this conduct on the part of the press, in a slight degree for himself, but mainly on account of the public objects he sought to promote. It was a point upon which he often spoke with bitterness and regret. He felt how much talent was employed to unworthy ends, both by the English and French press. At an early age of the free trade struggle Cobden had made the acquaintance of Frédéric Bastiat, the great French economist, a man of kindred spirit to his own, and who fell a victim to over study and over work at the age of fifty; but who had given to France and to the world some of the best essays upon political economy which have appeared. Bastiat, in a letter to his friend Coudroy, gives a graphic and interesting account of his visit to Cobden in 1845: 'I hastened to Cobden's residence, where I met him, and had two hours' talk;' and he afterwards speaks of meeting Bright, and other members of the League. From that time they became fast friends, and corresponded up to the period of Bastiat's premature and painful death. They were men whose friendship was cemented by a common sympathy and a common cause. In their intercourse they frequently expressed their strong feelings of regret that national jealousies so vehement and so ill-founded should exist. The feeling in France was just as strong as that in England. M. Louis Reybaud, in a notice of Bastiat in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, says:—

Of all the prejudices which reign among us, there is none more deeply rooted than distrust of England. It is enough that England leans to one side to induce us to incline to the other. Everything which England professes is suspected by us, and we not unwillingly detect an ambush in all her measures. In matters of trade this disposition is especially manifested.

M. Bastiat writes to Cobden in December, 1846:—

This cry against England stifles us, and gives rise to formidable obstacles. If this hatred to *perfidious Albion* were only the fashion of the day, I should wait patiently until it had passed away. But it has deep root in men's hearts. It is universal, and I believe I told you that my friends dare no longer talk of me in my own village, but *en famille*. This blind passion, moreover, is found so convenient by protected interests and political parties, that they avail themselves of it in the most shameless manner.

It was almost in vain for a long time that Bastiat spoke and wrote against this inveterate hatred of England, and one instance will suffice to show how this insane hatred was  
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nourished. In his own circle at Mugron he found a strong prejudice against England, and one day one of his friends, out of the many *Anglophobes* (it is Bastiat's own term) who were present, handed him a speech to read, and commented upon it with much bitterness. It was the translation of a speech of Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, and it was made to conclude with these words: 'If we adopt this course, we shall fall *like France*, to the lowest rank among nations.' To this insult offered to his country M. Bastiat had no reply; he was silenced for the moment. On reflection, however, he felt great doubts whether the greatest of living English statesmen could entertain such an opinion of France, or, if he did, whether he would be imprudent enough to give utterance to it. He sent to Paris for the English newspapers, and found that the words *like France* had never been uttered; they were, in fact, the malicious interpolation of some one who had made the French version. This had one good result; it induced Bastiat to consult the English newspapers, which he ever afterwards did with great regularity, and this made him acquainted with the existence of the League. He subsequently published his spirited work, '*Cobden et la Ligue*;' giving an account of the political and economical state of England, and the growth and progress of the League. This book obtained a good circulation, and was favourably noticed by the French journals. It gave an impulse to free trade principles in France.

The instance of literary dishonesty to which we have alluded was equalled, it cannot be surpassed, by many which disgraced our own literature during the free trade agitation, and more especially during the excitement which led to the writing and publication of '1793 and 1853.' Can it be wondered that men like Bastiat and Cobden, who had to encounter the full tide of these national jealousies, and who knew so well the means which were employed to keep them alive, should desire to see the press free; and further, that they should wish to see it compulsory upon every writer to give his own name as a guarantee for the correctness of his facts, and the faithfulness of his translations? We are not sure that such a regulation might not deter the modest man of merit from the publication of his views, so that society would thus lose more than it would gain; we are not sure whether it might not be more effectual in restraining the honest than in checking the licentious writer. The true correctives are a perfectly free press, and a properly instructed public opinion. Be this as it may, the suggestion will supply a rule for the adoption of the conscientious writer, a rule which

which Mr. Cobden, we believe, always adhered to—never to quote from second-hand, but to go to the original authority; never to state facts on the unsupported testimony of any one person without verifying them; and never to use statistics without comparing them with the tables, reports, or returns from which they are first compiled.

We have alluded to the labours of Cobden by which he was best known; but he was incessantly working in social and political movements at home. He took up the freehold land movement that has been worked with such signal success. In the free trade struggle he went down to the West Riding, and proposed to the men of Yorkshire that they should set about creating a number of votes, so as to secure the return of League candidates. In the space of two years the required number, about five thousand, were created; and, as the result, Lord Morpeth was returned without opposition. Free trade candidates were also returned for East Surrey and South Lancashire, and votes were being made by the purchase of small freeholds in every direction. The repeal of the Corn Laws put an end to the League and to creating votes. After a time, when the working classes became again restless as to the state of the representation, and began to agitate for an extension of the suffrage, the machinery of creating votes by the attainment of forty shilling freeholds was revived. Mr. Cobden gave countenance to the movement, and aided it with both voice and pen, by his practical knowledge and sagacious counsels. Mr. Cobden, with Mr. Samuel Morley, Mr. W. A. Wilkinson, Sir Joshua Walmsley, Mr. Charles Gilpin, and Mr. John Cassell, was among the founders of the National Freehold Land Society, of which Mr. Cobden remained a trustee until his death. He took great interest in it, and rendered it most valuable assistance. Mr. Cobden's views on the suffrage were well known, but he attached more importance to the social than the political aspects of the freehold land movement. Many of the articles in "*The Freeholder*," a periodical published by Mr. Cassell, which had only a short existence, were written by him, but without his name, and they were mainly illustrative of the great advantages which would accrue to the working classes from the possession of small properties. This was a prevailing topic with him in private when speaking of the franchise. At a speech in Leeds he said:—

We are indebted to a working man of Birmingham, Mr. James Taylor, for making the greatest and best system of reform I know of. Oh! if in the days of Burdett and Hunt they had had some Mr. Taylor to preach to them, and say that for every threepence you drink you swallow a yard of land, we should have had a million of voters qualified by this time. The difference between the old plan and  
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Mr. Taylor's was this—formerly the leaders used to say, "Come to the House of Commons, make a noise, bawl out, and tell them you want to get in, and ask them to let you in." But Mr. Taylor tells you that "you have got the key in your pocket, make use of it—go to the door, unlock it, and enter without asking anybody's permission." I like this plan, because it teaches men self-reliance. When allusion is made to self-reform, I mean the government of your own appetites. I am glad to see by the response, not only here but in London and elsewhere where I go, that the English people are determined so to work out their own emancipation.

Mr. Cobden devoted a great amount of time in promoting freehold land societies. He met at his own house and elsewhere the leading men engaged in them, and by correspondence with the leading friends of reform throughout the country drew a large amount of support to the institutions, and by his advice sustained them in their early action. It was his language :—'We must push on this movement. It will have a much more important influence than merely giving the man a vote. It will convince the most incredulous among the enemies of reform that there is an earnestness and resolution about the working classes. It will give the best argument in their favour, and supply a guarantee that they will use the franchise properly. But, above all, it cultivates among those who labour habits of forethought, and saves the money of the workman from the public-house.'

Although not a strict abstainer, he was an earnest observer and warm admirer of the temperance societies. He said that when he had to work hard he found it necessary to abstain from fermented and distilled liquors, and that at all times he found himself better without them. He looked with respect upon temperance societies, not only on account of the good they effected directly by inculcating lessons of sobriety and teaching the laws of health, but because they were educational societies in another sense. They taught to their members something of public life, and trained them up to the management of public business; and he would refer to those within his own circle who had commenced a useful career as members of the committee of a temperance society, and who had made their first speech from a temperance platform. 'In the early struggles of the League,' he sometimes said, 'and throughout my career, I found in every community a small body of men voluntarily come forward to help in questions of free trade, peace, education, and financial reform; and these men had become in the first instance known to the neighbourhood in which they lived, had acquired a local reputation, by their efforts on behalf of temperance reform.' His views had not become decided as to the Permissive Bill, but it was one of the questions which he had under careful consideration. He was slow in the  
later



later period of his life to enter upon new fields of action, or to give utterance to views on subjects not strictly within the range of effort he had marked out for himself; but he had a lively sense of the evils of intemperance, had witnessed too many of its fearful results, and felt too strongly the barrier it raised up to advancement and reform among the labouring classes, to pass by lightly any measure which offered effectually to oppose a check. His notions of liberty were enlarged but subdued, and there can be no doubt that in a short time, had he lived, he would have arrayed his name with those who would give to the majority of the people power to put down the public or private sale of intoxicating liquors. We have reasons to believe this from the tone of his remarks when the subject was brought under his notice.

It is not within our province to enter upon all the views of Richard Cobden. In this imperfect sketch we have done sufficient to vindicate his character, and to prove that he was truly a great man, cherishing from his youth great aims, and stimulated by a noble ambition. We have shown that the first programme of his principles was rigidly adhered to, and most faithfully carried out in his later career; that he went through a severe conflict, in which he had to encounter much hostility, but was never diverted from the object in view; and that he came out of it unscathed and with untarnished reputation. Amongst the many charges brought against him, he was never accused of tergiversation, of untruthfulness, or of personal rancour. In the proudest hour of his triumphs, as in the severest hour of his struggles, he retained the same simplicity of manner, the same kindness of speech and geniality of tone which ever distinguished him. In his public life he scarcely made an enemy; in his private life he never lost a friend. We will not intrude into that household which is sacred by its sorrows, by an attempt to show how much he was beloved by his own family, how much that love was merited, and how warmly it was returned. It is remarkable that Bastiat, his friend—the man who in France had done so much for free trade principles, was a man of like simplicity of character, equally beloved by those who knew him best, equally mourned by the great bulk of the men who had become disciples to the doctrines he taught, and perished by a disease very kindred to that which destroyed Mr. Cobden.

It remains for us now to ask, in relation to the great-hearted man who has been taken from us, wherein the secret of his power, and of his success? This inquiry will lead us once more to look at the man in his daily walk and conversation. He said that his mother was a woman of great energy  
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of character, and for a moment we may pause upon that remark to gather from it the lesson it conveys. Many great men have borne testimony to the same thing, and Napoleon the First said, at St. Helena, 'I owe all my greatness to my mother.' What Richard Cobden might owe to his mother will never be known, nor could it be estimated; but the simple testimony to that mother's character leads us to the great truth that women are, after all, the educators of the young, and that in the vast majority of cases the direction so important to the future life is given to the mind before it leaves the mother's care. Let the men who build up systems of education look to this. Are the women amongst us in any class of society better fitted for the great duty which Almighty God has committed to them to discharge, the care and culture of the young, in this generation, than they were in the last? Has not prosperity brought with it new desires and new aspirations, and has not a love of ease, of luxury, and pleasure taken possession of the young of both sexes? This is our great danger. The great men of all ages have been men of humble desires and hardy habits. Such men build up States; the men who destroy them are those who yield to voluptuousness and false refinement. Let us learn from the life of Richard Cobden to what a large extent the truest greatness is compatible with perfect simplicity of character.

It is clear that Cobden fixed upon a sphere of study in his youth. Many great geniuses have worn out their lives, and have left this world without achieving any worthy result, from having started without fixed aim or well defined purpose. They have aspired to many things and achieved success in none. Cobden's first letters prove the man. They manifest fixed views and settled resolves. No man of the present day changed his opinions less in the process of time; not that it is discreditable or a proof of weakness to abandon an old opinion for a new one;—it is more often a proof of strength of character;—but Cobden came into the public field after many years of patient reading, after much intercourse with men, and with his practical and sagacious mind well stored with facts and the fruits of study—all logically arranged and ready for use. The great feature of his mental character was persistency, and he possessed this faculty to as great an extent as any living man. It is the faculty of men who become the leaders of great parties, and of bodies of men. It enabled him to fasten his mind upon an idea until he had mastered it; upon a principle until he had examined it in all its parts. This endowment is conspicuous in his early works, but nowhere so remarkable as in the speeches referred to by  
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us. They are all complete pieces of argumentation. There is no parenthesis nor single sentence that does not bear upon the principle he intends to establish. No speaker is more clear, or more connected in the chain of reasoning. He never steps out of the way to borrow an illustration, and will scarcely employ it if it lies right in the path. He has been pronounced destitute of imagination, and those who judge of him by his writings may be excused for coming to such a conclusion, for no man was less poetical in public. He employed none of the arts of rhetoric, no florid declamation, and the perorations to his addresses were not relieved either by brilliant quotation or even by elevation of his own style, and seldom by increased earnestness of manner. And yet his speeches told powerfully—whether delivered in Parliament among statesmen and educated men, among merchants and tradesmen at the London Tavern, or among a mixed assembly at the Free Trade Hall. He fixed his audience at once, he kept them in hand, but never wearied them. He always satisfied them that he was in earnest, and that he spoke from a mastery of his subject—two great essentials before an English audience, and every sentence he uttered was felt to be part of the subject before him. His style was so clear that it required no effort to understand him, and his manner so impressive that no sense of weariness was felt under him. The faculty referred to was, therefore, one of the main elements of his success. It enabled him in early life to hit upon a congenial course of study and action, and in after life to steadily pursue it, and to give that quality to his speeches and writings which made them so instructive and attractive. With his high moral and intellectual faculties this ability of persistence gave him that tenacity of purpose and inflexibility of principle which was after all the great secret of his power among his countrymen. This lesson is taught by his life to the young man emulous to obtain an honourable and useful position:—Be careful to select a pursuit suitable to your talents and congenial to your inclinations, and then steadily follow it and qualify yourself for it; the proper field for employment will always be found.

But Richard Cobden was not destitute of imagination. He delighted in the fields and lanes, and among the beauties of nature. He could admire the humblest as well as the greatest of her works. Goldwin Smith records a remark which shows this, if there were not other instances: 'There are two sublimities in nature,' he said, 'one of rest and the other of motion—the distant Alps and Niagara.' His lively conversation exhibited a kindly appreciation of what is good  
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in human nature, and a love of what is beautiful in the world at large, but his imagination was kept in subordination to his other faculties. There was another element of power in his public addresses, and this arose from his implicit confidence in the ultimate triumph of sound principles. He had faith in the inherent power of truth, and a generous and confiding trust in humanity. He always treated his audience with respect, appealing to them as reasonable men who were capable of understanding a plain argument if properly placed before them. He flattered no prejudice, pandered to no passion, resorted to no artifice, insinuated no subtlety. It was a theory of his that the popular heart is always sound, and that if it be not reached it is because the attempt has not been made in the right way. There is wisdom in this. No man will succeed in impressing others who is not in earnest himself; and no man will be eminently successful as a teacher who undervalues the truths he expounds, or who has a mean opinion intellectually and morally of those he addresses. The man who does not appeal to the higher faculties of his auditors—to the heart and conscience—may, for practical purposes, as well hold his peace.

Richard Cobden died in the path of duty. He felt great interest in the question as to the defences of Canada, and left his home at Dunford for London, with the view of speaking in the debate. The day was most inclement, a day on which men in robust health take journeys only on the most urgent business, and observing great precautions. He found on his arrival in London that he was unable from illness to attend the House of Commons, and had to retire to his lodgings in Suffolk-street, from which he was in a few weeks taken out a corpse. Of him it may be said, as he said of Bastiat, 'The death of such a man, under such circumstances, is full of melancholy interest, but teaches a sublime lesson. The incidents of his death will add emphasis to his teachings. The people among whom he lived, and for whose enlightenment and prosperity he laboured, will better understand how much he was their benefactor, how much more so than some of the men whom a false notion of glory has inspired them to worship.'

The character of a man like Richard Cobden is soon summed up. He had native talents, both intellectual and moral, of a high order, and well calculated for the career he marked out for himself. In early youth he began to cultivate these faculties, and to mature his mind for the great struggle of life. He sought out a field of action congenial to his inclinations, and, having fixed his aim, steadily pursued it through

through good and through ill report. It was his lot to achieve a large measure of success, and to die amidst the fulness of promise of a still greater success. This is alike the lesson and the moral—a career active, earnest, enterprising, divested of all sordid ambition; and a death mourned by the good of all countries. In his case he had not to pine under a sense of wasted or unrequited or fruitless labour, nor did he meet a grudging and niggard reward. Let the youth of England study the man and his life and labours over his simple grave. He served his generation with all his might, and nobly have they discharged their pious duty to his memory.

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**ÆT. VI.—MAT MAHONEY'S FIDELITY; AND WHAT CAME OF IT.**

I.  
**V**ERY picturesque and peaceful looked a certain little town in Devonshire, in the mellow September moonlight of many autumns ago. It was an old-fashioned, straggling town, with here and there a strange gabled, bow-windowed house, standing up between the more modern buildings as if to remind the observer of the antiquity of the place. Its business and other affairs were conducted in a fussy, consequential kind of way, as if there was no town in all the land so important as this prim, insignificant little town.

The hour was nine: the clock of the Parish Church had just struck in tones not the most silvery. Perhaps the extreme quiet of the place made them seem to clang rather harshly. Through the silent streets a vehicle was a rare thing to be heard at this time, and the voices and footsteps of the few pedestrians sounded audible enough. Most of the shops were closed, excepting here and there a huckster's, and the public-houses, which were neither few nor far between. From them gaslight streamed out on to the pavement, and struggled with the purer moonlight. The street lamps were not lighted; the town authorities were economical souls, that could not conscientiously give the folks gas when they had the moon to lighten their darkness withal.

However, the authorities were kinder than they meant to be in turning off the gas, for the picturesque effect of the moonlight on the old town was heightened, not marred, by the absence of artificial light.

There was many a lighted window-blind, though, behind which well-to-do folks were holding social gatherings; and many a lighted window without blinds, through which the passer-by might see the thrifty cottager at her lace-making, or engaged with her household jewels, the merry children.

Along a street mainly occupied by these humble folks, a tall, portly, aristocratic-looking man strode with firm, measured steps.

Now and then he turned his stately grey head and looked in at these uncovered windows, as a fire gleam or the more sober glow of candles attracted his eye; and when he saw the women so peacefully engaged with their lace, or heard the rippling of childish laughter, he sighed and said to himself, 'How happy the simple cottagers are in their humble homes! fathers and wives and children, how happy they are! How little could they imagine or understand how desolate I —'

He had just turned into the principal street, and, as if to give the lie to his unspoken words about the happiness of the poor, the first thing that met his view was a man bending over the insensible form of a woman on a doorstep. He was uttering plaintive ejaculations, and words of entreaty and coaxing.

'What's the matter with the woman?' asked the gentleman, standing and planting his silver-headed walking-stick firmly on the pavement.

'Och, yer honour, there's somethin' the matter intirely, as yer honour can see, but it's not for myself to be pratin'  
 out

out the faults o' my own wife,' said the man, looking up at his interrogator, the moonlight revealing a strange expression of shame and sorrow on his wrinkled face.

'Is that your wife?' said the gentleman, fixing his eyes on the woman; 'surely she is much younger than you are.'

'Only fourteen year, my good gentleman, it's myself that looks a deal older nor I really am; trouble have whitened my hair, which was once as black as the wings of a crow intirely, like my own Bridget's here. It's throuble as is the white dye, I'm a-thinkin'. Come, my dear sowl, Bridget, it's past nine o' the ould parish clock, and it's yerself as ought to be tucked up in pace now, at all.'

The woman, though past forty years, still retained a somewhat young appearance. She had a slight figure, and a decidedly Irish type of face. She must have been beautiful in her youth. Indeed, had it not been for her flushed face and swollen lips, she would have been very pleasant to look upon now. Her hair fell in rich black masses from under her old bonnet. Her eyebrows were full and arched, and the eyelids with their long black fringes were closed over a pair of bright black eyes, which, years ago, had completely bewitched the simple, honest-hearted fellow who now bent so tenderly over her. He smoothed away the heavy hair from her low, sunburnt forehead, and called her by the most endearing names; but all to no purpose. Her hands hung down as heavily and lifelessly at her side as if she had been a dead woman.

The gentleman saw what was the matter, and he sighed again.

'It's a great trial to you to have your good wife so,' said he, feeling, however, the impropriety of introducing the adjective. But the word was not lost upon the Irishman.

'Thrial!' he echoed 'don't minton it, yer honour: the word isn't half astrong enough at all at all, to tell what my poor ould heart feels about this jewel. But God bless yer honour for callin' the poor crathur *good*; she is that same, barrin' this one fault.'

'What was the reason, now, of her giv'ing way to this sad habit?'

'Bless yer honour, that's jest the most puzzling question ye could have axed me. Some things is done without a raison all, and sure this is one.

He drew his arm from under her head, pulled off his old hat, deliberately knocked the side in to make a hollow, and slipped it under her heavy head for a pillow; then he stood up beside his interrogator, his rough hair blowing about in the cool breeze, and continued, as he looked down at his wife, 'Twenty years ago I married her. I loved her thin with all my sowl, and I loves her jest as well now, and shall as long as this ould body and sowl hangs togeth'er. Five year ago she ran away from me, and though I searched far and nigh I niver got on her thrack till a month or two gone by. Ooh, if yer dear heart knew what I suffered thim five year! I was iver a thinkin' of her by day and dreamin' of her by night; and now as I've found the poor wanderer I'll not again let her out o' my sight. And the woman's so good-hearted, yer honour, when she's in her sober sines. She sorrows for vexin' me, and promises decent behaviour; but afther once she gets out she forgets intirely; she's throubled with a mighty short mimory. Ah, Bridget, my darlin', I niver dreamt ye'd come to that!' A glittering tear flashed in the moonlight to the ground, and rather startled the poor husband. He hastily brushed his old coat sleeve across his eyes, muttering, 'Out upon me for a spalpeen as I am. But I cannot help it.'

'Have you any children?' asked the gentleman.

'No, yer honour; and bless the dear Lord for that same! I wouldn't have the lambs know any harm o' their mother. Bether be without the little crathurs.'

'Better, far better,' echoed the gentleman, solemnly.

'What is your trade, my good fellow?'

'Gardening, and mighty fond am I of my profession; but sorra a bit have I had to do for a long week or more. Does yer honour happen to know of any one as wants a handy chap to do 'em a turn with their garden? I'd be mighty plased to apply for that same situation. Good rificences, sir, I could take, for I've worked for my Lord Hartleton, living fifteen mile away yonder.'

'Yes, you can come to me to-morrow,' said the gentleman, as he slowly drew his card-case from his pocket. 'I should like to try you. Here is my name and address. Come up to my house at ten o'clock in the morning, and



and I'll see what I can do for you. Now you had better hasten home with your wife; such a resting-place as a doorstep is most unfit for a woman while a cold breeze is moving. Good night. But stay, I did not ask your name?"

'God bless yer honour for such kindness,' said the man, with tears in his eyes, as he daintily held the little card between his great brown thumb and forefinger. 'My name is Mahoney, Matthew Mahoney, and sure I was called after the great Father Mathew himself, and it's one of his followers as I've been during fifteen year.'

'In what way do you mean?' asked the gentleman.

'In this, sir; as I've niver tasted for fifteen whole year a dhrop of anything like that as have laid my Bridget low this night.'

'Well, you look an able-bodied man. And do you mean to say that you have worked all that time on water?'

'That's been chiefly my dhrink, and I am able-bodied intirely, thank God,' replied Mat. 'Sometimes I feel to have the strength of an ox, which doesn't surprise me at all, seeing as me and the oxes choose the same biverage.'

A smile flitted across the gentleman's grave face as he turned away, saying, 'Well, good night, my honest fellow.' To which Mat responded with another fervent blessing.

'Do you know who's been talking to you?' said a man approaching Mahoney, as the stately figure moved away down the street.

'Why, yes, I'm jest goin' to see; he presinted me with his card,' said the Irishman, drawing himself up grandly, and holding up the card in the moonlight. '*Mr. Gillespie, Blandford Hall*,' he read with difficulty.

'A grand man,' said the other. 'Rolls in money.'

'Poor sowl!' quoth Mahoney, with a sudden, comical twinkle of the eye. 'I pity his poor bones intirely! That's a game as I shouldn't like to play at, myself.'

'Are you going to work for him?' asked the other.

Mahoney nodded.

'A grand man,' re-echoed his companion.

'I've worked for grander, bless your heart,' said Mahoney. 'I was on at my Lord Hartleton's for more 'an a twelvemonth.'

'Ah, but he's a sight richer than a

lord, though he haven't got no title,' responded the other. 'But you know he don't make no show, because he's got a family trouble.'

'What's that?' asked Mahoney, with an interested air.

'His wife don't live at home. She's in a 'sylum' somewhere, some miles off. You know it's kept quite dark (lowering his voice to a whisper), but the truth will come out, somehow;—she used to drink.'

Mahoney made an ejaculation, which need not be recorded, and the informant continued, 'So Mr. G. soon had her whipped off to a 'sylum. Folks *do* say as he was the cause of her going on so; he's so awful high and mighty, and keeps all his family at such a distance, and the missis, you know, was a lovely, tender bit of a flower, as wanted to love everybody, as you may say, and when the young ladies was sent off to school she reg'lar broke out, as I've told you, which the master didn't stand long. My lady was very soon packed off, and her sweet face haven't been seen in Blandford Hall never since.'

'How long's that ago?' asked Mahoney.

'Five years, well nigh.'

'Bless his heart, thin,' said Mahoney, decisively. 'He've got more pluck 'an I have, for I couldn't serve my Bridget in that fashion. Now, I must be goin'.'

He stooped, and gently drew his old hat from beneath her head, and having adjusted it on his own, he tenderly gathered her up into his strong arms as easily as if she had been a child, and wishing his friend good night, strode away down the silent street with his burden.

## II.

The silver moonlight streamed through the high narrow windows of the library at Blandford Hall, and fell upon the figure of the old gentleman whom we have already seen this evening. He was standing motionless as a statue, looking out at the dancing shadows of the trees upon the outskirts of the lawn, and away to the dense foliage of the park pertaining to his noble mansion. His hands were thrust a little way into the pockets of his vest, and he stood as if utterly unconscious of everything around him. The usually stern, rigid lines of his face seemed to relax into something like tenderness as he mused; or it may have been that the fair moonlight seemed to transform his features



features into pleasantness. The gaunt shadows lay about the room; there was not even the flicker of fire-light to stir them, for all flame had spent itself in the low ample grate, and only ash-covered red coals remained. The gas-jets in the massive bronze chandelier were so low that they merely served to render the gloom of the corners of the room more mysterious. But the occupant of the apartment was not of a nervous temperament, and the gloom and the mysterious shadows and palpitating silence were nothing to him.

Presently he turned from the window, and paced to and fro with a tread heavy though muffled by the richness of the carpet. After indulging for some time in this exercise, so easy to one oppressed with agitating thought, he suddenly paused, drew down the chandelier, and turned the gas on so that the room was flooded with brilliancy; the shafts of moonlight that streamed through the windows on to the carpet grew pallid and well-nigh faded away, and the lurking shadows utterly vanished.

The light revealed a world of books. Tier upon tier they rose, gleaming with gold and rich binding—ponderous tomes of ancient lore looking out solemnly from their exalted positions, and gay modern volumes gleaming invitingly in crimson, and blue, and gold.

But just now the owner of this wealth of literature did not feel disposed to turn for solace, or information, or amusement to any of the books by which he was surrounded. His mind was evidently oppressed. He slowly pushed a chair to the end of the long table, and, sitting down, unlocked a drawer, and took thence a morocco case which he opened and set before him, propping it up with an inkstand. It contained a beautiful miniature of a lady. Mr. Gillespie folded his hands on the table and, leaning forward, gazed, as if fascinated, upon the wondrously lovely face before him. It was a fair oval face with a delicate bloom upon it, large blue eyes with an expression half-timid, half-pleading, and a sweet mouth that seemed tremulous with tenderness. Dark brown bands of wavy hair were brought rather low upon the white forehead, and gathered carelessly back under a band of pale blue ribbon, which was knotted gracefully at one side, and fell over the bare snowy shoulder. As the owner of this gem of art gazed into

the mournful blue eyes that so calmly looked out at him, his own seemed to catch somewhat of their expression of tenderness. At length with a slow and sad shake of the head he said aloud, 'Adelaide, Adelaide, I fear thou wast more sinned against than sinning!' Then looking out at the sky, which from his place near the chandeliers looked dull and sombre, although it was silvery with moonlight, he added, in a kind of reverie, 'Matthew Mahoney and Bridget his wife: why should I meet with them to-night?—above all other times to-night, when my mind was so filled with thoughts of her? Brothers are told to forgive seventy times seven; Mahoney must have forgiven his wife oftener than that. I have not forgiven once, and yet she turned to me repentant. Mahoney evidently loves his wife, and is not too proud, shall I say, to show it. He cannot have given her cause, I think, to behave so sadly and shamefully. Can I say as much of myself?'

Here he rose, and re-commenced pacing to and fro.

'But it was easier for him to forgive than it would be for me,' he presently resumed. 'He has no name or position to be disgraced; the world does not point the finger of scorn, and raise a hubbub cry of shame around him on account of his wife. The two cases are very different. But is the publicity of my domestic trouble due to my inflexible sternness? It may be so. Had I shielded her, I myself would have been shielded from the wounding tongue of scandal. It would have been more politic as well as more Christian to have endeavoured to restore my Adelaide instead of casting her out from my heart and home. Would the poor man Mahoney have done this? He puts me to shame by his forgiveness and fidelity. Yes, Adelaide, I much fear me that thou wast more sinned against than sinning.' Here he took up the portrait, and holding it under the light, gazed at it again for several moments; then, closing the case, he replaced it in the drawer, and turned the key upon it. At this moment a gentle tapping was heard at the door. 'Come in,' said he. A young lady, dressed in light evening costume, entered. That a relationship existed between herself and the lady whose portrait Mr. Gillespie had been looking at was evident at a glance. She had the same sweet blue eyes, and wavy hair, though a shade or two paler than

than that in the picture; but her mouth was firmer and less gentle in its expression.

'I fancied I heard you come in some time since, papa,' she said, 'so I thought I would come myself, and see. Shall you conduct prayers to-night, please?'

'I think so. Is George in?'

'Yes, papa,' said the young girl with an air of formal respect that was almost painful. But this the father exacted from his children, and seemed to prefer it to spontaneous tokens of affection, which we should naturally suppose all parents would prize above everything. And she added, 'George has been merciful to us this evening in giving us his company, or we should have been unusually dull. It is the anniversary of a day the remembrance of which cannot but painfully affect us. Excuse my mentioning it, sir?' she added, as she noticed the altered expression on her father's face.

'My dear, it is a painful memory to all of us,' he replied. 'Return to the drawing-room; I will be there in a minute or two.'

Emma Gillespie left the room in somewhat of a maze. Her father's words—more especially the first two—his tones, his whole manner struck her as being so strange. She had quite expected he would hush her up with some stern reproof for alluding to the day on which her mother was banished from the house. Her affections and sense of right were very strong, and she had never concurred in what her father had done. Sometimes, indeed, with a sense of sorrowful anger, that was almost pardonable, she tried to make a thrust at him; and she had fully intended following up her allusion to her mother with something cutting this evening, but that unexpected 'my dear' completely disarmed and startled her. She went back hastily to the drawing-room, and kneeling before her sister, who was reclining on a luxuriant velvet couch, idling with a book, she repeated the sentences that had passed between herself and her papa, concluding with, 'Well, it has spared me remorse, Joey, for I quite intended saying something for which I've no doubt I should have been sorry afterwards.'

'Ah, you are quite mamma's make-piece,' said the elder sister, Josephine; 'but for my own part, Emmie, I think mamma more to blame than papa; she should have had some little respect for

us if not for herself. I think on the whole that papa acted wisely.'

The speaker was a tall, handsome brunette, with brilliant dark eyes, and shining black hair gathered back from her face with classic simplicity. She rose from the couch as she spoke, to put her book on the table, and her bearing was stately and dignified as her father's. The brother, George, already alluded to, stood before the brilliantly-burning fire watching the two girls with evident pleasure. They both possessed beauty, yet of so different a type that the contrast formed a pleasant study. Emma looked fairy-like in her flowing gauzy dress; Josephine looked regal as a queen in her gleaming robe of dark green velvet.

'Come here, Emmie,' called George from the hearth-rug; 'what has papa been saying to you?'

'What should you think? Now, don't expect the sky is going to fall if I tell you. He called me "my dear!"' Then putting her finger on her lip she suddenly turned round, for the door opened and her father entered. The bell was rung to summon the servants to prayer. Mr. Gillespie read a few verses from a handsomely-bound Bible, and then engaged in prayer. He said but a few simple words of his own, rendering thanks for the blessings of the past day, and asking protection for the night, and then commenced the Lord's Prayer, making a pause at the end of each sentence, as if trying to grasp the fulness of each simple phrase; and when he came to 'forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us,' he repeated the petition, and, with an earnestness that was felt by all, parenthesized 'help us to forgive,' and then proceeded with the prayer.

When the servants had left the room, Mr. Gillespie drew an easy chair towards the fire, and said quietly, 'I met with a painful case this evening.'

Glad to have the oppressive silence that succeeded the prayer broken, Emma said, 'What was it, papa? do tell us.'

The old gentleman graciously complied with the request, and told them the story of Matthew and Bridget Mahoney.

### III.

Matthew Mahoney was at the hall betimes next morning, and the master having given instructions to the head-gardener concerning him, ordered his horse and rode away, giving no account of

of where he was going, but merely telling his family not to wait luncheon for him, as he would not be back till towards evening.

In the golden light and peaceful hush of a lovely autumn morning he rode away from town and hamlet, and for twenty miles or so pursued his way, sometimes along the highway, sometimes across fields, until he came to a large building, surrounded by stately trees and well kept pleasure grounds, that made it look more like a gentleman's mansion than what it really was, 'a house for invalid ladies,' as the privately circulated prospectuses issued therefrom rather mysteriously informed intending patrons.

As Mr. Gillespie rode along the winding carriage road he saw several of the patients of this establishment strolling about upon the sunny lawn. He hastily put up his eye glasses and regarded them attentively; he was evidently looking for some one in particular. But amongst them there was no one that he knew. The countenances of these ladies bore testimony to a moral disease rather than to any physical indisposition, and Mr. Gillespie noticed this with a sigh. 'Thank God!' he murmured, 'my Adelaide never looked so.'

Giving his horse into the hands of a man who came forward to receive the charge, Mr. Gillespie walked to the hall door, and rang for admittance. He was shown to the apartments of the mistress of the house. After exchanging a few words with her, he requested a private interview with Mrs. Gillespie. The lady left the room, and Mr. Gillespie rose, like one struggling with some strong agitation, and leaning both arms on the end of the mantelpiece he allowed his head to droop on to his hands, and there stood motionless until he heard an approaching step sounding along the floor-cloth of the hall. Then he raised his head, but still remained with his back towards the door. It was quietly and timidly opened, and as quietly closed. Still he did not turn round. A step approached him, a hand was laid on his shoulder. Now was the time, or never, now before he allowed a single word to escape his lips. It was great, — the struggle with pride and old habits, but he overcame, and turning to the shrinking little woman at his side, he opened his arms and closed them around her; and more than that,

bent down and kissed her forehead again and again, until the poor thing fairly doubted whether she was awake or dreaming, whether in the body or out of it. The slight colour faded from her face, and left her pale with excess of hope, and surprise, and joy; and tears came to her relief.

'O Edward,' she said at length, 'what is the meaning of this?'

He held her off from him and gently pushed her into a chair, and stood gazing at her. It was the same face that he had pored over on the previous evening, yet not so fresh and blooming, neither were the large blue eyes so lustrous as those in the picture; and the wavy hair was fast changing from golden brown to cold grey. Years may have had something to do with this transforming work; but I would rather attribute it to the last few years of pining sorrow.

'Adelaide,' said the relenting husband, 'would you like to return home?'

'Like to!' she echoed, 'O Edward!' and then she lost control over herself, and sobbed convulsively.

'Come, come, Adelaide,' he said presently, 'you will do yourself an injury.'

'O no; these tears are but a drop in the ocean to what I have shed during the past weary months and years.'

'Can you forgive me, Adelaide?' he said, very quietly.

'For what, Edward? Rather would I say, can you forgive me?'

'Yes, you surely, now; but never myself,' he answered. 'If I never prayed before I did last night, that God would help me to forgive, and after a sleepless night of reflection and struggling with self, I at last resolved to go and ask your forgiveness.'

'O how good of you!' said the wife, humbly. 'Whatever made you think of doing so?'

'I took a lesson from the most faithful and forgiving husband under the sun, Adelaide. He put me to shame, and I want you some day to try your best to put his wife to shame, for his fidelity is thrown away upon her.'

'Then am I really to go home?' she asked.

'If you will.'

'If I will! O, dear husband, I am so overwhelmed with shame and remorse for what I have done; for the way in which I disgraced not only myself, but you and my precious children. I cannot understand how it was, how I could

sink

sink so low; it seems all to me like a horrid dream. I felt so miserable, so desolate, such a yearning for something, and so I was deceived by that which seemed to revive and cheer me; but God is my witness I had no thought of sinking and falling as I did fall. Wasn't it shocking? O how bitterly I have reflected upon it! I suppose darling Emma and Josephine are home now? Do they know of it?

'No, my dear Adelaide; let bygones be bygones. Let everything be new and strong from this day, resolves, affections, aims, hopes, let all be new and strong from this moment. Come, my love, and seal this with a kiss.' Scarcely daring to believe herself for joy, the lady advanced to her husband, and murmured, 'Edward, the old love is better than the young of long ago; it is more sure, I believe,' adding after a moment or two, 'God help me to show myself worthy of it.'

'And God help me to make some compensation for the coldness and indifference of the past,' he responded, solemnly. Then, to check his wife's tears which were still flowing fast, he said, 'Have you lost all your woman's curiosity, Adelaide? You have not asked a single question respecting that model of a husband to whom I alluded?'

'Who is he, Edward? I am really impatient to know something of him,' said the lady, as she wiped away her tears.

Mr. Gillespie stood on the rug with his back to the fire, and, with slow utterance, which was habitual to him, began the story of the poor Irishman, turning every now and then to look down at the lady sitting beside him, to mark its effect upon her.

'Poor fellow, good fellow!' said the lady, in tones of mingled pity and admiration, when her husband had finished the narrative. 'His fidelity should not go unrequited, Edward. Did you say that I could do anything for him?'

I thought you might talk to his wife some time, and try your powers of persuasion upon her.'

'Ah, I have little confidence in my persuasive powers,' said Mrs. Gillespie, looking into the fire, and shaking her head sadly.

'If you try them upon this man's wife probably you will find, Adelaide, that you have a heart of flesh, and not a heart of stone to work upon,' said Mr.

Gillespie, understanding her mournful speech and air.

'I will try my utmost with her to please you, dear,' said she, rising and putting her hand within his arm. 'When am I to go home, Edward? To-day?'

'No, to-morrow, Adelaide. I will come over with the carriage for you. I must announce your coming.'

'You will not fail to come?' she said, anxiously.

'By no means, if I have life and strength,' he replied. 'And now I am going to stay and take luncheon with you to-day. I must let Mrs. Keet know this,' he added, ringing the bell.

#### IV.

The quiet joy of Mrs. Gillespie at finding herself restored to home and a warmer place in her husband's affections than she had hitherto known; the delight of her children—especially Emma and George—the pleasure manifested by the entire household in welcoming back the beloved mistress who, the domestics all agreed, 'had been hardly treated,' may be better imagined than described. Poor Mat Mahoney, who was giving great satisfaction, even to the exacting head-gardener, soon heard that 'his honour' had been somewhere to fetch 'my lady' home, and a long string of benedictions he invoked upon both of them, little conscious of how much he had had to do with causing such a revolution in the feelings of 'his honour' with regard to the long-banished mistress of Blandford Hall.

Mat caught a glimpse of Mrs. Gillespie as the carriage which conveyed her home passed through the grounds on its way. But he was anxious for a nearer view of her gentle face, and most unexpectedly his desire was gratified; for the very next day, as he was industriously bending over a flower-bed, who should startle him from a bit of a reverie but the master and mistress themselves?

Mat was nearly at his wits'-end with surprise and delight. He drew his athletic figure up, and doffed his old hat with a series of rapid bows, all the while keeping his eyes fixed on his lady. Her words were few and low.

'Your name is Mahoney, my good fellow?'

'Yes, 'm; yes, my lady,' he stammered.

'I want to see your wife, Mahoney; will

will you ask her to call on me to-morrow?

'I'll ax her my lady; but it's quite another thing if she'll come. You'll excuse her, my lady, and myself for bein' so bould as to spake out in this fashion, but his honour there knows how the matter stands.'

'Yes, yes, I know,' said Mrs. Gillespie; 'but, now, do try to bring her yourself to-morrow; it is for her good and for your own that I wish to see her. Try your best to get her to come, Mahoney.' And the lady smiled and passed on.

'What a hangel of a crathur!' ejaculated Mat, with tears springing to his eyes, when she was out of hearing; 'couldn't I lay down my ould life for such a jewel! O my Bridget, my poor Bridget! shure if ye could get alongside o' such a hangel as this, some sort of a blessing 'ud distil upon ye.'

Somehow Mahoney got his good woman to make her appearance at Blandford Hall, though, as he many a time after averred, 'it was a precious sight worse than a five-mile jaunt with a stubborn calf,' and poor, trembling, disfigured Bridget Mahoney had an interview with Mrs. Gillespie.

'Mrs. Mahoney,' began the lady, 'we want a new lodge-keeper for our west lodge—the one that you passed on your way up to the house; and we have had some thought of asking your husband whether he would like the charge; but I thought I had better see you about it first, because in a case like this I think the wife ought to be consulted.' Poor Bridget nervously raised the end of her ragged shawl to her face, and dropped it again, but said not a word. 'Should you like to live there?' asked Mrs. Gillespie, gently. 'Oh, my lady, if ye *only* knowed how bad I am, ye wouldn't ax me,' said Bridget, bursting into tears.

'I ask you for your husband's sake, as much as for your own,' said Mrs. Gillespie. 'He is so good and kind, at least I have heard so, that I should like to do something to reward him.'

'Ye couldn't have heard the half, my lady,' sobbed Bridget. 'There isn't another such a jewel of a man under the sun at all, at all! O I'm so mighty bad to him intirely! When I ponder on it I could go right away, and make a hole in the wather.'

'Nay, nay, Bridget, my poor woman. When you think of it don't you feel to want to be better, to please him, and to

try to reward him for his goodness to you? O, my poor woman, many a grand lady might envy you such a kind and faithful husband as you have.'

'I know, I know, my lady, I don't deserve it at all,' said Bridget, between her sobs. 'Do excuse me, good lady, for takin' on like this; but my heart seems burstin'.'

'Yes, yes, I know how you feel,' said Mrs. Gillespie, turning away to the window, to give Bridget opportunity to recover herself, as well as to hide her own tears.

Presently, when Bridget's outburst of grief had somewhat subsided, Mrs. Gillespie approached, and not dreading contact with the degraded woman, laid her hand gently on Bridget's shoulder, saying, 'Mrs. Mahoney, you were once a happy wife, were you not? and had a happy home?'

'O yes, my lady.'

'But you are not happy now? Neither is your husband?'

'No, no, the Lord knows,' said Bridget, despairingly.

'Wouldn't you like to make him happy, and live comfortably together, as you did when you were first married?'

said Mrs. Gillespie.

'O, but there ain't no hope,' sighed Bridget. 'We shall niver be happy again. He couldn't be happy with me, my lady. I runned away from him once, hoping as he would be happy when he was rid of me; but he searched me out, and brought me back again to make his dear heart wretched, and niver a word of blame or anger did the poor sowl spake to me at all.'

'Well now, Mrs. Mahoney,' said the lady, hopefully, 'I want you to do something that will please me quite as much as it will please your good and faithful husband.'

Bridget looked up inquiringly through her tears.

'I want you to become a good, respectable woman, and get a pretty and comfortable little home for your husband, and try to make him happy. If you do this I need not tell you that you will be happy yourself. I shall help you in many ways, but you must first promise one thing.'

'What, my lady?'

'That you will give up your drinking habits, my poor woman. You can do so, if you get help from God. You are neither respectable nor happy now, but if you would follow your husband's example,

example, and my example, you would be, and that very soon."

"Your example, dear lady?" said Bridget, as if the words had mystified her.

"Yes; I am like your husband in one respect, that I follow good Father Mathew's advice, and never touch any of those dangerous and unnecessary intoxicating drinks. That they are dangerous you know well enough; and that they are unnecessary, too; for doesn't your good husband work hard year after year without them?"

"That's true, my lady," said Bridget, gazing down at the carpet meditatively. Then heaving a deep sigh she looked up and said, "Och, now, I'd give the intire world if I could give it up, my lady!—for his sake."

"I am sure you could if you would only try," said Mrs. Gillespie, earnestly. "If you will promise me, you shall have that pretty little lodge to live in, and come right away from all your old bad companions and their temptations, and make a peaceful home for your good husband. Will you try?"

"Yes, dear lady," said Bridget, clasping her hands and speaking with true Irish fervour, "I'll try with all my heart and soul, and the good Lord in heaven hears what I'm saying, and I besache Him to help me!" Here she burst into tears again.

"Come with me," said Mrs. Gillespie, in an unsteady voice. She led the way into the hall, and taking a garden-hat from the stand, put it on and walked out on to the terrace, Bridget following. Mat was at work not far off, and when he caught sight of the lady she beckoned to him. He immediately ran towards her, and respectfully doffed his hat.

"Mahoney," she began, and then paused, for a step behind caused her to turn round. It was her husband. She held out her hand to him, and resumed, "Mahoney, both I and your wife have a promise to make to you, which I hope will give you pleasure; mine is that you and Bridget shall have the west lodge yonder for your home, if you like; for as Mr. Gillespie wishes to keep you on, we think it will be well for you to be always on the spot; and your wife has to promise you that she will henceforth strive to be as faithful to you as you have been to her through so many painful years."

"Yes, Mat, my darlin'," said the still weeping Bridget, as she stepped forward

and took her husband's hard brown hand; "I'm goin' to give up the drink intirely for once and all, and thry to make yer dear old heart glad all the rest o' yer days; and shure it's a king as ye'll be, livin' in such a place as this, as is for all the world like a fairy dream."

"It's more like a dream to hear ye talk in this fashin, my own Bridget," said Mat, dashing some tears from his face. "Tell me, is it intirely thrue that ye mane to become a new woman?"

"I do mane it, indeed," sobbed Bridget, hiding her face on her husband's bosom.

"Then the good Lord be praised!" said Mat, earnestly. "And may He iver bless you, dear lady, for the kind words o' your lips to my poor Bridget, which have wonned her over to make such a resolution as this; and God bless yer honour, too," he added, raising his old hat to Mr. Gillespie, "for iver spakin' a kind word to me, and bringin' me in the way of such a load o' blessin'."

"I am pleased to help an honest and a deserving man," said Mr. Gillespie; "and I hope there are happy days in store for you, Mahoney. If your wife will only be as faithful to you as you have been to her, I know there must be a deal of happiness in store for you."

Yes, and so there was. For Bridget's repentance was hearty and sincere, as was evidenced by her abandoning her drinking ways at once and for ever. She kept her new home at the lodge 'a perfect pattern,' and as she said to Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie one day when they entered the lodge to take a rest, "My heart is always singin' for joy the live-long day, now I'm makin' my dear Mat happy; and good thoughts come into my mind while I'm at my work,—thoughts of the heaven above, and the blessed Saviour, as I believe have forgiven me for all my years of sin and wickedness; now my mind is clear," she added, touching her forehead significantly, "I can think o' these things."

"Let us be very grateful to God at all times, Bridget, for His forgiving love and tender mercies," said Mrs. Gillespie, gently. And as she walked homeward, leaning on her husband's arm, she said, "I feel that we have reason to bless God every day for Mahoney's influence. Honest fellow! he has little idea of how much has come of his fidelity."



## ART. VII.—SOCIAL SCIENCE SELECTIONS.

## WHAT MIGHT BE DONE BY THE LEADERS OF MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY.

As it would be with soldiers in a garrison, the aggregation of people in factories without due provisions outside the factory, is productive of irregular and inferior service, and frequent unintelligent action within the factory. As, however, manufactures on a larger scale have become more settled and systematized, and the consumption of goods more regular, and as capital has accumulated, many better educated and more liberal capitalists, with leisure to look beyond the walls of their manufactories, have introduced various improvements in the condition of their workpeople; some by providing better houses for them, others by providing improved schools for their children; and they have generally found that the improved external conditions, by bringing and keeping a more respectable class of people about them, have been attended by improved internal service in the manufactory. One great firm pays most sedulous attention to its own half-time schools, and will not, if it can possibly avoid, engage any one, even for superior positions, in its service, who has not gone through those schools. Whether it be single capitalists, or associated capitalists, in companies, co-operative or other, who will have to seek, and probably to compete for, new hands to meet the coming demands for the increased production of manufactured goods, it may be urged upon them that they would themselves do well to make more matured provision for a class of workpeople qualified for the better application than heretofore of the same wages, or of the improved wages which it will probably be necessary to give.

Sanitary science and economical science will now enable them to invite new comers by saying to them, 'If you join us, you may rely upon having fellow-workers of respectable conditions, and of being protected from the annoyance of association with habitual drunkards, or with persons of disreputable conduct, for we permit none such to remain with us. Our place of work is warmed and ventilated on the best principle, and provision is made for the personal cleanliness and comfort of our workpeople. You will have a convenient and self-contained house for your wife and family, well-drained and ventilated, and provided with pure water, as also with warm water laid on from the condensing water of our works, for baths and for washing, with a garden plot attached to it. Our workpeople have a co-operative store of their own, in which you may obtain wholesome food at wholesale prices, by which you will save twenty per cent. on your expenditure for food. Your children will have the advantage of a school under good teachers for physical as well as mental training, on the half-schooltime principle. We have engaged for the protection of the health and working strength of our people, the services of a medical officer of health, less to cure than to prevent disease, by seeing to the removal of its causes. If you attend to his suggestions, for yourself and family, while using our working and living rooms, you may reduce your sickness and insurance charges more than one half, and extend the period of your working ability more than ten years beyond the periods obtained in other places. This will enable you, under Mr. Gladstone's Annuity Act, by increased savings, to obtain a deferred annuity, that will give you easy and respectable independence when you are past work. In the ordinary conditions elsewhere, your doom, a premature death, after a wretched life, is certain. In the common conditions, in ill-drained, ill-conditioned, cesspool-tainted houses, without proper supplies of water, for which you will have to pay higher rents in low neighbourhoods, half your children will be in their graves soon after their fifth year, as you may see by the registrar's returns, all workmen's children are in Manchester, in Glasgow, and elsewhere. But here your wife may rear them all, and educate and train them all well; and you may enjoy with her and them the comforts of a cheerful home, to the comforts of which, each child as it grows up may, by duly moderated and salutary labour, contribute.' All this the enlightened leader of industry may promise and do, for we may show where one or other portion of the promise is fully performed by the most prosperous firms.—*Mr. E. Chadwick's Opening Address at York. Transactions of the Social Science Association, York Meeting. Pp. 95-7.*

IRISH



## IRISH CROCHET AND IRISH CROTCHETS.

One of the peculiarities of the crochet production was, that it seemed to grow under the hands of its makers, and to be developed according to their intention; and this intention was truly nature's own, for there never was a more ungoverned manufacture. Given the first idea—the impulse—and provided with the implements—the needle and the cotton—they ran along, fabricating with amazing speed, and weaving a web which exhibited a curious picture of their state. Their crude fancies knotted and gnarled the thread into shapes so various and extraordinary, that to examine them became a study—not of lace, but of people. Poor little girls! their notions of beauty were as rudimentary as those of the early races; their efforts were parallel to some that remain on the monuments of Nineveh and Egypt. They seemed, indeed, to begin at the beginning of woman's decorative conceptions, and unconsciously to produce the same forms that suggested themselves to the Babylonians, and to Pharaoh's daughters, ignoring all that subsequent civilizations have done for feminine taste.

This unrestrainedness gave the thing some of its most interesting features. The seed was sown broadcast, and the return indicated the nature of the soil into which it fell; even the degeneration of the growth into a weed, does not militate against the force of its evidence as to the condition and character of the ground wherein it fructified. The art was taught here, and there, and everywhere, and those who took to it, generally, in a short time, did what they liked with it, and then there came up quantities of material—not raw, indeed, but dressed into the most complicated entanglement of designs, according to the degrees of sophistication of the workers. How they wearied themselves, to find that which was never yet seen under the sun, and how they toiled and laboured, to make out a way in which to express their sense of the beautiful, is known only to those to whom their appeal was familiar, in the constant craving for patterns and help.

During this demand for crochet lace, a girl was sent on a message to a lady, who received her in her dining room; the moment she entered the room her eyes wandered all over the walls, and she seemed entirely forgetful of the presence of the lady, and of the errand on which she had come. Her strange manner was at first taken for the mere gaze of rustic wonderment, and was endured for a few minutes, exciting some little amusement; but when it lasted longer than seemed reasonable, and continued in spite of attempts to attract the girl's attention to the business in hand, it produced alarm, lest it might be an indication of insanity; and its persistence beyond all bounds induced a strong feeling that it was dangerous.

It was necessary to write a note in reply to the communication that had been brought, and the lady proceeded to do so; and, in order to do it without disturbance, she desired the messenger to wait in the hall. With an intensity of fervour that amazed her hearer, the girl preferred a request to be allowed to stay in the room. The lady, hoping she was harmless, though by no means comfortable under the infliction, acquiesced, and went on to indite her letter. An exclamation which burst from her companion, and which sounded very like the rapture of an enthusiastic admirer of some scene which gave special delight and enjoyment, made her look up.

The girl was in an ecstasy; she was engaged in copying the arabesques off the wall papering!

Utterly unconscious of the attention she was attracting, the artist went on with her work, and before the note was written, she had manipulated a little scroll with her needle and thread, and triumphantly produced it, declaring that 'there was money to be made out of that!'

No lace but this crochet could have been dealt with in this manner; all others submit to a certain amount of external control, and it is because of its singular qualities that we venture to deduct so many inferences from the vagaries of this species of employment. In the process of its dissemination, it was very observable that only some hands went to it, as it were, *naturally*. The motions, it requires from the muscles are the reverse of those used in ordinary sewing; 'point' needlework, 'bobbin tossing' on the pillows, or other feminine handicrafts; it is, in fact, a movement *from* the body, not towards it, as in most other cases, and this kind of work was not taken up by all temperaments and organizations alike.

It

It seemed to be appropriated exclusively by some members of the Irish family, and to be rejected by the others. Some that took it up among the Anglo-Irish treated it as the girls at C— did, and kept it within rules and restrictions, according to the nature of their orderly habits. With them it was simple matter of imitative necessity, not of genius and spirit; it was to them a stern business effort, not a wild enterprize, and had nothing in it for them but the plain prose of a commonplace work. To the others, it was a poem wrought with passion, and like the climate of the island, 'half sunshine half tears,' it was a mingled tale of smiles and sorrow.

Among the remarkable attributes of this lace were its localization, and the effects of this localization. Stitches settled, pitched, rooted themselves, and they could not be transplanted. The mode of working in one place could not be taught to the girls of another, so as to produce quite the same effect. This was tried with great energy and perseverance by the importation of workers, but it never succeeded. Each place persistently kept its own stitch; in no other neighbourhood could the identical turn of the thread, and the exactly similar loop, with equal tension or laxity, be procured; and this peculiarity is common to other laces. There are stitches in use in many continental localities, which remain firmly fixed in districts, and are not transmissible; and the same sort of adhesiveness is perceptible also in regard to any designs that are developed by untutored workers. Organization, no doubt, determines the action of the hand, and necessarily confines stitches to certain personal conformations. Connections, therefore, easily centralized stitches in different circles, and when this was done, there came a further effort, which indicated the influence of localization in an interesting manner. In combination, the stitches formed a pattern, and this pattern became a picture, and this picture was nothing more nor less than the characteristics of the neighbourhood, as they appeared to the eye of the maker. Here, in the small matter of crochet lace, the wondrous feminine idiosyncrasy betrayed its curious working, and the conception of the mind, through the vision, was developed in natural order. Crochet was topographical, and described its birthplace with a surprising accuracy. That produced in the boggy districts was full of minute fibrous interlacy, and the specimens from the mountainous, rocky places had a peculiar style, which displayed some notion of cubic proportions, while the pieces fabricated in the soft, damp, watery places of the green, fresh, vegetative south were overrun with flowers and foliage of the most luxuriant variety.

Orders for hundreds of dozen-yard-pieces of trimmings, of a certain pattern, were frequently given by wholesale warehouses, and buyers from them began to visit the Carriginis school every season, and used, themselves, to impress their instructions on the workers, with the stimulus of promises of good pay; and yet the girls could, with difficulty, be induced to perform what was required from them.

Mary Desmond, like the rest, was almost sure to have agreed to the terms proposed; and still when the day came to take in the goods, an extraordinary failure in the performance of the contract, on the part of the hands, was of constant occurrence, and Mary was more frequently the culprit than any other pupil in the school. The superintendent was always in a dilemma, caused by this insubordination. Her daily complaint was, the impossibility of executing the regular orders, though a great amount of exquisite work could be procured from the girls.

The feeling of the whole school was expressed in Mary Desmond's reply to an inquiry, instituted to discover the cause of this disobedience; and it was anything but satisfactory to find that the seat of the mischief was a radical force, one of those strange inclinations of nature, that direct alike the movements of the individual and the species, and are as unaccountable in the plant as in the animal.

'Mary, this is not the pattern you were to have made.'

'Sure I know it isn't ma'am, I don't want to impose on you, nor on the gentlemen.'

'Well, why did you not make the one you were told?'

'Is it that ugly old thing, ma'am? I never could do such a lot of bothersome work; it would tire the life out of me—all the same, all along, row upon row—I hated

hated to be at it, so I stopped, and then the girls pattered by me. I'm to blame, indeed, for I put the spirit into them, or they wouldn't have dared to do any but the right thing through all.'

'Then I wish you would cease inspiring them to do wrong to me, and injure themselves.'

'Oh, ma'am, we wouldn't wrong you for all the world, and we'd be as far from injuring ourselves.'

'But you have done both most effectually in this instance, and I will not pay you for labour that is not according to the agreement you made.'

'You don't mean, ma'am, that you won't take in these edgings, and give us our money for them?'

'Just that exactly.'

'Oh! you never will ruin us that way. What on earth, ma'am, would we do with them? Who'd take them from us? Sure the cotton is yours, and the pattern is yours, and no one has a right to 'em but your own self, and you'll have to get 'em from us. We must sell 'em to you anyhow.'

'But I don't want them. They are not what I require. Marsland's order was the *Shamrock* edging at five shillings a dozen. He won't take *Pine* for *Shamrock*, I can assure you, nor shall I offer it to him.'

'Then raly, ma'am, he is a great fool, for it's worth nearly double the money; and it is good value we're giving him.'

'Nonsense, it is you that are fools, to give him more work than he wants for the money. It is waste of time and material, for he won't have it. He and other dealers are particular to have the goods like the sample. They select for their market; they know what they can sell; you have no business to suggest, or to dictate in the matter.'

'No doubt, ma'am, we ought to have known better, but we didn't, you see; so, this once, don't lay the trouble on us of going home without our week's money; buy it from us yourself, and some other dealer will take it from you, and you'll lose nothing by it.'

'I knew it would come to this, and that I should have your labour at my own price; but it is not what I desire, and it is not—as you suppose—no loss, but the reverse. Our customer is disappointed, and perhaps injured; he is very much annoyed, and will certainly in future hold our engagements in disrespect. I am made ashamed, when I promise for you, and you fail to fulfil my agreement. We enter on the compact with a fair understanding on both sides, and I must say, it is very humiliating to me when I am obliged to be a defaulter in this way.'

'For pity's sake, say no more, ma'am, dear, we are melted to think that you should be put out about it. Take the edging for whatever you please to give for it, and we'll work our fingers to the bone to make good your word to the gentleman.'

This was a specious flourish, meant to mollify the superintendent's anger. Mary well knew that there was no time for completing the engagement. It was a matter more easily said than done; and she had no intention whatever of trying to perform her promise.

The superintendent had the pine pattern as 'a bargain,' and was left to get out of the affair with her correspondent as well as she could.

A bargain, indeed! No greater misconception of the nature of a bargain was ever formed. For whatever price the article was obtained, it could not be 'a bargain.' It would probably lie a whole year on hand, and when a speculating customer was found to take it, he invariably required it on some such terms as those on which it had been bought, and, finally, had it for a sum as much below its cost as it had been obtained beneath its intrinsic worth from the makers. No amount of reasoning could convey to the girls any idea of the evil influence which the system of selling 'bargains' had on the trade. It affected it perniciously from beginning to end. First, it injured the workers themselves, by deranging their perception of the value of their labour, and by destroying, from the very outset, their power of dictating a price for it. Then, instead of the managers being able to pay them, according to the amount of skill and taste displayed in their work, and time devoted to its manufacture, their uncertainty in producing anything 'to order,' made it necessary for them to purchase from them, on terms protective of themselves, against the refusal of the market to take the goods offered, in place of those which it required.

Often,

Often, when they were deluged by the workers with specimens of wild industry, they had just to surrender them to purchasers for whatever they would give for them, and so the progress of the mischief was promoted, which eventually made the whole business irregular, and unsatisfactory to the commercial world.—*The Lacemakers. By Mrs. Meredith.*

#### TREATMENT OF THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.

The leading principles of the following directions for the restoration of the apparently dead from drowning are founded on those of the late Dr. Marshall Hall, combined with those of Dr. H. R. Silvester, and are the result of extensive inquiries which were made by the Royal National Life-boat Institution in 1863-4 amongst medical men, medical bodies, and coroners throughout the United Kingdom. These directions have been extensively circulated by the institution throughout the United Kingdom and in the colonies. They are also in use in Her Majesty's fleet, and in the Coast-guard service.

1. Send immediately for medical assistance, blankets, and dry clothing, but proceed to treat the patient instantly on the spot, in the open air, with the face downward, whether on shore or afloat; exposing the face, neck, and chest to the wind, except in severe weather, and removing all tight clothing from the neck and chest, especially the braces.

The points to be aimed at are—first and immediately, the restoration of breathing; and, secondly, after breathing is restored, the promotion of warmth and circulation.

The efforts to restore breathing must be commenced immediately and energetically, and persevered in for one or two hours, or until a medical man has pronounced that life is extinct. Efforts to promote warmth and circulation, beyond removing the wet clothes and drying the skin, must not be made until the first appearance of natural breathing. For if circulation of the blood be induced before breathing has recommenced, the restoration to life will be endangered.

2. To restore breathing—to clear the throat—place the patient on the floor or ground with the face downwards, and one of the arms under the forehead, in which position all fluids will more readily escape by the mouth, and the tongue itself will fall forward, leaving the entrance into the wind-pipe free. Assist this operation by wiping and cleansing the mouth.

If satisfactory breathing commences, use the treatment described below to promote warmth. If there be only slight breathing—or no breathing—or if the breathing fail, then—to excite breathing—turn the patient well and instantly on the side, supporting the head, and excite the nostrils with snuff, hartshorn, and smelling salts, or tickle the throat with a feather, &c., if they are at hand. Rub the chest and face warm, and dash cold water, or cold and hot water alternately on them.

If there be no success, lose not a moment, but instantly—to imitate breathing—replace the patient on the face, raising and supporting the chest well on a folded coat or other article of dress.

Turn the body very gently on the side and a little beyond, and then briskly on the face, back again; repeating these measures cautiously, efficiently, and perseveringly about fifteen times in a minute, or once every four or five seconds, occasionally varying the side. By placing the patient on the chest, the weight of the body forces the air out; when turned on the side, this pressure is removed, and air enters the chest.

On each occasion that the body is replaced on the face, make uniform but efficient pressure with brisk movement, on the back between and below the shoulder-blades or bones on each side, removing the pressure immediately before turning the body on the side.

During the whole of the operations let one person attend solely to the movements

movements of the head, and of the arm placed under it. The first measure increases the expiration—the second commences inspiration. The result is respiration or natural breathing; and, if not too late, life.

Whilst the above operations are being proceeded with, dry the hands and feet; and as soon as dry clothing or blankets can be procured, strip the body and cover, or gradually reclothe it, but taking care not to interfere with the efforts to restore breathing.

3. Should these efforts not prove successful in the course of from two to five minutes, proceed to imitate breathing by Dr. Silvester's method, as follows:—

Place the patient on the back on a flat surface, inclined a little upwards from the feet; raise and support the head and shoulders on a small firm cushion or folded article of dress placed under the shoulder-blades.

Draw forward the patient's tongue, and keep it projecting beyond the lips; an elastic band over the tongue and under the chin will answer this purpose, or a piece of string or tape may be tied round them, or by raising the lower jaw, the teeth may be made to retain the tongue in that position. Remove all tight clothing from about the neck and chest, especially the braces.

To imitate the movements of breathing, stand at the patient's head, grasp the arms just above the elbows, and draw the arms gently and steadily upwards above the head, and keep them stretched upwards for two seconds. By this means air is drawn into the lungs. Then turn down the patient's arms, and press them gently and firmly for two seconds against the sides of the chest. By this means air is pressed out of the lungs.

Repeat these measures alternately, deliberately, and perseveringly, about fifteen times in a minute, until a spontaneous effort to respire is perceived, immediately upon which cease to imitate the movements of breathing, and proceed to induce circulation and warmth.

4. Treatment after natural breathing has been restored.—To promote warmth and circulation commence rubbing the limbs upwards, with firm grasping pressure and energy, using handkerchiefs, flannels, &c.; by this measure the blood is propelled along the veins towards the heart.

The friction must be continued under the blanket or over the dry clothing. Promote the warmth of the body by the application of hot flannels, bottles, or bladders of hot water, heated bricks, &c., to the pit of the stomach, the arm-pits, between the thighs, and to the soles of the feet.

If the patient has been carried to a house after respiration has been restored, be careful to let the air play freely about the room.

On the restoration of life, a teaspoonful of warm water should be given; and then, if the power of swallowing have returned, small quantities of wine, warm brandy and water, or coffee, should be administered. The patient should be kept in bed, and a disposition to sleep encouraged.

The above treatment should be persevered in for some hours, as it is an erroneous opinion that persons are irrecoverable because life does not soon make its appearance, persons having been restored after persevering for many hours.\*

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\* The following letter to the editor of the *Morning Star* deserves to be here appended:—

"Sir,—Will you allow me space for a few words in corroboration of Dr. Kidd's statement in to-day's *Star* in reference to the wide-spread error, which is shared by the Royal Humane Society, viz., that it is "impossible to restore animation to one who has been submerged more than four or five minutes."

"I was last week visiting at the house of a gentleman on the Cornish coast, when he informed me that some weeks previously he was hurriedly summoned from his home to render assistance in a case of drowning. A boy of ten years of age had fallen into the canal, which was very deep. My friend, after arriving at  
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The appearances which generally accompany death, are these:—Breathing and the heart's action cease entirely; the eyelids are generally half-closed; the pupils dilated; the jaws clenched; the fingers semi-contracted; the tongue approaches to the under edges of the lips, and these, as well as the nostrils, are covered with a frothy mucus. Coldness and pallor of surface increase.

Prevent unnecessary crowding of persons round the body, especially if in an apartment.

Avoid rough usage, and do not allow the body to remain on the back unless the tongue is secured.

Under no circumstances hold the body up by the feet.

On no account place the body in a warm bath, unless under medical direction, and even then it should only be employed as a momentary excitant.

### BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A cleverly-written volume is that of Mrs. Meredith, — 'The Lacemakers: Sketches of Irish Character, with some Account of the Effort to Establish Lacemaking in Ireland;'—recently published in London by Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. Besides three tales illustrative of Irish life and character, particularly in connection with the crochet lace manufacture, Mrs. Meredith's book contains two chapters on Lacemaking in Ireland, and on Needlework *versus* Domestic Service, which appeared originally in the 'Englishwoman's Journal.' Mrs. Meredith pleads for governmental care to foster the development of female taste in Ireland. She claims that the resemblance between the Irish and their continental relatives is, in some respects, so strong, as to favour the adoption of measures in Ireland similar to those that have been successful abroad. 'It is hard,' she says, 'for Irishwomen to suppress the rising of jealousy, when they view the lovely productions which foreign women contribute to the International Exhibitions, while they feel that for such occupations they have peculiar talents, but no means whatever of cultivating them.' By a recent arrangement, it is true, access to the Government Schools of Design is provided for girls from National Schools; but this offer Mrs. Meredith regards as futile, because in

the principal seat of the lace manufacture the instruction afforded conveys no information applicable to the introduction of the artistic element into that work. There is, she adds, no system of inspection connected with this department which reaches the case of these pupils. They are left to their own devices, and with an education insufficient to enable them to subserve their proper interest, they gain little by their application to the Art Schools. Mrs. Meredith looks with longing on the *Asile Ouvroir* open to Frenchwomen. This institution is annexed to the ordinary literary schools, and is always closed when these are open. It is free to girls of all classes whether attending the other school or not, and the law compels them to cultivate the description of work which the employers of labour in the district demand, as well as providing every facility for the improvement in arts connected with it. Such help as this, she says, would be a great benefit to Irish girls. In connection with the National System of Education in Ireland, is a special industrial department which might be made available to supply this want, if female inspection were employed in carrying out the scheme. The models and tests adopted by the Commissioners are not such as competent judges of needlework would approve of, hence

the spot, had to send to the other end of the village for a rake, with which the body was at length brought up from the bottom of the canal, having been submerged about twenty minutes. In spite of the "orthodox faith of the Royal Humane Society," my friend, with assistance, immediately set to work on the "Marshall Hall" plan, and after a time signs of reanimation became apparent, and his efforts were at length crowned with complete success.—I am, sir, yours respectfully.

'Gravesend.'

'A TRAVELLER.'  
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the Commissioners' certificate of merit is of no recognized value. Although it is, no doubt, much to be regretted that every plea urged on behalf of Ireland is the plea of the beggarman; 'Do something for us; give us something,' being the constant cry, and self-help woefully at a discount; yet there does seem to be more ground in the present instance for Mrs. Meredith's appeal. She is sanguine that if Irishwomen had special training for their artistic faculties, Ireland might be, in the British dominions, what Vosges, Ypres, Malines, and Valence are in their respective countries.

We are glad to find on our table the first number of a 'Social Science Review,' a quarterly journal of political economy and statistics, published at No. 161, Broadway, New York. The names of the Editors, Alexander Delmar and Simon Stern, are on the cover. The number contains five articles. The first is a long protest against all governmental interference with labour and commerce. The protest would be excellent if not worded too absolutely. It argues that man is fully and perfectly governed by natural laws and forces; that human law cannot be beneficial, unless perfectly in accordance with natural laws; and that if so in accordance, it is unnecessary: human laws, it is urged, are only necessary when it is desired to ensure actions which men are disinclined to make: if men are disinclined, that must be because they deem the required action either injurious or not beneficial to themselves: on such points they must be the best judges; therefore they ought to be allowed to control freely not only their own actions and those of their children, but also all property legitimately acquired by them, so long as they do not infringe the equal rights of their fellow-beings. This is all very well in its way. But if it be admitted that men are always the best judges of the injuriousness or beneficial character of their actions, it must also in fairness be allowed that minors may be so too; and thus we abolish, at one fell swoop, the sacred right of family control. If, on the other hand, men do infringe the equal rights of their fellow-beings, what becomes of the all-sufficiency of laws natural, and the non-necessity of laws human? Because of offences, because infringements do occur, government becomes necessary; and to argue its non-necessity from the mistakes and

malpractices of past governments is to overshoot the mark. The second article contains a sound critique of the late report of the Secretary of the United States Treasury. A rapid review of Herbert Spencer's philosophy is given in article the third; the review is not profound, and the construction, we are sorry to see, is sometimes ungrammatical. Following this, is a notice of About's 'Progrès,' and an article on the limits of political economy completes the number. Although not in every respect satisfied with the first number, we are very glad to welcome its appearance, and we desire heartily a long and useful career to our new contemporary.

There are more who are anxious to acquire money, than to spend it wisely. To the minority there would be pleasure, to the majority there might be much profit, in the perusal of 'Money, a Popular Exposition in Rough Notes; with Remarks on Stewardship and Systematic Beneficence, by T. Binney.' This volume now, we are glad to see, in its second edition, is from the press of Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, of 27, Paternoster Row; it contains fourteen sermons, and an introductory section; forming, in the whole, an almost complete treatise on whatever in the letter of the New Testament bears directly on the use and abuse of riches. The author explains in his preface that these sermons were delivered in compliance with a request that he would bring before his congregation the claims of the Systematic Beneficence Society; that the two, to which he had intended to confine himself, grew into fourteen; that the introductory section was written in pursuance of a design to re-write the sermons and make them chapters of a book, instead of a series of pulpit discourses; that the said design was frustrated by repeated and severe attacks of illness; and that thus is accounted for the phrase in the title-page, 'a popular exposition in rough notes.' As this, the preface to the first edition, is repeated in the second, we are to presume that the affair remains just as it did when the first was issued, and that no revision has been attempted by the author. There is the less to regret in this, as the work is really very excellent as it stands. The writer starts with the proposition that the Bible, albeit wonderfully developed, resolves itself into a great system of truth and duty. He points out the common mistake



take of giving to some one doctrine or duty such special and disproportionate attention as may detach it from its proper place and use in the system, and thus make it an entirely different thing from what it really is in the Divine word; and he notices the error, equally common, of so overlooking or disregarding some particular truth or duty that it virtually drops out of the system altogether. To avoid these mistakes, he proposes to collect and set forth in order all that the New Testament says about money; hinting, with great propriety, that it is quite possible that what the Bible teaches on this matter, 'while it may be much less than what Papists pretend, may yet turn out to be a great deal more than what many Protestants either believe or like.' Money may, on the one hand, be a bad thing, but it may, on the other, be put to a good use. His design has been to present to the reader everything to be found in the New Testament that can be employed to illustrate the one or the other of these two statements. In part the first, therefore, he reviews all that he finds in the 'evangelic and apostolic page confirming the proposition that money is a bad thing; in part the second, all that shows it may nevertheless be put to very good use; and a third part is devoted to a consideration of stewardship and systematic beneficence. It is really very remarkable how large an amount of precept and illustration can thus be drawn from the Christian Scriptures, for the guidance of the money-spender and for the warning of the covetous; and Mr. Binney has done the work faithfully and judiciously, and has filled a volume with admirable instruction, richly deserving to be made widely known and enduringly considered.

Perhaps of all the issues of John Bunyan's most famous book, that which would please him best, could he now see it, would be the 'Sunday School Edition,' just published by Elliot Stock, of 62, Paternoster Row, London. Christian and Christiana and all their company are now for the first time brought within reach of the humblest child. An unabridged copy of each of these delightful old allegories, adorned with illustrations, averaging considerably more than one for each page, may be had for a single penny; or the two together, in a neat cover, for twice that trifling amount. To be made thus

universally accessible would have delighted the heart of the illustrious old dreamer; one of whose dearest wishes it must have been that the very poorest should be enabled to

'Come hither,  
And lay his book, their head, and heart together.'

'The Mother's Manual for the Training of Her Children,' consists of hints derived from personal experience and conversations held at 'mothers' meetings' during more than thirty years. It is compiled by Mrs. Reed, and is published in London by Jarrold and Sons, of 12, Paternoster Row. The book comes before the world recommended by members of Mrs. Reed's family, who bear testimony to the happy effects produced on themselves and many others by parental and Christian influence, and abide in the firm persuasion derived from experience, that fathers and mothers, animated by the principles and spirit of the excellent 'maternal meetings' described in these pages, would, with the Divine blessing, lay the children of the present generation under a similar weight of obligation to that which themselves so deeply feel. An examination of the book itself shows that this recommendation is not without justification. Many wise counsels are here proffered; much help is tendered to such as seek to train their children in piety and good works. The book gives a history of maternal associations, and shows how they were commenced, and how conducted; with what guiding motives, and under what proven necessity. It gives also extracts from the minutes of a Central Association, with advice therein on a large variety of points arising in practice; and it supplies contributions derived from friends who actually conduct 'maternal meetings.' Lists of Scripture passages especially suitable for reading and meditation by mothers, and of books adapted for parents, children, and servants, complete the volume.

The Rev. Edward Birch, M.A., Rector of St. Saviour's, Manchester, has written a tract for church-goers on 'Behaviour at Church,' and Messrs. Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt, of Paternoster Row, and Messrs. Hale and Roworth and Mr. Anderton, of Manchester, have published it. The tract adverts almost wholly to what is outward and visible; and it recommends, as proprieties of public worship, early attendance, preliminary asking for a blessing,

blessing, fixed attention to the Prayer-book as opposed to noticing other people, audible responding, singing aloud, and a kneeling posture in prayer. Whilst approving of a kneeling posture, we cannot help remarking that Mr. Birch speaks too strongly about a matter which, after all, is a non-essential; he even ventures to intimate that 'God will not look down well-pleased upon a man who can and will not kneel at church!' The closing words of the tract are excellent:—'It is not, indeed, pretended that \*\* outward and visible service is of the essence of prayer. It is but the shell thereof; and the kernel, after all, may have no soundness in it. But still a devout manner has its use and value. Enough it should be for us that God requires it, alike in earth and heaven; and all who honour Him, whether men or angels, by doing even the least thing that He requires, He will honour.' But is it not rash to deny to ancient or modern worshippers a devout manner in all cases where the manner does not happen to coincide with our own?

'Convict Discipline in Ireland,' by John T. Burt, B.A., is an examination of Sir Walter Crofton's 'Answer' to 'Irish Facts and Wakefield Figures,' a previous publication from the same pen. The London publishers are Messrs. Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. The rev. author fights with much spirit against Sir Walter Crofton, in whom he has an antagonist certainly well worthy of his steel. A dissection of the new pamphlet would require much more than one of these brief notices.

The Rev. A. Gordon, LL.D., has put forth, with the assistance of Mr. Elliot Stock, of 62, Paternoster Row, London, the second edition of a pamphlet on 'Puseyism: a Brief Exposition of the leading Tenets and Aims of the Oxford Tractarian Divines and their Fellows.' Whilst acknowledging that able treatises exposing the errors of Puseyism exist plentifully, the rev. author pleads that

there are many people who have neither time nor inclination to read large books, and that the result is, an abounding lack of information, to abate which he has written this little work. He blows the trumpet of alarm with earnest vigour.

'The Three Liberals' is a tale, in three parts, by Rev. H. Newton, B.A., of Southwark, author of 'The Fall of Babylon,' a poem which we recently reviewed. The principal object of the author in his 'Three Liberals' appears to be to chastise the conductors of 'Evangelical Christendom,' the 'London Quarterly Review,' the 'Athenæum,' the 'Spectator,' and sundry other magazines containing unfavourable notices of his epic. Having administered the whip to these, and further relieved his mind on sundry matters ecclesiastical, the author appends a reading from the 'Fall of Babylon,' to give those who have not seen the work in bulk an opportunity of tasting its quality in sample.

The Rev. Charles Bullock, Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester, continues to edit 'Our Own Fireside,' a monthly magazine of home literature for the Christian family. A full-sized engraving on wood adorns each number. In this magazine pleasant and useful readings for old and young are abundant.

'The Alexandra Magazine and English-woman's Journal' is, we say it emphatically, *the* magazine for thoughtful women who desire to know what foremost minds of their own sex can tell about sundry matters, especially the various fields of employment for women. It is published in London, by Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

'The Church of England Temperance Magazine,' a monthly journal of Intelligence, from the houses of Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 54, Fleet-street, and S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row, is still first in its own class, spiritedly conducted, and worthy of wide recommendation.

# Meliora.

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## ART. I.—PARLIAMENTARY DELIBERATIONS AND DEBATES UPON THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

1. *Cobbett's Parliamentary History of England from the Norman Conquest (1066) to the Year 1803.* London: R. Bagshaw.
2. *The Parliamentary Debates from the Year 1803 to the Present Time (1829).* London: Longman and Co.
3. *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates. Third Series. From the Accession of William IV.* London: Hansard's Office, 23, Paternoster Row.

WHAT would the historian and antiquarian give for a volume of the proceedings and debates of an Anglo-Saxon Wittenagemot? If notes and journals of those venerable assemblies were ever taken, their very memorial has long ago and for ever perished. A few copies of laws once in force in sections of the Octarchy are all that are left to awaken curiosity, with not a syllable of the speeches and consultations which preceded their adoption. In the laws of Ina, promulgated early in the eighth century, mention is made of ale and ale-houses, and it is not very probable that the Ceapeaetherum (places where ale was sold) escaped the animadversions of the wise men with whose consent the Saxon laws were enacted. Edgar or Eadgar (959-75) is said, acting under the advice of St. Dunstan, to have adopted two measures for reducing the evils connected with the liquor traffic of that early period; the one limiting each village to a single ale-house; the other prescribing that drinking cups or tankards should have pegs inserted in them at regular spaces, no man to drink more liquor than the quantity between two pegs. Dunstan's popular fame rests upon a certain sharp bodily encounter with Diabolus, with which he was credited by his admirers; but, in truth, he was more of a statesman than a pious recluse, and

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his legislation against intemperance must have occasioned the Prince of Darkness more concern than a hundred tales of victories gained, tongs-in-hand, by the fiery monk. History is silent as to the execution of the village ale-house law, but it informs us that the drinking peg contrivance became afterwards perverted into an encouragement of intemperance, so that by the canons of St. Anselm (A.D. 1102) priests were forbidden to attend drinking bouts and to drink to pegs (*ut presbyteri non eant ad potationes nec ad pinas bibant*).

The Normans are said to have far exceeded the Saxons in sobriety at the time of the Conquest.\* The subsequent drunkenness of the ruling race was, however, closely connected with, and promoted by, the free use of the wines imported from France, and the intoxicating beverages of insular manufacture. Centuries passed, during which public liberty was slowly 'broadening down from precedent to precedent;' and the glimpses we catch of the drinking habits of the nobles and commonalty do not indicate that temperance was a flourishing virtue in the England of the middle ages. Vintners alone were allowed to deal in wine, and these consisted of two classes—the *vinetarii* (wholesale dealers) and *tabernarii* (retailers)—but side by side with the taverns or inns of the latter were the humbler ale-houses that were suffered to exist till the disorder they created provoked a summary suppression of the worst for the warning of the rest. Under Edward I. they were all closed at curfew bell, and the municipal charters of the larger towns gave the authorities powers which they often claimed, if they did not employ them, for punishing the ale-vendors who 'gave short quantity or sold adulterated articles.' The home-made liquors, though fermented, were generally drunk fresh, and were not very intoxicating; but quantity did the work of alcoholic potency, and the period is yet to be discovered in the four hundred years that followed the Conquest when drunkenness was not the shame and scourge of the English people.

The close of the party wars of the Roses allowed of more attention to civil affairs, and we soon come upon legislation that mirrors the state of the liquor traffic in no bewitching form. Common ale-selling had proved a common nuisance, to abate which a comprehensive clause in the 11th Henry VII.,

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\* Macaulay's contrast, one probably overcoloured, is thus drawn: 'The Normans renounced that brutal intemperance to which all the other branches of the great German family were too much inclined. The polite luxury of the Norman presented a striking contrast to the coarse voracity and drunkenness of his Saxon and Danish neighbours. He loved to display his magnificence, not in huge piles of food and hogsheads of strong drink, but in banquets delicate rather than abundant, and wines remarkable rather for their exquisite flavour than for their intoxicating power.'—*History of England*. Vol i., p. 11 (12th Ed., 1856).

c. 2 (1495)—an act directed against vagabonds and beggars—gave two justices in petty sessions the power to stop the evil, and take surety from ale-sellers for good behaviour. At that time parliamentary institutions, as we now inherit them, were developed and in a working condition; and had any peer or any member taken notes of the discussions on this novel clause, our knowledge of ale-houses in the fifteenth century would have been considerably enlarged. But blankness reigns, and the same blankness covers the debates, if debates there were, attending the passing of the 5th and 6th Edward VI., c. 25 (1551-2), which aimed at removing the 'intolerable hurts and troubles to the commonwealth' caused by the increase of ale-houses. This reform was sought by renewing and extending the powers given to justices of the peace over ale-houses, and by rendering a licence necessary to the sale of ale. Next year an act (7th Edward VI., c. 5, 1552-3), 'to avoid excess of wines,' attacked the other and more socially respectable branch of the traffic, the remedy in this case being a specified limitation of the number of inns in the various large towns of the kingdom. We may be sure that a bill of this tenor would not pass into a law without many arguments in its favour and possibly many objections; but the muse of history has left no recording lines. Our first peep inside the doors of Parliament when deliberating upon this subject is procured through some 'Historical Memoirs of the Four Last Parliaments of Elizabeth,' which one 'Heywood Townshend, Esq., a member in those Parliaments,' compiled 'faithfully and laboriously,' as the title-page assures us. One entry states that on Thursday, February 13th, 1589, a bill to reform disorders of common inns and other victualling-houses was read a second time, and 'after many speeches and arguments,' plainly evincing the interest of hon. members in the question, was referred to a Select Committee. This bill passes out of sight; but nearly nine years later, on Wednesday, November 9th, 1597, a bill to suppress the multitude of maltsters was upon a second reading referred to a Select Committee,' the chairman of which, Sir R. Wroth, reported on Saturday, November 12th, that the committee 'had thought good to draw a new bill' after having 'met and travailed' in the business assigned them. This bill, which stands as the 39th and 40th Elizabeth, c. 16 (1597-8), gave power to the justices of peace to diminish the number of maltsters, and to prevent according to their discretion the buying of barley for conversion into malt. This act was repealed by 9th William III., c. 22. Nothing, however, answering to a debate on the liquor traffic gratifies our search till we have crossed

crossed the threshold of another century. On the 2nd of November, 1601, the House of Commons considered an act to provide 'against excess in inns, victualling-houses, and ale-houses.' A fine of £5 was to be imposed on drink-vendors who violated certain rules. Next day, Mr. Johnson 'moved that bodily punishment might be inflicted on ale-house keepers that should be offenders; and also provision made to restrain resort to ale-houses.' Another member, Sir George Moore, wished for severer laws against drunkenness, but he objected to judges of assize and justices of the peace being allowed to 'assign' inns and innkeepers. Another member desired 'a reformation of ale,' which, he was ready to take his oath, was sold at a groat a quart, and 'is as strong as wine, and will burn like sack.' Cheaper and weaker, was this gentleman's motto. Mr. Glascock made a speech, so short and representative, that we shall reproduce it:—

'Mr. Speaker, I will only liken this bill to the suppression of stews and bawdy-houses in old time, that where then all bawds were together in one house, now being suppressed, every man's house is a bawdy-house, so if you take away ale-houses, and hinder them from being drunk there, it will be a ready way to make every man drunk at his own house at home.'

In these few words Mr. Glascock ingeniously contrived to misrepresent the scope of the bill, and to oppose it by a spurious analogy which he backed up by two most barefaced and false assertions. Great is Glascockianism, and having survived till the reign of Victoria, it now, as in the days of Queen Elizabeth, meets with professors and admirers. Very busy was the last Parliament of Queen Bess with the liquor traffic; for on November 5th a bill was read which fined the ale-seller 3s. 4d. for every quart of beer short measure. The day before (Nov. 4) a bill respecting drunkards and common haunters of taverns and ale-houses was also read; and on the 6th Dr. James, to whom it had been referred as 'a committee,' brought it on again, and on the following day—a Saturday—it was subjected to discussion. It provided that if any man went to an ale-house within two miles of his own house he should forfeit as much as he was assessed for the subsidy; and to this proposal, the stringency of which marks the pressure of the evils that required correction, Mr. Glascock took exception in another choice little speech, in which he informed the House that it was

'A common and usual thing in Lancashire and those parts for gentlemen as they go a-hawking to go and take a repast at an ale-house; yea, men sometimes of 500 marks a year; but, Mr. Speaker, I hope these men are not intended to come within this bill; and I think it a mere cobweb to catch poor flies in.'

Sir Francis Darcy spoke in favour of the bill, which was committed,



mitted, and on December 2nd, 'upon engrossment, it was read and passed.' It was probably rejected by the Lords, for it did not become law, and this rejection may account for the Commons' summary rejection, in the way of tit-for-tat, on December 10th of a bill 'for suppressing ale-houses and tippling-houses,' which had originated in the Lords. Mr. Townshend says that when the question was put 'whether it should be committed, all said "No, no," but Mr. Wingfield, at which the House laughed.' The bill of November 5th was discussed December 2nd, and was opposed by Sir Walter Raleigh, who objected to the clause disqualifying as an inn-keeper any one selling short measure. This bill seems to have been dropped, so that although both Houses had been much engaged with the drink question that session, no law was enacted; but in the various projects introduced, we may detect the originals and germs of several provisions contained in acts on drink-selling and drunkenness in the succeeding reign.\*

These acts were five: 2d James I., c. 9 (1603-4), 'To restrain the inordinate haunting and tipling in inns, ale-houses, and other victualling-houses.' 4th James I., c. 4, 'To restrain the utterance of beer and ale to ale-house keepers and tiplers not licensed.' 4th James I., c. 5, 'For repressing the odious and loathsome sin of drunkenness.' 7th James I., c. 10, 'For reformation of ale-house keepers.' 21st James I., c. 7, 'For the better repressing of drunkenness and the inordinate haunting of inns, ale-houses, and other victualling-houses.' These acts embraced a period of about twenty years (1604-23), and the discussions on various points must have been warm and protracted, for the provisions were in many cases new and rigorous; but the 'Parliamentary History' gives no echo of these debates. On another question, however, having relation to the royal prerogative and the old grievance of patents, the same reticence is not observed. To raise money James had sold a patent empowering the patentee to place a pecuniary 'imposition' on

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\* Though not exactly germane to the subject of this article, it may be remarked that Mr. Townshend has preserved a report of the speech delivered by the Lord-Keeper, Sir Thomas Egerton, to the whole body of judges (February 13th, 1602) before going to their circuits, and among the tasks he enjoins them are, 'to examine justices (of the peace) touching misdemeanors, to inform Her Majesty how many ale-houses they have pulled down; how many priests they have taken, and who harbour them; and of all these matters to give an account to Her Majesty at your return, that she taking notice from you, the good justices may be rewarded, and the evil removed.' Suppressing ale-houses and capturing priests may appear to stand in curious juxtaposition, but the importance attached to the latter office enables us to estimate the conception formed by the statesmen of that age of the evils associated with the ale-house system then prevailing.

drinking-shops. The use made of this patent galled the loyal lieges, whose discontent found a voice in Parliament. The Commons remonstrated with the King, by placing the 'imposition' upon ale-houses in the list of public grievances and at an interview with James on the 10th of July, 1610, the King answered in writing :—

'The intent of that ordinance was matter of reformation, because ale-houses did multiply overmuch by the favour of licences; and for the profit, it was but an incident which His Majesty least regarded; and that it might be done by law, it was warranted by the opinion and advice of the Lord Popham and the principal judges of the land, who, upon conference with others, maintained that, referring the power of licences to the justices of the peace, by the statute, was not privative of the King's power in that case. But, seeing it is a thing so much desired to be removed, and especially since it seemed to breed a jealousy in his loving subjects of a precedent of imposing payment upon them within the land, be it laid down and no more taken.'

To another grievance, 'the monopoly of licence of wines,' the King replied that, 'saving the patent already issued, he was willing for a law restraining any such licence to be made, in time to come.' The King's crafty disclaimer of issuing 'impositions' for lucre's sake was not generally credited, we may imagine; and, when ten years later a new Parliament was called, we find that on the 19th of February, 1620, in the 'Committee of Grievances,' Mr. Noye said :—

'There are some patents that in themselves are good and lawful, but abused by the patentees in the execution of them, who perform not the trust reposed in them by His Majesty; and of such a kind is the patent for inns, but those that have the execution abuse it by setting up inns in forests and bye villages, only to harbour rogues and thieves, and such as the justices of the peace of the shire, who best know where inns are fittest to be, and who best deserve to have licences for them, have suppressed from keeping of ale-houses; for none is now refused that will make a good composition.'

Mr. Alford complained that every poor man who took in a horse on market day was sued, unless he compounded with the patentees; and, instead of restraining the number of inn-keepers 'at Bath where there were wont to be but six, and the town desired Sir Giles Mompesson *there might not be more*, yet he increased them gradatim from six to twenty inn-keepers.' The House of Lords inquired into various charges against Sir Giles Mompesson, and, in reference to the Patent of Inns, they found that he had

'Affronted the justices of the peace, and threatened several of them with the Council table; and because there were certificates sent him from time to time of those alehouse keepers who were suppressed for ill behaviour, he made this use of it, *to make them innkeepers*; that he granted licences to divers base fellows to keep inns, and sued out processes against 4,000 for keeping inns without licences, and for the price of horse-meat, of which he only tried two suits.'

Sir Giles Mompesson, who had fled the country, was afterwards

wards sentenced to various penalties, the last of which was, 'that he be ever held an infamous person.'

With the accession of Charles I. anti-liquor legislation followed; but we are ignorant of the discussions which preceded, first, the 1st Charles I., c. 3, which subjected the offending ale-house keeper to the penalty previously levied on the ale-house haunter, and brought the tavern keeper under equal liability; and, second, the 3rd Charles I., c. 4., which provided that the unlicensed seller should be fined 20s. to the poor, or be imprisoned for a month, and, on a repetition of the offence, be kept in durance till released by an order of the justices in session assembled. The latter of these acts was passed in 1627, but the 'tap interest' was too rampant, or the local justices were too corrupt or inert, for in 1635 the Lord-Keeper Coventry, in addressing the judges, forcibly affirmed, 'I account ale-houses and tippling-houses the greatest pests in the kingdom. Public-houses are the public stages of drunkenness and disorder.'

The Long Parliament is noted, among other things, for having ordered, on May 16th, 1643, that the justices should enforce the 1st James I., c. 10 (which enacted that a quart of strong beer should be sold for 1d., and two quarts of all other beer for 1d.), and for further agreeing to the first excise duties levied on intoxicating liquors.\* These imposts are said to have given general dissatisfaction, and to have strongly operated against the King in the quarrel then pending between the Crown and Parliament. It is possible that the social reformers in the House consented to these fiscal restrictions, with a hope that moral benefits would result, while the popular party, as a whole, would not be sorry that all the odium of levying the duties should rest upon the King's adherents.

The government of the Puritans does not seem to have been attended with much improvement of ale-house regimen, if we may judge from descriptions of contemporary writers concerning the prevalence of drunkenness, and at the Restoration (1660) the liquor-shop contributed most powerfully to the shameful profligacy that broke out over the kingdom. One member, Mr. Stevens, had the boldness to express a wish that a bill might be brought in 'against drinking of healths,' but no one supported him.

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\* Strong beer selling at 8s. per barrel was charged 1s. duty; beer selling at 6s. was charged 6d. Beer made for home consumption was similarly charged. Ale-house keepers and inn-holders had to pay 2s. per barrel. On cider and perry the first buyer was charged 2s. per hogshead. Wines retailed paid besides customs' dues a tax of 2d. per quart, or 1d. per quart when imported for domestic use.

Cognisance was now taken of distilled spirits as articles of traffic, and we see the gathering of that new tempest of intemperance which raged with tremendous violence during the first half of the following century. Charles II., by a legal fiction, was supposed to have ruled during his eleven years' exile, so that the acts of 1660 are dated as being passed in the twelfth of his reign. By the 12th Charles II., c. 23, the King's expenses were provided for by a tax on ale, beer, cider, perry, and other liquors. Each gallon of strong waters and aqua vitæ was charged 1d., but if made from wine or cider imported the charge was 2d. Foreign spirits were charged 4d. On each gallon of coffee there was a tax of 4d., and on each gallon of sherbet, chocolate, and tea, one of 8d. The household beverages were generally sold ready made, so that the spirit-vendor had an excise advantage over the tea-dealer in the proportion of eight to one, besides the vast difference in the original cost of the raw material. The next act (12th Charles II., c. 24) imposed a similar scale of duties on the same articles, as a compensation for the income derived from the Court of Wards. By c. 25 of the same year, wine was forbidden to be sold 'without a licence, saving the privileges of the vintners of London and St. Albans.' In the year ending Midsummer, 1685, the excise on ale and beer produced £627,523. 18s. 8½d., and on spirits imported £48,491. 3s. 8½d., a total of £676,015. 2s. 4½d., yielding a net produce, after all charges, of £585,289. 4s. 6d.

Times of civil commotion and foreign war are never favourable to social inquiry and reform; money, too, must be found to meet extraordinary expenses, and financiers are apt to get careless of a tender conscience. Hence it happened that in the reigns of William and Mary, then of William alone, and afterwards of Anne, the Parliament and Government appear to have been infatuated on the subject of the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits. Ale-house keepers were still under the jurisdiction of justices, but every encouragement was given to the still more dangerous sellers of strong waters and liquid fire. By the 10th William III., c. 4, a check was given to the 'excessive distilling of spirits and low wines from corn,' and in the 12th and 13th William, c. 11 (1700-1), a clause was inserted (14) requiring all spirit-sellers to be licensed in the same way as the keepers of ale-houses were, and the penalties on offenders were to be the same; but with the accession of Queen Anne, who was herself too fond of the evil cordials, all chance of amendment vanished. By the 1st Anne, stat. 2, c. 14 (1702), distillers and all persons who carried on other trades as their principal  
business

business were permitted to sell spirits without a licence, if they did not permit tipping on their premises. Under the influence of such headlong legislation, which was apparently not resisted by any active body of members of Parliament, the consumption of ardent spirits frightfully increased. From 524,000 gallons in 1684, the consumption had risen to 3,520,000 in 1724, an arithmetical testimony to the power of legal patronage in stimulating a traffic that grows with the appetite it originates and develops. Besides this amount of proof spirit, nearly twice this quantity of spirits under proof were put into general circulation under the name of 'low wines.' This plague of drink raged principally in London, where, according to Maitland, in 1725, estimating the number of houses at 95,968, and of inhabitants at 700,000, one house in every six sold drink, and one person in every twenty-five was interested in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating drinks.\* Gin had, in reality, become almost as universal and afflicting a calamity in London as the plague of gnats in Egypt; and we can scarcely be surprised that, in view of it, the less obtrusive injuries arising from the sale of fermented liquors should have been comparatively unnoticed. That they did not pass without some observation is evident from the language of a writer in the 'Political State of Great Britain' (October, 1735, p. 357), who remarks, 'I am surprised that none of the grand juries have taken notice of the very great number of ale-houses, otherwise, though very improperly, called victualling-houses, in and around this city; for though they do not destroy the health of the people so much as gin-houses, yet it must be granted that the great number of them we have at present gives great temptation to the inferior class of mankind to idle away their time, and to spend that money which should have been applied to the support of their families.' The gin curse claimed, however, the earliest legislative antidote, and an attempt to furnish one was made in 1729.

The grand jury of Middlesex made a presentment in March against the shops selling 'Geneva,' and the evil had already been so impressed on the minds of members of Parliament, that on the 14th of April (Old Style) the House in Committee

\* The details are curious: Brew-houses 171, inns 207, taverns 447, ale-houses 5,975, brandy-shops 8,659, coffee-houses (nearly all of them selling intoxicating liquors) 551; a total of 16,010. Exclusive of the City of London and Southwark, the Middlesex magistrates' report in 1735 gave a total of 7,044 drink-shops, of which 4,939 were licensed and 2,105 were unlicensed. Maitland gives the number of bakers in the whole of London city and suburbs (1725) at 1,072, butchers 1,515, cheesemongers 411, fishmongers 159, poulterers 217, herbalists 1,214; a total of 4,588. Such were the respective supplies of good food and diluted poison.

of Ways and Means, 'being fully apprised of the great mischiefs occasioned among the meaner sort of people by the excessive drinking of spirituous liquors, particularly of that called Geneva or gin, it was wisely thought proper to apply a speedy remedy to that growing evil, and to restrain the frequent use of the said liquor, by laying a heavy tax upon it and upon the retailers' ('Political State of Great Britain,' 1729, p. 491). Three resolutions were adopted, laying a duty of 5s. a gallon on 'every gallon of mixed or compound waters or spirits commonly called gin,' except held by apothecaries, and imposing on each licence to retail this gin a duty of £20; this to take effect from June 24th. The chronicler states, 'These resolutions being the next day reported, were agreed to by the House, and a bill was ordered to be brought in thereupon, which had a quick and easy passage through both Houses.' The chief movers in this measure are not named; probably they were Sir Joseph Jekyll, M.P. for Reigate, Master of the Rolls, and some of his supporters seven years later. This act was the first of thirty public acts to which the King gave his assent on the 14th of May, when he closed the second session of the seventh Parliament of Great Britain. In the March of 1733 a change had come over the scene, and the House having gone into a committee to consider of methods for encouraging the manufacture and export of home-made spirits, Mr. Horace Walpole opened the discussion, and the committee resolved that the act of 1729 had been a discouragement to the distilling of spirits from corn in Great Britain, and therefore ought to be repealed; that a drawback on the export of British spirits of £6. 8s. per tun should be allowed; and that the duty on French brandy should be lowered from 6s. 5d. to 5s. a gallon. This change of policy was attended with an aggravation of the evils resulting from the wider sale of spirits; a strong public sentiment was evoked, and petitions from influential bodies, and among others from the Middlesex justices, were presented to the Commons; and on the 23rd of February, 1736, Sir Joseph Jekyll, the Master of the Rolls, moved in a Committee of the House, sitting to consider the Middlesex justices' petition, a series of four resolutions, which were agreed to without any debate by the House in Committee, and on March 8th, in Committee of Ways and Means, resolutions were submitted that a duty of 20s. per gallon should be levied on all spirituous liquors, and a sum of £50 paid yearly for a licence to vend them. We read that several gentlemen testified their dislike to the laying on of so high a duty at once upon all spirituous liquors, but the principal speech in opposition



opposition was made by the celebrated Mr. Pulteney, whose remarks are reported at considerable length, and apparently with substantial fidelity. An abstract of this address will show that the objections to prohibition remain in much the same state in which that eminent debater left them. He admitted the manifold mischiefs arising from the constant and excessive use of spirituous liquors, but, considering the duties proposed as 'a total prohibition upon the retail of such liquors,' he proceeded to argue—

'Let us consider that the distilling trade is a business which has been carried on by legal authority for about a hundred years, and that it has been not only highly approved, but very much encouraged by several acts of Parliament passed since the Revolution. Under such public, such great, and such solemn sanctions, what person in the kingdom could imagine that the trade was in itself pernicious, or that it was inconsistent with the health and welfare of the people? No man could; and accordingly great numbers of His Majesty's subjects, especially within these last forty years, have betaken themselves to this business, and have employed all the money they were masters of in providing materials proper for the business. And further, the retailing of such liquors has been so much encouraged, or at least connived at, that there is not now an inn, an ale-house, or a coffee-house in the kingdom but what owes a great part of its profits to their retail, by which means there are now such multitudes of families in the kingdom who owe their chief, if not their only, support to the distilling or retail of such liquors, that they very well deserve the care and consideration of a British House of Commons. The only complaint now before us is against the constant and excessive use of spirituous liquors among persons of inferior rank. There is no complaint against the liquors themselves, nor was it ever said that a moderate use of any sort of such liquors was hurtful; nay, it will be granted, I believe, that the moderate use of them is upon many occasions convenient, if not necessary, so that by a total prohibition of such liquors by retail we seem to be carrying the remedy much further than the disease, even with respect to our home-made spirits. But with respect to rum, I am sure there was never any complaint against the constant and excessive use of that liquor among persons of inferior rank, therefore I can see no reason for putting a stop to its retail; and when we consider the present low and distressed condition of our sugar colonies, and that they are now chiefly supported by the sale of their rum, I think we ought not to put an almost entire stop to the consumption of that liquor without some very strong and very urgent reasons for so doing. From what I have said I hope no gentleman will suppose or imagine that I am arguing against our taking some method for putting a stop to the constant and excessive use of such liquors among persons of inferior rank. No, sir, I shall readily and willingly agree to any proper method for that purpose; but [repeating the objections before stated he added] I have likewise so great a regard for His Majesty and his illustrious family, and for the peace and quiet of this kingdom, that I cannot give my consent to a regulation which I foresee will raise great dissatisfaction with the present Government, and may produce such riots and tumults as may endanger our present establishment, or at least such as cannot be quelled without spilling the blood of many of His Majesty's most faithful subjects, and putting an end to the liberties of the people. [Suggesting that a tax lighter than the one proposed would answer the same purpose, since there were no complaints against the excessive use of brandy and rum, he proceeded] Therefore it is plain, that if the price of all home-made spirits were, by a duty to be laid upon them, made as high as the price of rum is at present, it would prevent the constant and excessive use of them among the vulgar. It cannot be said that nothing but a total prohibition can be an effectual remedy against the evil complained of, because we all know that the late act against Geneva (1729) was effectual so far as it went. It was made, we know, to extend only to compound spirits, and with respect to them it was an effectual remedy, for it put an entire stop to the constant and excessive use of such spirits amongst those of inferior rank; but some of the distillers immediately began  
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to make a sort of plain spirit, which, I believe, in derision of the act, they called Parliament brandy, and this the common people made as constant and as excessive a use of as they had before done of compound spirits! This was the case of that act, and if it had been amended, and made to extend to all home-made spirits, instead of being repealed (1733), there would never have been occasion for any such complaint as that we have now before us. How it came to be repealed, I shall not now take upon me to explain. Let us but revive that act, extend it to all home-made spirits, and add some clauses for preventing any persons selling spirituous liquors without a licence, and I am convinced the remedy would be found to be effectual. [Assuming, however, that a total prohibition was necessary, Mr. Pulteney argued that it should be gradually arrived at.] We may now lay on a small duty upon all sorts of spirits sold by retail, and a small duty upon licences for selling by retail; we may increase these duties the next session, and we may go on increasing yearly, till they be at last brought up so high as to amount to a prohibition. By this method people will have time to look about them, and will get out of the trade by degrees, which will make it the less hurtful to every particular man, and the more easy for him to fix himself in some new way of business, by which he may be able to support his family. I have often heard of sumptuary laws, by which certain sorts of apparel, or rather decorations, had been forbid to be worn by persons of inferior rank; but I never yet heard of a sumptuary law, by which any sort of victuals or drink were forbid to be made use of by persons of a low degree; yet this is, as it appears to me, what seems to be now intended. We are absolutely to forbid the use of spirituous liquors to all those who are not able to purchase a certain number of gallons at a time. A poor journeyman or labourer shall not have a dram—shall not have a glass of punch, unless he can spare to lay out eight or ten shillings at a time, which I am sure two-thirds of our people cannot well spare to do; whereas if a man is rich enough to lay out eight or ten shillings at a time, or profligate enough to pawn his coat in order to raise the money, he may drink as much—he may commit as many debauches in that liquor as he pleases. The law, contrived by the wisdom of the British Legislature against the excessive drinking of spirits, shall put no restraint upon any such man. If spirituous liquors even, when taken in the most moderate way, are of such a pernicious nature that they ought never to be taken without the advice and prescription of a physician, we ought to take care of the rich as well as of the poor, by putting it out of the power of the former, as well as of the latter, to taste the bewitching cup without such advice and prescription; but if the moderate use of such liquors be in no way hurtful, I can see no reason for our making any invidious distinction between the poor and the rich, but to leave the moderate use of such liquors to all, and take all proper methods for preventing them being immoderately used by any. This, I think, may be done by a much lower duty than that now proposed; and, therefore, though I have as great a regard for the health and the morals of the people as any gentleman in this House, yet I cannot but be against the motion now made to you, because of the terrible consequences with which it must necessarily be attended.'

The foregoing speech did not pass without reply, but we are left in ignorance who was the principal spokesman. All that we are told is, that 'it was answered in general,' thus:—

'That no sort of distilled spirituous liquor was absolutely necessary for the support of nature; that such liquors were at first used only by physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, in some dangerous distempers, and were never dispensed by them but in small quantities; but when such things were to be met with at every corner, and people left at liberty to take as much of them as they pleased, few persons could keep themselves within any bounds, because a small quantity deprived them of their reason, and the companions they usually met with at such places encouraged and tempted them to drink to excess. That it was impossible to prevent this excess without greatly diminishing the number of retailers of such liquors, and raising the price so high as to put them out of the reach of all persons of inferior rank, who were the only sort of people that were generally apt to make a custom of getting drunk with them; yet that very few of the better sort of people had

had ever been found to commit frequent debauches in such liquors ; and, even with respect to them, by putting it out of their power to meet with such liquors at a cheap rate in any place of public resort, the temptations which might arise from promiscuous company, or from companions and friends meeting together, would be entirely taken away, and very few persons were so ridiculously abandoned as to get drunk by themselves without any company or conversation. That they were very sensible of the difficulties to which great numbers of His Majesty's subjects would be reduced by the duties to be laid upon the retail of such liquors ; but the interest of any particular man must give way to the general interest, and where the preservation of society was so visibly and so essentially concerned, the prejudice that some few particular persons might suffer was not to be regarded. That with respect to rum and brandy, it was very certain that they likewise had been often drunk to a very great excess, notwithstanding the high duties laid upon them, and were as pernicious to the health and morals of the people as any home-made spirit. That it would be ridiculous to lay a higher duty upon home-made spirits, which were the manufacture of the subjects of this island, than upon rum and brandy, especially the latter ; and that if our sugar islands should suffer a little by lessening the consumption of rum, they need not complain, when they considered that it was for the sake of preserving the mother country, the general interest of which was always to be preferred to the particular interest of any colony ; and if any sort of spirit should be exempted from the duties then to be imposed, the retailers would sell all sorts of spirits under that denomination, and the distillers would compound them in such a manner that it would be impossible to discover the fallacy. That they would willingly agree to the method proposed by the hon. gentleman of laying on but a small duty at once, and raising that duty by degrees, but they were sorry that the laying on a small duty would not be an effectual remedy for the evil so loudly complained of ; and if the ferment which was then in the nation against all sorts of spirituous liquors should be allowed to subside, they were afraid they would never be able to get any new act passed for raising that duty, because of the multitudes of people that would always be engaged by their own private interest to oppose the passing of any such law ; therefore they thought it was absolutely necessary to take advantage of the present conjuncture, in order to put an effectual stop to a practice which had been so long and so justly complained of, and for that reason they were for agreeing with the question.

Mr. Pulteney's speech had made so little impression that the first of the resolutions was passed without a division, as was also the second ; and on the 17th of March two other resolutions for transferring to the 'Aggregate Fund' all the receipts from duties on spirits, and charging this fund with all the payments chargeable on the duties, were agreed to after a debate, but without a division. On the 19th all the resolutions were reported to the House, and again debated, but were at last agreed to without a division ; and after the resolutions agreed to by the House in Committee, on Feb. 24th, had been read, it was resolved that a bill founded upon them should be brought in, and that the Master of the Rolls, Sir Charles Turner, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Dodgington, Sir George Oxenden, and Mr. Winnington should prepare and bring in the same. On Monday, March 29th, the Master of the Rolls (Sir J. Jekyll) presented the bill, which was entitled 'A Bill for Laying a Duty upon the Retailers of Spirituous Liquors, and for Licensing the Retailers thereof,' and was read a first time March 31st. It passed a second reading, and was referred to a Committee of the whole House, April

April 6th. A petition against the bill was read from the merchants and planters trading to and interested in the British sugar colonies in America, and a motion was made that the petition should be referred to the committee on the bill, and the petitioners should be heard by counsel before the committee, but this motion after a debate was lost. A petition from the merchants of Bristol was then read, and ordered to lie on the table. April 7th the bill went into Committee of the House, and made some progress in it, without any great debate or discussion. Next day a petition from the merchants and owners of ships in Liverpool was presented against the bill, and ordered to lie on the table. April 9th the House resolved to instruct itself in committee that it had power to admit a clause 'enabling persons who had exercised the business of distillation for a time to be limited, or were then bound as apprentices to such business, to exercise and follow any other trade or business in any city, town, or place in England,' thus throwing open the industry of the country to persons who might find it necessary to quit the distilling business. In these days of unrestricted trade, the need for such a clause 130 years ago is an index of a great social change.

The same day a strong debate arose on the question what sum should be appropriated to the royal income in lieu of the supposed loss that would result from the operation of the bill. The proposal of the Government to appropriate £70,000 was carried after a proposal to substitute £43,000 had been lost by 109 against 211. On the 14th of April the £70,000 clause was again debated on the report of the committee being considered; and it was warmly argued that instead of a loss to the revenue, the increased excise on beer and ale would more than compensate for the lessened receipts from spirits, while it was answered that no such compensation could be expected, and the leading speaker on this side thus expressed himself:—

'Sir, I am so far from thinking that the increase or decrease in the consumption of beer and ale depends upon the decrease or increase in the consumption of spirituous liquors, that I believe they generally increase or decrease together. It is not the consumption of either of these liquors that is necessary for the support of nature which raises the excise to its present height; it is the consumption occasioned by the debauches and extravagancies of the people, and these depend upon so many accidents that it is impossible to account for them in time past, or to guess at the consumption that may be thereby occasioned in time to come. Yet I am persuaded that nothing will tend more to the preventing those debauches and extravagancies in time to come, and to the rendering our people sober, frugal, and industrious, than the removing out of their way the many temptations they are now exposed to by the great number of gin-shops and other places for the retail of spirituous liquors; for before a man becomes flustered with beer or ale he has time to reflect and to consider the many misfortunes to which he exposes himself and his family by idling away his time at an ale-house, whereas any spirituous liquor

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in a moment deprives him of all reflection, so that he either gets quite drunk at the gin-shop, or runs to the ale-house and there finishes his debauch, or at least empties his pocket. From hence, sir, I think it most natural to conclude that the bill now under consideration, if it passes into a law, will diminish the consumption of beer and ale, and consequently the produce of the excise on those liquors as well as the consumption of spirituous liquors and the produce of the duty on them.'

The opposite view was dexterously maintained, and as much useful information is contained in the argument, we present it in the words of the report, which omits the speaker's name:—

'Granting that the greatest part of the present amount of the excise proceeds from the debauches and extravagancies of the people, it is well known that those who once get into the way of committing debauches in gin, can have no relish for even the strongest malt liquors; and I am convinced there are very few instances, if any, that ever a club of excessive gin drinkers went from a gin-shop either to finish their debauch, or empty their pockets, by drinking excise beer at an ale-house; because, even to quench their thirst, they generally take small beer or water and mix it up with gin, and many of them continue at the gin-shop till they cannot find their way to an ale-house, or even to their own beds, if they have any, but content themselves with the clean straw which at some of those places they can have for nothing; so that even from the nature of the thing we must conclude that those who have once taken to the excessive drinking of gin, give over almost entirely the drinking of beer or ale, and if we can by these place them under a necessity of returning to the drinking of strong beer or ale, we must necessarily very much increase the consumption. By the inquest of His Majesty's justices of the peace, at Hicks's Hall, on the ninth of January last, we find there were then within Westminster, Holborn, the Tower, and Finsbury division (exclusive of London and Southwark), 7,044 houses and shops wherein Geneva and other spirituous liquors were publicly sold by retail, of which they had got an account, and that they believed it was very far short of the true number, from whence, if we include London and Southwark and the other places within the bills of mortality, I think I may modestly compute there are 20,000 houses and shops within the bills of mortality where Geneva and other spirituous liquors are sold by retail, and though the people within the bills of mortality are computed to be but a fifth or a sixth part of the people of England, yet I shall reckon but 20,000 houses and shops in all the other parts of England where spirituous liquors are sold by retail, the whole being 40,000. Now, to each of these houses I shall allow but ten customers who are excessive drinkers of gin—such I call those who may drink about half a pint a day, one with another—and ten customers who are moderate drinkers of that liquor—such I call those who do not drink above half a quarten a day, one day with another—this makes in all England 400,000 excessive drinkers and 400,000 moderate drinkers of spirituous liquors; and considering how universally the custom of drinking them has got in among the common people, men, women, and children, I believe this number will not be reckoned too large. Let us next suppose that if the retail of such liquors were entirely prohibited, and those drinkers of gin should return to the use of malt liquors, that each of the excessive drinkers of gin would for the future drink a pint of strong beer a day, one day with another, and each of the moderate drinkers half a pint a day, one with another, more than they drink at present—we may from these see how greatly the consumption of beer and ale would be hereby increased, for 400,000 pints and 400,000 half pints make 600,000 pints, or 75,000 gallons a day, which makes 27,375,000 gallons, or 805,147 barrels, in a year. The excise at 4s. 6d. per barrel upon this increase in the consumption would produce an increase in the excise upon beer and ale of £181,158 yearly, one half of which, being £90,579, would belong to the civil list; and that my computation of gin drinkers is within bounds appears from hence,—that the supposed 400,000 excessive drinkers at half a pint a day, and the 400,000 moderate drinkers at half a quarten a day, consume but 31,250 gallons a day, which is 11,396,250 gallons a year, the duties upon which

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at 3d. a gallon amount to but £142,453 per annum ; whereas the duties upon these liquors for this last year amounted to £154,094, and we cannot suppose but that there are some frauds with respect to the collecting of these duties as in most others.'

The Government carried their point by 183 to 110 votes. On April 16th, a clause was moved to exempt punch from the operation of the bill, provided 'it be made or mixed with two parts water at least in the presence of the buyer, and that the spirit with which the said liquor is to be made be not sold and retailed in a less quantity than one pint, or at a less price than after the rate of 5s. per gallon.' The colonial interest concentrated its strength in favour of this clause,—the ruin of colonial planters and rum merchants, the necessity of getting sugar from French colonies, and the superseding of punch by French wines, being among the chief reasons assigned for its adoption. The answers returned had respect to the greatness of the evil which punch was concerned in promoting, the possibility of devising other modes of relief to the colonies, and the likelihood that if punch were abandoned, port, ale, and home-made wines would take its place. The other side, in responding, made a charge which showed how partial would be the operation of this bill in dealing with the national vice:—

'When the hon. gentleman was pleased to find fault with the great number of our punch-houses, I wish he had added taverns and ale-houses, for I am convinced the great number of the latter is as sensible a grievance as the great number of the former, and the latter have contrived and daily practise many more temptations for people to tipple and loiter away their time than have ever as yet been contrived by the former. But the unbounded liberty that has for so many years been given to the setting up of public-houses of all kinds does not proceed from hence, that the evil consequences of such a liberty were not foreseen or generally felt. On the contrary, the grievance has been most sensibly felt and loudly complained of ; but by an error in politics we had made it the interest of those to multiply such houses whose business it was, and who only had the power, to prevent their increase.'

This last remark was a strong indictment of the whole governmental policy and the justices' administration of the licensing system for the previous seventy years. On a division the clause was rejected by 203 to 98 votes, and on the 20th of April the bill was read a third time. In the Lords it made its way rapidly. As a money bill it could not be altered, 'and though several of their lordships expressed their dislike to the bill in general, as well as to some of the particular clauses in it, yet they said they thought the excessive drinking of spirituous liquors required an immediate remedy ; therefore they were for agreeing to the bill, such as it was, rather than allow that prodigious enormity to continue  
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for another year . . . so that it was passed in that House without any considerable debate or opposition.\*

That this act, which came into operation at Michaelmas of the same year (1736), did not effect the object desired is certain; but any failure attending it is more to be ascribed to the officers of the law than to the law itself. Sir Robert Walpole is said by his biographer to have looked coldly upon it, and it is impossible to believe that the subordinate officials concerned in its execution did their duty. It is certain that they relaxed their exertions when the greatest vigilance was called for. The little dependence that could be placed on the local constables may be inferred from the fact that nearly one-half of those employed by the Middlesex justices in 1735 in preparing their report were sellers of gin, and were charged by the magistrates with trying to conceal rather than expose the evils of the system. Nothing but a faithful and well organised detachment of constabulary could have carried out the law; and even then, as the sale of all other intoxicating liquors was permitted, much illicit sale of gin could have been carried on. To say, however, as some have done, that no benefit was produced, and that more spirits were sold after the law than before, is to run in the face of irrefragable evidence to the contrary. In London sensibly, and over the whole kingdom more visibly, good results were manifest, and in consulting the Journals of the House of Commons we find (for 1743, p. 200) the following return as to the manufacture of distilled liquors:—

	June 24, 1735-6.	June 24, 1736-7.	June 24, 1737-8.
	Galls.	Galls.	Galls.
Proof Spirits .....	6,083,016	4,233,072	5,401,902
Low Wines .....	9,972,147½	6,751,468½	8,888,908

The year 1736-7 thus showed a decrease of 1,800,000 gallons of proof spirit (30 per cent.) and 3,000,000 gallons of low wines (33 per cent.), although one quarter of the year (June to September, 1736) was not included under the law,—the very quarter, also, when there would be the greatest activity in making and selling the gin, before the duties of

\* 'Political State of Great Britain.' 1736.

the new law had come into force. Lord Chesterfield afterwards expressed regret that the policy of charging the duty at the still-head had not been adopted instead of levying it on the retailer.

A new Parliament, which met in December, 1741, was opposed to Sir Robert Walpole's Government; and, Sir Robert having resigned, a fresh Ministry was formed, which included some of Pulteney's friends. By this Cabinet, and partly with the hope of raising a larger revenue, a bill was brought into the Commons for repealing the act of 1736, and replacing it by one which lowered the licence fee to 20s., and placed a duty of from 1d. to 6d. a gallon on the still head, the issue of licences being restricted to keepers of taverns, victualling-houses, inns, ale-houses, and coffee-houses. The historian says that this bill was hurried through the Commons with great speed and small discussion; but on reaching the Lords a determined resistance was offered to its progress. Of the debates that ensued there is no authentic *verbatim* report, though both the 'Gentleman's Magazine' and the 'London Magazine' gave very copious accounts from the pens of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Gordon. Mr. Cobbett is very angry with Dr. Johnson's biographer for relating that the doctor had confessed that his copy of the debates was chiefly composed by himself, and Mr. Cobbett insists, on the contrary, that they were 'unusually authentic.' For proof he refers to the manuscript notes of Archbishop Secker, but so far as relates to the Lords' debates on the Gin Act, a comparison of these reports by no means sustains Mr. Cobbett's decision. Johnson never denied being supplied with heads and fragments of the real speeches, and how he manipulated them is obvious on putting Secker's notes side by side with the doctor's published effusions. As to phraseology, Gordon's reports seem to have come nearer than Johnson's to the *ipsissima verba* of the lay and spiritual peers. Any epitome or analysis here of the speeches then delivered is incompatible with our decreasing space. Dr. Secker, who was then Bishop of Oxford, was a warm opponent of the repealing bill, and his notes are a truly valuable addition to our authentic Parliamentary memorials. The bill was read a first time February 15th, 1743. February 21st, Lord Hervey moved that three physicians, Dr. Mead, Dr. Leigh, and Dr. Barker might be summoned to give their opinions concerning the drinking of spirituous liquors. The motion was opposed by Lord Bathurst, the Lord Chancellor (Hardwicke), and the Earl of Bath (Pulteney), and supported by Lord Lonsdale and the Bishop of Oxford. 'Several other lords spoke.' Contents, 17; non-contents,

contents, 33. Next day, February 22nd, the bill came on for a second reading; it was opposed by Lord Hervey, Bishop of Oxford, Earl Chesterfield, Lord Talbot, Lord Lonsdale, and the Bishop of Salisbury (the celebrated Dr. Sherlock), and supported by Earl Bathurst, Earl Cholmondeley, Earl Carteret, Duke of Newcastle, and Earl Ilay. On a division the votes stood—Contents, 59; proxies, 23: total, 82. Non-contents, 38; proxies, 16: total, 54. All the ten bishops present voted against it, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Potter. February 24th, on going into committee on the bill, Earl Lonsdale moved that the noble Lord (Delawar) ‘may leave the chair.’ His speech, a very vigorous one, was followed by ‘a long silence,’ but the silence was succeeded by a very animated debate, traversing the whole question, the leading speakers being Chesterfield, Carteret, Bath, and Hervey; but the House went into Committee by a vote of 56 to 35. After going through committee, a motion was made to ‘defer the third reading till Tuesday,’ which was lost by 52 votes to 29. February 25th, on the third reading, its rejection was moved by Lord Hervey, who was very ably supported by Earl Lonsdale, and opposed by Earl Carteret, one of whose remarks is sufficiently singular to be quoted: ‘Our chief revenues are from follies, our tobacco, our tea, and the last hath made way for gin!’ The division list showed—Contents, 59; proxies, 23: total, 82. Non-contents, 38; proxies, 17: total, 55. All the bishops present, ten, voted against the third reading, and with five lay lords they entered their dissent from the result of the division. A protest, signed by ten peers, was also entered on the journals.

So ended this memorable struggle. The evil flowed on like a torrent, and in a few years higher duties were found necessary to contend against the stream of misery and crime which the liquor trade was interminably pouring forth. Few sessions passed without the same subject demanding and exacting renewed attention. George III., the youthful sovereign, grew grey and half-forgotten in his seclusion, and still Parliament was straining at the ancient difficulty. The licensing system was revised in 1828, but a lowering of the duty on gin sent a new current of pollution through the social system, and, in casting about for a remedy, the united wisdom of Parliament fixed upon a measure to abolish the beer tax, followed by another to exempt the sale of beer and ale from magisterial jurisdiction. The circle of absurdity was thus completed. It had been found necessary, in the middle of the sixteenth century, to prevent the uncertificated sale of beer; in the second quarter of the eighteenth century it had been  
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found equally necessary (even by the men who rejected a more stringent act), to prevent the uncertificated sale of spirits; and now, in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, it was gravely proposed to cure the evils arising from the certificated sale of spirits by permitting the uncertificated sale of beer! The chief men on both sides of both Houses supported the proposal, though a wiser minority strove, first to defeat the measure, and then to limit its mischief by restricting its operation to the sale of beer for consumption off the premises. The debates that accompanied the passing of the beer bill and the subsequent bills, introduced for its amendment, are rich in instruction. The promoters of the bill were warned of varied and numerous disastrous consequences, but one peculiar result of it does not appear to have been foreseen. It was intended to raise up a new class of ale-houses not selling spirits, and therefore tending to wean the people from spirit-drinking habits; but by putting such houses alongside gin-shops, and by putting them out of the magisterial jurisdiction, the authors of the bill were offering a temptation to the keepers of them to seek to become publicans, and likewise a temptation to the magisterial benches to qualify them to become so. In sober fact, both temptations soon arose, and have been very successful; so that the new class of houses that were intended to supplant the gin-shops have become the most common means of multiplying their number and their pestiferous effects.

The continued abounding of drunkenness led, in 1834, to some noble parliamentary action of Mr. James Silk Buckingham, M.P. for Sheffield. Sheffield, then, had as a representative a man whom all good men could esteem, and whom posterity will gratefully remember. On June 3d, he delivered a speech at once comprehensive and concise, in support of a motion to appoint a Select Committee of Inquiry into the causes of the great increase of drunkenness, and the legislative means of preventing its further spread. Sir George Strickland seconded the motion. Lord Althorp, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, 'did not see any beneficial effect that was likely to arise from the committee,' and so opposed its appointment. Mr. Cobbett recommended the Government to purchase one or two million copies of his sermon on drunkenness and circulate them through the country. Mr. Robinson wanted a bill instead of a committee. Mr. Pease supported the motion; Mr. Hume opposed it. 'The only remedy was education.' Mr. J. Maxwell, Sir R. Bateson, Sir H. Verney, Mr. Brotherton, Mr. Baines, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Cayley, and Col. Williams, all successively supported the motion. Mr.

Warburton

Warburton re-echoed Mr. Hume's opinions. Lord Althorp refused to yield to Colonel Evans's request to consent to the motion, which was carried on a division by sixty-four votes against forty-seven. The committee so appointed elected Mr. Buckingham its chairman, and much important evidence was accumulated; but on the 5th of August, when Mr. Buckingham brought up the report, a 'scene' took place, disgraceful to the leading actors. First of these was Mr. Hawes, M.P. for Lambeth, who had, as Mr. Buckingham told the House, 'attended the sittings of the committee three or four times only, and then for a short period, during which his object had been to browbeat and puzzle the witnesses, to make it out that no legislative remedy could be applied.' Mr. Hawes contended that the committee had no right to make a report, but was informed by the Speaker that every select committee was bound to do so. He then attacked the report in violent language, and moved that it should not be printed. Mr. Buckingham replied to him, and was sustained by Mr. Baines, M.P. for Leeds. Mr. O'Connell then spoke, and only a quotation will do him justice:—

'Did the committee not understand what they had to do? To be sure they seemed to have been a little muddled—there must have been some mud in the water; and he saw that the hon. gentleman's appearance was that of a man who drank nothing but water—nothing but solid water? But ought the House to meet this proposition, when the committee came before them with so silly, so absurd a suggestion as that of preventing the importation of spirits? \* \* \* Distillation was to be confined to the chemists only! But he begged pardon of the House for detaining them with such trash. If they allowed this report to be printed they would encourage every drivelling legislator. Oh, yes! they would have some snail-paced legislator moving for a committee to inquire into the best means of preventing flies from destroying butter or honey.'

Colonel Williams 'thought the House bound to receive the report, and have it printed. Whatever ridicule might attach to the course, he would take care to place the following resolutions on the journals of the House—"Resolved, that the petitions on the part of the people to this House for cheap bread ought to be met by the suppression of the practice of converting human food into useless and destructive drink. That from a time (to be fixed) the distillation of ardent spirits from grain should be at once and entirely prohibited in Great Britain and Ireland." Lord Sandon 'implored the House' to allow of the printing of the report. Mr. Brotherton contended that if the House adopted the recommendation of the committee, they would find that the happiness and best interests of the country would be greatly promoted. After other remarks, the House divided on the question of printing the report; and there appeared—Ayes, 63; Noes, 31: majority 32. Father Mathew's movement afterwards opened up to Mr.

Mr. O'Connell another view of the temperance question, but for his vituperative attack he owed an *amende honorable* to Mr. Buckingham, which we hope he rendered at the last. His style of abuse was to a certain extent repeated in the columns of the press, and notably so by the *Times*. The only daily newspaper taking a directly opposite course was the *Morning Herald*, which then often treated social topics with equal candour and ability.

The Parliamentary debates on Mr. Gladstone's Wine Licence Bill of 1860, on Mr. Somes's Sunday Closing Bill, on Mr. Lawson's Permissive Bill, and on other questions bearing upon the causes of public intemperance, can only be signalled as we pass. Some of them have been the subject of criticism in preceding numbers of this periodical.\*

Other debates more beneficial to the whole community than any that have yet been chronicled or have transpired, will by and bye be coming due.

A Parliament really determined to dive into causes, and to stop the sources of social mischief, will have much to say and do that has never been said and done upon the liquor traffic of the kingdom. Yet a knowledge of the past would be of no trifling service in excluding from future discussions errors of reasoning and of fact. What is wanted is a work that should present in a condensed form every useful portion of previous legislative discussions; an epitome of all the bills proposed and acts passed for the regulation of the liquor traffic with a view to diminish intemperance; and such statistical illustrations and side-lights from historical authorities as would explain the reason of past failures to render this country sober and happy. Intelligent persons generally perceive that good legislation has a great office to serve in this department of future statesmanship; and it would be of no small advantage to have it made clear, why legislation has been for so long employed, with so little success, about a business of so much importance to the British people and to their remotest posterity.

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#### AET. II.—STEAM.

**F**ROM fire and water, progenitors so capable of mutual service and of mutual quarrel, comes their wonderful offspring, the laborious steam. It comes in this wise. To water add heat (of which molecular motion is another name), and a

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\* See 'Meliora,' No. X., July, 1860; and No. XXII., October, 1864.



change ensues. From that extremity of the water which is free particles fly off; and as the heat continues to be applied, more particles take wing in increasing numbers. Still, as the process goes on, more and more particles ascend; they ascend, because they are lighter than those that remain behind, and than the particles of air through which they make their way upwards. When the boiling point of the liquid is reached, the change of water into vapour is not confined to the free surface, but is most abundant at the extremities of which the heated vessel containing the water is the limit. Then ensues a fidget, a restlessness, and presently a turmoil. Globes or spheres of steam rise from the lower parts to the free surface, where frequently for a time they float about with their tops raised above the water in dome-shaped films. Ere long the spheres burst, and aloft flies the vapour. That these spheres or bubbles may be produced, certain difficulties have to be conquered. What these are, let us for a moment consider. It is a fact well known to all observers, that water adheres more or less to the vessel that contains it. We say more or less, because a variation in the amount of adhesion is occasioned accordingly as the vessel is of this or of that material. In a glass vessel, the adhesion is much greater than in one made of metal—so much greater, that two or three degrees more heat may be required to produce equal results in the two cases. The adhesion requires to be overcome before a bubble of steam can ascend; and it is overcome by an effort, showing itself in fits and starts. This effort, this tendency to break forth in fits and starts, we can augment if we please. If into the water we introduce certain salts, the bubble gets free not without a loud bumping kind of sound; and so sudden and so strong is the liberation in such cases, that the liquid may even be made thus to jump right out of the vessel.

As adhesion to the vessel is one of the difficulties to be overcome, so the mutual attraction of the watery particles is another. This attraction is variable in amount, according as air exists or does not exist amongst the particles. The water naturally has air in it, but by boiling the water the air may be got rid of. Its presence holds the particles of water more apart—forms, indeed, a sort of elastic cushion between them, and their vaporisation is made easier by the elasticity of the cushion. Deprived of it, they sit closer together, and take stronger hold upon each other. It is even possible so to boil the air out of water that the aqueous particles will remain together at one end of a tube when the tube is held upside down, behaving no longer like members of a liquid body, and setting at defiance, so far, the earth's gravitation.

Steam

Steam in bubbles, besides overcoming the water's adhesion to the vessel, and the cohesion of particles, must rise superior to other difficulties. It must, in order to be bubbles, resist the weight of the water above it, and the weight of the air over the water. A pressure of fifteen pounds on the square inch is a good deal to be borne by a bubble; and that is the amount of the pressure of the atmosphere. How can the frail thing tolerate all this? It tolerates it, because it has within it the exact equivalent of the pressure on its outside. The bubble could not exist for a moment if the elastic force of the steam in its interior were not just equal to the pressure of the air without. The least superiority in the inside pressure of the steam would burst the bubble outwards; the least trifling excess in the external pressure would squeeze and crush in the walls of the bubble. The bubbling of the water that boils is the token of its boiling; and the definition of the boiling point of the water is that temperature at which it countervails by the tension of its vapour, the pressure of the atmosphere.

What we may call the free surface of steam is the *τον στω* of the steam mechanician. He controls its amount variously, and so he attains the power he requires. By contracting, and for a time abstracting, the free surface, whilst maintaining the heat, he adds enormously to the vapour's elastic force. Let the free surface, be stopped by a moveable plug, called a piston, and let there be above the plug the free air, or a communication with a condenser of steam, and the plug ascends, pushed up by the steam. Let the plug be at its highest, and let there be free air or a steam-condensing arrangement below, and a gush of steam into the cylinder above the plug will send it down again as rapidly as it was sent up. Here is upward and downward, and this may easily be made backward and forward, motion; and this alternating motion the mechanician can convert into any style of motion that he requires.

The power thus obtained, however, must always be paid for. For this work done, heat is the price. The steam-engine makes no stroke, lifts no pound, sets in motion no wheel, without involving the disappearance of an equivalent of heat. A pound of coal burnt under a steam boiler will furnish a definite amount of heat; but collect all the heat taken up by the apparatus of the steam-engine, and all lost by radiation and by contact with the air, and you have an amount falling short of what a pound of coal will produce by combustion, and the amount of the shortcoming will be exactly equivalent to the amount of the work done by the machinery. If a ton of coal will lift 7,720lbs. a foot high, the heat produced by the coal in the apparatus of the steam-engine will  
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fall short of that amount by a quantity just sufficient to add ten degrees of heat to a pound of water.\*

Such, in brief, is the manner of the development of steam, and such the principle of its application in mechanics. The history of its gradual enslavement to man is highly interesting, but too long to be recited here. Hero, of Alexandria, 120 B.C., toyed with it. The wonderful Marquis of Worcester first threw out the prophecy of its utilisation. Denis Papin attempted, about 1695, and Thomas Savery prevailed, in 1698, to forge the first link of the chain, which Thomas Newcomen, of Dartmouth, did much to lengthen, and with which the illustrious James Watt, of Greenock, succeeded in binding to the wheel of human progress this mighty labourer for mankind. How it has toiled at that wheel for the last hundred years, still multiplying with every year its arms and its labours, is a matter open to familiar observation. Already it has exercised an immensely greater influence upon the condition of the human race than can be attributed to any other of man's manifold inventions.

To enumerate the benefits which the mastery of steam power has conferred upon mankind would be to touch upon almost every earthly comfort and luxury we enjoy. In the first place, how marvellous has been the influence of the steam-engine upon British manufactures! In 1750, the spinning of cotton yarn was scarcely worth mentioning. It was a domestic process, an affair belonging to the women of the family. In that year, John Kay, of Bolton, introduced the fly-shuttle; but it was not till Hargreaves, of Blackburn, set his spinning-jenny to work in 1770 that there was much change in the process. Then came Arkwright's carding and roving invention, and Crompton's mule. Arkwright's first mill was built at Cromford, in Derbyshire, but it was driven by water. Not, however, before the steam-engine of Watt came into use did the cotton manufacture commence those magnificent strides which made it, prior to the great American civil war, a marvel of the world, and will yet carry it on till it shall succeed in covering the nakedness of the whole human family.

What the steam-engine has done in developing the other clothing trades, how it has rendered possible and necessary the production of machinery for all sorts of purposes, is evident wherever the observant eye turns itself. Sixty years ago there were only three or four establishments in the world

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\* 'Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion.' By John Tyndall, F.R.S., &c. London: Longman, Green, and Co.

that could make a steam-engine. What a difference between then and now! The engines of that day ranged from three up to seventy-horse power. Now, they are not uncommonly made as high as 500, or in pairs from 1,000 to 1,200-horse power. Then, an order for a single engine was considered a great event, and required, perhaps, ten or twelve months for its execution; now, steam-engines are made by dozens, and with such despatch that it is no uncommon occurrence to see five or six engines of large power leave a single establishment in a month. Sixty years ago there were no 'self-acting' tools, and the whole stock of an engineering or machine-making establishment might be summed up in a few ill-made lathes, drills, and boring machines, of rude construction. Now, self-acting, turning, planing, grooving, and slotting machines are absolutely necessary working plant for engineering establishments; and by their aid, thanks to steam power, the mechanic is able to turn, bore, and shape with a degree of accuracy almost amounting to mathematical precision.\*

Not least amongst the valuable applications of steam, is its apprenticeship to the hammer. James Watt seems to have had a notion of the steam-hammer, but did not bring it to practical fulfilment. If Watt was the father, James Nasmyth, of Patricroft, was the nurse who brought the young Hercules up by the hand, set it on its legs, and gave it its first lessons in the manufactory. But it was Robert Wilson, also of Patricroft, with his admirable inventions, who taught the raw stripling to become the marvellously strong and skilful worker, without whose aid comparatively nothing of modern forging could be done. Thanks to him, the steam-hammer, with wonderful flexibility of management, can give every variety of stroke, from the tap upon a nut which will not crack it, to the blow that flattens solid iron out like a sheet of paper. Mr. Rowlandson tells an amusing anecdote illustrating its varied power. He says:†—

'I remember some years ago being in a railway carriage on my way from Liverpool to Patricroft, when, after we had passed Barton Moss, one of the passengers happening to inquire the name of the next station, on being told Patricroft, a man, in the garb of a sailor, immediately asked if that was not the place those great steam-hammers were made; being answered in the affirmative, and asked how he happened to know anything of steam-hammers, he shook his head, and answered in language more expressive than polite (which I cannot repeat), that he had good reason to remember at least one of them. On being pressed to explain, he stated that some months previously, the ship, to which he then belonged, was

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\* 'Useful Information for Engineers.' By Wm. Fairbairn. London: Longman and Co.

† 'History of the Steam-hammer.' A Lecture. By Mr. T. S. Rowlandson. Eccles: A. Shuttleworth. 1865.

lying at Woolwich, when one day he rambled ashore into the dockyard, and whilst looking about him, his attention was directed to a big hammer at work there, and whilst the men were waiting for their iron being made hot, they showed some others and himself what could be done with the hammer, such as cracking nuts, driving nails, &c. At last he said he was induced to place his watch under it, and the great block came down, and he could just hear it tap upon the glass and do it no harm; when all at once, said he, whether the lubber who was steering it made a mistake or not he did not know, but down came the thundering fellow smash upon his watch. Some one asked did it break it? Break it, said he, why bless your heart there was nothing left of it but what looked like a bit of tin, with some yellow marks upon it, which he supposed had once been wheels and things. So, said he, that big beggar smashed my watch to "smithereens," and he finished his story with an oath that he knew a little more about steam hammers than he liked them.—(Laughter.)

The locomotive application of steam power on land, attributable so largely to the genius of Trevethick, and especially of George Stephenson, is producing results still more important than the stationary. It is setting all mankind upon wheels. It is virtually reducing the size of the globe, by bringing the people and nations closer and closer to each other. It is, first of all, widening the intervals between inhabitants of towns, by enabling them to reside at a distance from their offices and shops. It is thus spreading town populations over larger surface, and reducing the margins of country which separate city from city. It transports into towns the various growths of other regions. It feeds the toiling midlander with the fish newly caught at the shores, and gratifies the sweltering townsman with the fresh fruits of the country. It enables him to quit his bricks and mortar, and be out at the marine watering-place, as it were, in a stride. It immensely promotes the sociability of man. It extends the relationships not of trade only, but of friendship and of marriage, by bringing remote persons into mutual intercourse, and mightily enlarging the circles of selection. The time required, and the difficulties of journeying in former times, practically augmented the distance which separated friends, relatives, and communities. In our days, by aid of railroads, friends, relatives, communities have become so approximated, that we have almost ceased to talk of distance, the time required in the transit being the real standard of computation. The frequent meetings empowered by railways strengthen the ties of friendship, nourish the affections, enhance the amenities of life, promote the general amity, and exalt the social state of mankind. Steam in each country is rapidly making dialectic peculiarities ashamed of themselves, and putting special customs and local prejudices to the blush; and what the locomotive is effecting in this way for peoples divided from each other by land, the steamship is achieving for those whom the sea separates. It is shrinking  
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the vast oceans into seas, and the seas into mere pools and herring-ponds, that the nations may properly know each other to be men. And, as God has made of one blood all the races of the earth, so it is evident He designs to reunite them into one family, and weave around them all a web of mutual service and consequent goodwill, by His swift-moving shuttles, the railway locomotive and the steamship.

The political history of the world in the early years of the present century was wrought out by the steam-engine. The warlike triumphs of Great Britain which culminated in 1815, could not have been achieved, the enterprises which led to them could not have been attempted, the long struggles which preceded them could not have been endured, but for the vigour with which steam toiled for this nation of ours. It served her in good stead when she most needed it. At the commencement of the century, England lay panting on her couch, exhausted by a long and painful war. The steam-engine brought new energy to her body, new force to her arm, and gave her the means of victory. She had, however, been perhaps almost on the verge of ruin from the same cause. At that eventful epoch, when Napoleon's 'Grand Army of England' threatened these shores with invasion—at the time when the eyes of all Europe were fixed on the channel, and when the orators in the French tribunate were wishing only for 'a fair wind and thirty-six hours,' to waft their well-appointed, well-trained, and determined legions, to attempt the most disastrous conquest ever conceived by military ambition—an unknown individual, Fulton, presented himself before the First Consul. What he said was this:—'The sea which separates you from your enemy gives him an immense advantage. Aided alternately by the winds and the tempests, he braves you in his inaccessible isle. This obstacle—his sole strength—I engage to overcome. In spite of all his fleets, I can, at any time, in a few hours, transport your armies into his territory, without fearing the tempests or needing the winds. Consider the means which I offer you.' The plan and details accompanying Fulton's project were received by Napoleon, and by him referred to a committee of the most learned men of France, who reported, of course, that the scheme was visionary and impracticable; and it was rejected. Yet the steamship was all that Napoleon required to enable him to baffle the English navy, and make his contemplated gigantic attempt upon our shores. We cannot share the sorrow of Jomini, who, as a matter of military science, positively regrets that the invasion was not made, so that the question of its possible success might have been settled.

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That Fulton was not the inventor of steam navigation has been abundantly proved by Mr. Bennet Woodcroft.\* But Fulton was the man who, having availed himself of Symington's inventions, brought steam power to bear and to pay in practical navigation. Fulton, in conjunction with Robert Livingstone, actually built a steamboat on the Seine in 1803. The machinery was at first too heavy for the boat; the former broke the back of the latter, and both went to the bottom together. Fulton recovered and repaired his vessel, but could not make it move with such speed as he had expected. The practical introduction of steam navigation was reserved, not for France, but for America.

As steam was a great politician early in the century, sustaining Great Britain against Napoleon, so has it been a mighty worker in the last great affair that has shaken the world. But for steam power in England, the cotton-growing of America would not have had its development; and without cotton and its guilty partner, slavery, there would have been no civil war in the United States. Given the rebellion of the South, steam was yet necessary to its suppression. Without steam, there would have been no steamships and no railroad system; and, in the absence of these, the subjugation of the South would have been impossible.

The political *status* of a nation depends very largely upon the force with which she is understood to be capable of defending and upholding her rights, and the rapidity wherewith her determinations can be executed. Railways on land, steam vessels on the ocean, in a few days can now bring into mutual presence armies that may re-arrange the map of the world, and decide the fate of nations. As long as there were only sailing-ships, hostile disembarkations were never considerable; always they have been very difficult. But the Crimean war presented the world with a new spectacle. A hundred French ships carrying some thirty thousand men, a hundred English ships transporting twenty-eight thousand Britons and seven thousand Turks, were seen crossing the Black Sea, under the protection of the British fleet. In a single day three divisions landed in the Crimea; and had the Russians foreseen the very point of their arrival, they probably could have done little to prevent the disembarkation. It is now, therefore, proved that by the aid of steam an army of fifty thousand men, with its *matériel*, may be embarked, and flung upon any part of a hostile coast. On land, a like

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\* 'A Sketch of the Origin and Progress of Steam Navigation.' By Bennet Woodcroft. London: Taylor and Walton.

facility of concentration of attack is presented by steam power, which, also, by its ampler manufacture of materials of war, renders modern battles so much more sanguinary than those of old. It is evident that some momentous changes will yet be effected by the new means thus placed in the hands of the larger and richer nations. To be small and poor, will tend to be, to be absorbed into some larger and wealthier aggregate. As amongst tradesmen and agriculturists, steam is displacing the small holders and operators, and running commercial undertakings into the hands of large capitalists; so is it also operating to render separate existence less and less possible for the smaller nations, and is melting their boundaries away in the presence of their more powerful neighbours.

But whilst thus throwing political affairs into larger and stronger hands, steam power is, on the other hand, promoting the amity of nations and of their governments. By its adjuvancy, peoples and their rulers are brought more closely, and more point blank face to face. Little or no difficulty exists now in interpreting each other's intentions, and especially in appreciating truly their means of execution. It is this downright fact that has of late forbidden the outbreak of more than one general war in Europe, in spite of numerous plausible pretexts and tempting provocations; and notwithstanding a too manifest state of warlike preparation on all sides. Steam power has thus sobered governmental judgments, which are compelled to think twice, and more than twice, before taking political steps leading to consequences which, in a war waged through a network of railways and on an ocean furrowed by steamers, no man can adequately foresee.

It has been frequently said that, owing to the improved military resources of nations, modern wars must be of short duration,—sharp, brief, and decisive. With respect to some particular war, such may be the case; but in a general European war the result would be otherwise; and steam power would be the cause. It is probable that the hasty and indefinite conclusion of the Austro-French Italian war was caused by the pressure of Prussia looming in the distance,—capable at once, by means of the steam locomotive, of making a diversion in favour of Austria. But a general European war, wherein one or more mighty nations may have to stand at bay, may be protracted, by steam power, through an indefinite duration. Had the French system of railways existed then, the Battle of Waterloo would not have been decisive, even if it could have been lost by the French in that case. On the contrary, it is more than probable that the result would have been

been just the reverse of that crowning (and uncrowning) victory. Such, at all events, is the opinion of French military critics; and even should we attribute their opinion to their self-love, and regard it as unfounded, we cannot overlook the importance of railways and steam power generally, from a strategic point of view, and the precautions that France has, accordingly, taken, in laying down her systems of railways, all designed for internal defence and eccentric attack against every 'objective' capital of Europe. France can no longer be safely invaded; and three Waterloos might still find her at bay, and able again to try conclusions. To steam power, mainly, she owes this important improvement in her position. Other great nations are equally benefited for their defence by the like cause.

Amongst the manifold results of the enslavement of steam, the saving of time is as remarkable as the shrinking of space. If we state the economy by railway travelling to be as one hour in every twelve miles, it appears that in the course of a twelvemonth there are actually added to the available time of the community upwards of twenty thousand years; and it follows that a number thrice as great as this is added to the effective working population of the country, reckoning eight hours as the work-time in each day. Doubtless many journeys now rendered easy by rail would never have been undertaken but for this facilitation; but this can scarcely diminish the force of the result; and, allowing the widest margin for this and other exceptions, there still remains a clear annual saving which must be reckoned by thousands of years.

Another direct effect of the rapid intercourse rendered possible by steam, has been a marvellous increase of the material wealth of nations, just in proportion to their capacity for availing themselves of this gigantic commercial aid. It is not too much to say that the amount of business done, at the present day, in one month, through the facilities of steam navigation alone, is equal to that effected in any one year of the preceding century. By stimulating the competition of nations in production, steam navigation has cheapened the necessaries and luxuries of life; it has done this by reducing cost of transport, and by rapidly supplying the market. To 'starve the market' has thus been made much more difficult than of old; it being no longer possible, as it long was, to force up the price of commodities by restricting the supply in the market. The winds have become almost of no account in the calculations of a voyage, since the time when steam navigation first began to grapple with them. The departure and arrival of a steamship between country and country may now be reckoned on with almost

almost as good certainty as those of a stage coach between town and town. Meanwhile the passengers enjoy many of the luxuries of a private dwelling. Indeed, in some of the large American river boats, men have even taken up their permanent abode, as it were in a floating and sailing hotel.

Of this mighty world-traffic which steam navigation has so largely augmented, London is the great centre;—London, not only the metropolis of England, but, in a manner, that of the whole world. To London, it may be said, all men journey. The physical position of Britain is in accordance with her distributive function amongst the nations. London is positively the pole of the inhabited regions of the earth. If, on a terrestrial globe, we elevate as a zenith the speck representing London, lifting it, therefore, ninety degrees from the horizon, we find that all the inhabited regions of the earth might rotate around that point as their centre. Carl Ritter first pointed out that not only are the lands more numerous in the northern portion of the earth than in the southern; but that, if a great circle be drawn through the coast of Peru and the south of Asia, this will cut the earth into hemispheres, of which the one contains the most terrene masses, the nearest together, and the most important; whilst in the other will be seen only vast oceans, with here and there the peninsular extremities of the chief lands, narrowed and dispersed, and Australia, the smallest and most isolated of the continents. We have thus a continental or terrene hemisphere, and we have a hemisphere oceanic or marine; and of the land hemisphere, London is nearly the central point, and is therefore a natural meeting point for all the countries of the globe.

From the time when first it was put in harness by man, steam power was an alleviator of human labour. It would seem, on the one hand, that the hard labour of the world is falling out of the hands of man, and away from the muscles of beasts of burden, that it may be monopolised by fire and water. And, in the ultimate, this will, we trust, be found to be the case. At present, there is no question but that steam power and railways, whilst doing so much hard work for man, actually stimulate him to greater exertion. People in these days of steam do more work with less cessation or provision for the rest of the mind and wholesome exercise for the body, than at any previous time in the world's history. Whilst man is putting steam in harness, he is being dragged along by its side, and finds the effort to keep up with it more and more a tax upon his ability.

The stimulus of steam tells on man both physically and mentally. Marvellous is the influence it has had upon literature  
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and the education of the people. And without the steam-press, it would be impossible to meet the growing demands of the reading public. The American printing machines, now used in all the large newspaper establishments of Great Britain, turn off very commonly ten to fifteen thousand impressions in the hour. Every railway station in towns is a book mart, tempting the passenger to seek information or amusement. The greater development given to printing by steam power has enlarged the operation of the other collateral arts;—type-casting, bookbinding, paper-making, engraving, lithography, short-handwriting;—and given employment to authors and men of learning, thousands of whom now obtain a subsistence by writing for the press and the publishers. In 1792 the annual number of copies of British newspapers was fifteen millions. In 1810 it had already approximated one hundred millions. At the present time it prodigiously exceeds that number. In 1782 England had but seventy-nine newspapers. It has now nine hundred and forty-four; and there are twelve hundred and seventy-one in the United Kingdom. In 1720 North America had only seven. The United States a year or two ago were reported to have nearly a thousand, in English, French, Spanish, German, and other languages. A London morning paper employs directly from sixty to eighty persons. Eight or ten reporters relieve each other every hour during parliamentary debates, and twenty-four to thirty compositors set up folio by folio as ‘copy,’ or written matter, arrives. The newspapers are on sale often within two hours after speeches reported in them have been delivered. A single copy of a large newspaper employs about 360,000 distinct pieces of metal; a quantity which would suffice to print a three-volume novel. And this quantity is for the most part written, printed, and published by each daily newspaper office six days out of every seven in our existence. And not alone through the newspaper press does steam promote reading and education. It is probable that by cheapening production, steam power now enables us to get a better library for one hundred pounds than could have been collected for one thousand at the beginning of the century. Undoubtedly the gift has been perverted to a large extent. The evils of vitiated cheap literature are not few. But the benefits far exceed the evils.

The literary correspondence of a nation is an important element of its social, commercial, and political status. Steam power has immensely cheapened and expedited this kind of inter-communication. The Indian mails now pass by Marseilles and Malta, and reach Bombay in about fifty days, and

Calcutta within sixty ; whereas several months were required in former times with ships that could but sail. In England, our letters and papers are brought to us a few hours after the ink has dried, instead of being delayed day after day, as it was in the olden time. There are eleven thousand three hundred post-offices in the United Kingdom now, besides a large number of road letter boxes,—in the whole, at least ten thousand more receptacles for letters than existed prior to Sir Rowland Hill's great postal reform. In 1863, there passed through these post-offices six hundred and forty-two millions of letters. The amount of money transmitted by post-office orders in 1839 was three hundred and thirteen thousand pounds ; in 1863 it was sixteen millions four hundred and ninety-four thousands. The British foreign mails have at their command a fleet of steamers such as the united navies of the world can scarcely match, thridding the coral reefs of the ' lone Antilles,' skirting the western coast of South America, touching weekly at the ports of the United States, and bi-monthly traversing the Indian Ocean,—tracking, in fact, the face of the deep wherever England has great interests, or her sons have many friends. Even the vast Pacific, which a hundred years ago was rarely penetrated even by the adventurous circumnavigator, has become a highway for the passage of Her Majesty's mails; and letters pass to Australia and New Zealand, our very antipodes, as quickly as epistles of old reached the Highlands of Scotland or the western counties of Ireland. Directly or indirectly, this world-begirding correspondence is the effect of steam power.

It would be of little avail that man physical and intellectual had been thus prodigiously assisted by steam, if man moral and religious had received no furtherance. But with the growth of steam power come many moral changes. Railways, steamships, and the other developments of steam power modify the characters of men. Not only is promptness of action, not only is decision of character promoted, but, as we have pointed out, the amenities of social life are furthered, and the interest widened which human beings take in each other. 'How much,' says Dr. Lardner, 'the spread of civilisation, the diffusion of knowledge, the cultivation of taste, and the refinement of habits and manners depend upon the easy and rapid intermixture of the constituent elements of society, it is needless to point out. Whilst population exists in detached and independent masses, incapable of transfusion amongst each other, their dormant affinities are never called into action, and the most precious qualities of each are never imparted to the other. Like solids in physics, they are slow to form combinations ;  
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but when the quality of fluidity has been imparted to them, when their constituent atoms are loosened by fusion, and the particles of each flow freely through and among those of the other, then the affinities are awakened, new combinations are formed, a mutual interchange of qualities takes place, and compounds of value far exceeding those of the original elements are produced. Extreme facility of intercourse is the fluidity and fusion of the social masses, whence such an activity of the affinities results, and whence such an inestimable interchange of precious qualities must follow.\* And this facility of intercourse stands in aid of every religious as well as of every moral interest. The vapour of steam cheapens the religious tract and book, and conveys these and the missionary as willingly and swiftly as it carries the bill of lading and the commercial traveller.

Whether steam shall always be thus at man's service depends upon conditions not yet fully ascertained. The coalfields, however large, must ultimately be exhausted. The conclusion of Mr. Edward Hull† is that there is, in Great Britain, an available supply of coal nearly equal to eighty million millions of tons; which, divided by seventy-two millions of tons (the quantity raised in the year 1859), would last for eleven hundred years. Mr. Hull confesses, however, that as in the twenty years ending 1860 the annual consumption of coal exactly doubled itself, a calculation based on an annual seventy-two millions must be, of course, out of the question. As steam power becomes, every year, more extensively harnessed, the consumption of coal is continually increasing for its maintenance; and more coal is yearly used as manufactures flourish and population increases. It is calculated, by the way, that for every additional person born in this country, an additional ton of coal per annum is required. The exhaustion of the practicable coalfields of Britain must come at a very much earlier date than the year A.D. 2800, unless some splendid invention should meanwhile accrue, enabling men to obtain power and heat from other sources than the black mineral. That some such boon awaits mankind in the future, we have a strong impulse to predict. God is good; and even His merely physical benefactions to the inhabitants of this planet are by no means exhausted.

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\* 'The Steam-Engine.' By the Rev. D. Lardner, LL.D., F.R.S.

† 'The Coalfields of Great Britain: their History, Structure, and Resources.' By Edward Hull, B.A. London: E. Stamford.

### ART. III.—SUDDEN DANGERS; OR, ACCIDENTS AND EMERGENCIES.

*First Help in Accidents.* By C. H. Schaible, M.D. Hardwicke.  
1864.

*Art of Travel.* By F. Galton, F.R.G.S. Murray.

*The Railway Traveller's Handy Book.* Lockwood.

THERE are two sorts of that quality which is called presence of mind. There is that presence of mind that arrests a dangerous catastrophe, and there is that which promptly remedies the consequences of it. Sometimes both are found united; and people in whom they meet are always the most successful of explorers, emigrants, soldiers, and sailors; in short, in any active business or profession they must needs come to the front. Often, however, the man who is quick to foresee and bold to avert, sinks helpless and hopeless when the bolt has fallen; whilst another who loses his head with terror in the presence of a swift and impending calamity, regains his physical nerve and mental calm and coolness when the danger is over and the worst is known. To generalise too widely is often to fall into formidable error; but it may be remarked that race in this matter often asserts its tendencies, that the Celtic blood is commonly the quickest, boldest, and most rash in attacking danger, the Saxon the most helpful and least cast down in calamity, and that a mixture of the two has proved itself to be an admirable combination of daring and that quality which in stable parlance is known as bottom and staying power. It is true that no catastrophe or misfortune of whatever kind is really an accident in the sense in which that word is often used, *i.e.*, a blind freak of chance, or a thing predestined to happen by Fate. What is called an accident is but the final link of a sequence of events, any one of which might have been altered in its direction by the exercise of a sagacity, knowledge, or strength, which sometimes does, and at other times does not, lie within man's grasp. But as we do not allow deaf, dumb, or blind men, or idiots or madmen, to wander about crowded thoroughfares, or to walk with a lighted candle in a powder store, because there would be not only a possibility but a probability of dangerous results; so when a man by intoxication reduces himself to the mental and physical degradation of an idiot and falls out of a railway carriage, or is crushed beneath the wheels of a cart, no one

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is surprised: we see plainly the causes which produce the so-called accident, and feel sure, from our limited knowledge of the laws of God, that so far from its being a strange mischance, it would be of the nature of a miracle if some evil had not ensued. Presence of mind is sometimes instinctive, and sometimes acquired, as the result of experience, or knowledge, or both. The first we cannot command, it is a great natural endowment; but the last may in a very large degree be obtained by energy and reflection, and when we consider the enormous amount of capital and property, and, what is more, of human life and human happiness which is so often lost beyond redemption, because at a given moment one person was too much flurried to prevent, and another was too ignorant and fearful to remedy, it may reasonably be urged that in the education of the young some amount of elementary knowledge should be imparted, calculated to be of service in certain contingencies, and some kind of moral training and discipline be used which should induce a habit of mind favourable to cool reflecting courage, and opposed to shameful and causeless panic. Some accidents involve only one life, others are great and spread widely and threaten numbers, and almost all are such as must in the nature of things lead on to more. A woman whose dress is in flames, for instance, will often set fire to those who endeavour to assist her, or to the furniture of the room, and so cause a great conflagration; and when a building is on fire in any populous place, there arises danger from many sources, danger of suffocation by smoke, of being crushed by falling walls, roofs, or fragments, and of being trampled to death in the crowd, a fate which has befallen many a luckless woman who, quite unable to help, is yet irresistibly attracted by the cry of 'Fire.' The burning of the Surrey Theatre afforded a rare and exceedingly satisfactory illustration of the good effects of preserving order and tranquillity on such occasions; the theatre was emptied with comparative rapidity and ease, simply because people refrained from choking up the only modes of egress, and from fighting among themselves as to who should go out first. Had the audience acted as audiences usually do act, a terrible scene must have ensued, and the usual per centage would certainly have been maimed, mutilated, and smothered. There is perhaps no juncture in which presence of mind is so imperatively called for, and so invariably lost, as in calamities by fire. Most women know, at least in theory, that they ought under such circumstances not to run out of the room, and up and down the stairs, but should lie down instantly, and try to roll a rug or some incombustible material around them;

them ; yet not one in twenty but does the very reverse of all that she should do. It cannot be too carefully impressed on the mind that when an alarm of fire is raised in a theatre, church, or any other crowded assembly, to stand up and shout and scream, rush to the door and block up the passage, is the very worst way of accomplishing one's desires, and involves the almost certain consequence of being severely hurt, or it may be simply trodden into a shapeless mass. Compared with this, and taking into consideration the excellent arrangements of the fire-brigades, and the daring and skill of their officers, the probability of being burned to death through quietly persevering in sitting still is of a very distant kind. It is well to bear in mind that, to leave open doors and windows, or in fact any aperture which creates a draught, also feeds the flames ; that to crawl on the hands and knees is the best way of avoiding suffocation by smoke ; and finally in the interval of enforced inaction, if any means are at hand of thoroughly wetting a woman's dress her chance of escape is greatly increased.

Every year there are numerous casualties by drowning, and there seems no excuse for the existing state of things, in which it is certain that so many men and boys are ignorant of the art of swimming, and are content so to remain, including even those who are intended for or are engaged in a maritime life. Wherever there is opportunity, boys in the workhouse, and in the ragged and national schools should be instructed, and we are persuaded that there are few places where the proprietors of swimming baths would refuse for such a purpose to allow gratuitous entrance one night in the week, which might be the evening previous to the usual weekly changing of the water. If the decency which foreigners rigidly observe were not so strangely obnoxious to Englishmen—and if appearances should be trusted, we would almost say Englishwomen too, *vide* Margate—who pertinaciously cling to their nudity as if it were their one remnant of Paradise, and if the custom of wearing bathing clothes were universally enforced, opportunities of learning to swim might be multiplied without offending propriety in any degree. Very few English girls know anything about the art which French girls acquire under the tuition of a father or brother with ease and without violating decorum. Certainly in these matters continental nations are immeasurably before us. Even if women were taught only how to float, or any of the numerous modes by which they might, with very slight assistance, support themselves in the water, that alone would tend to prevent the ungovernable paroxysm of terror which so often is the cause of fatal results.

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In the royal navy, as in the merchant service, discipline prevents, of course, many frightful scenes, but the men, women, and children who crowd the emigrant ships form a crew of a very unmanageable kind, and when such vessels have gone down it has generally been with a most disastrous and unnecessary loss of life. The poor, ignorant creatures, unaccustomed to any fixed order or regular routine, mad with fear, and unsustained by the consciousness of being able in the slightest degree to contend with the raging waters around, crowd the deck so as to neutralise the efforts of the sailors to obey orders, and there stand helpless and hopeless until the boats are at last disengaged and brought alongside. Then, when, humanly speaking, all depends on the greatest care, order, and exactitude, these poor frenzied people leap into them, upsetting them as fast as they approach, and amid confusion, shrieks, cries, and imprecations, they one after the other sink into a watery grave. In landing through a heavy surf, sailors often manage the point where others fail, simply because they understand how to wait for a large wave, come in on the crest of it, and contrive to scramble up to some ledge by which they can hold on and resist the fearful back-draught which follows. Few people are aware what a heavy, bruising, and disabling sort of battery a great force of water actually becomes when projected on the human body. The worst attitude in which to receive a breaker is in that of scrambling away from it on hands and knees; in such a position the wave projects a man head foremost with tremendous force, and rolls him over and over until, if he ever rises at all, it is exhausted and half-killed. The proper way is to turn on the back the instant before the wave comes, and then he will be floated on with great velocity in the right direction. When a person who cannot swim at all has to be supported or towed along by another, unless the discretion and obedience of the first is particularly to be depended on, it is wise to fasten some description of buoy or floats under his arms, and then tow him along with a cord rather than let him be within grappling reach. In fording a swift stream, a slight-built man should weight himself heavily with stones, or else the water will buoy him up so that he will be totally unable to resist the current; and three feet depth of water for strong men, and four feet for horses is quite the limit of security. In crossing a deep river of considerable width on horseback, Mr. Galton advises that the animal should be pushed or jumped in, and having fairly started him, his rider should jump in himself, hold on by the tail, and so be towed across. The horse can be easily directed to the right or left by  
splashing

splashing water into his face on either side. Fords may be expected, or at least landing places, where a river is broad rather than where it is narrow ; and, where it bends in its course, shallow ground often lies in a slanting direction from a little promontory on one side to the nearest promontory on the other, unless the promontory be a jutting rock or an overhanging projection.

In the accidents by rail, which have now become so frightfully common, the greatest presence of mind avails but little, and only under certain conditions ; helpless passengers are, and for anything which the railway authorities will do, helpless they will continue. It is true that in crossing a line, or a junction of lines, many a man, confused by the shouts and various contrary directions given by well-meaning spectators, runs forward to certain death from sheer want of coolness and reflection, when a step backwards would have saved him from destruction. But an individual fast locked up in a carriage is almost powerless to help himself, even if he knows that a collision will inevitably occur the very next minute. It seems, however, to be pretty certain that under such circumstances the best and only plan is to throw yourself down on the floor of the carriage ; and some very curious escapes have been recorded as occurring through this precaution. A gentleman who was in the train when the horrible accident took place this year near Rednal, states : ' On returning from Chester I felt a violent oscillation of the carriage in which I was seated, the first in the train. I at once looked out of the window, and saw the first engine jumping up in the air. I cried out, " We are off the line," and at once pulled my cap tightly over my head and jumped under the seat opposite me. Immediately after there was a frightful crash, and some time after this I was found under the tender of the second engine with the dead body of a child lying by the side of me.' A good many small cuts and a bad wound in the right ankle was the extent of the actual injury which this gentleman received. No better mode of escape or prevention has to our knowledge been suggested, and the melancholy conclusion we come to is that with regard to railways the man who shows most presence of mind is he who remembers to take his insurance along with his railway ticket. After any collision or other misfortune in railway travelling has actually occurred, of course there is plenty of scope for nerve and presence of mind, and nothing is more imperative than that instant and effectual efforts should be made by signals and messengers to stop any other train which may chance to be due. Yet even this precaution has not always been properly attended



attended to, and though the care of the maimed and dying naturally seems the first consideration, it is of equal or even more importance that another score of victims should not be added to the list.

Accidents arising from the presence of foul air in mines, wells, &c., are generally due not so much to ignorance as to recklessness. But some accurate knowledge as to the best mode of assisting the sufferers, and of treating them when extricated, would be useful information to the men and boys who live in such districts and are engaged in such work. There are, as is well known, different kinds of gas which are equally noxious; one is light and inflammable, another is heavy and suffocating, destroying life when taken into the lungs as effectually as water does; and precautions must be taken in accordance. No person should ever descend to rescue one who has fallen insensible, without having a strong rope knotted round him, the end of which is held by others, otherwise he may share the fate of the first.

There is one sort of misfortune which happens frequently to the emigrant or traveller, and too often, in Great Britain, to shepherds, tourists, or houseless wanderers. It is when from some cause or other a man loses his companions and finds himself utterly alone, without landmarks or any knowledge of road or track to guide him. If this occurs in the prairie, the bush, forest, or desert, it is indeed a casualty so terrible and serious that few travellers can face the situation without experiencing for the moment a paralysing terror and dismay. Mr. Galton's advice to a man thus lost is, first, to take heart by reflecting that the percentage of those who really perish from starvation is exceedingly small; and, secondly, to calculate coolly how far he can possibly be from his party. 'You have been so many hours riding at such and such a pace since you left them. Make this distance the radius of your circle or cast, and then ride slanting backwards and forwards within the circle till you come upon their traces, leaving marks as you go that you may not unwittingly shift your centre point. A bit of looking-glass held in the hand will reflect the sun's rays six or even ten miles off, and if directed towards where the party is expected to be, will often prove a valuable signal.' If a traveller is lost in this country, even in the most wild and unfrequented mountain districts, it is generally owing either to night coming suddenly on, or to a snowstorm, or thick fog; and the mists in some parts of the Highlands are the most thoroughly perplexing and deluding things in the world. It is a bad plan when a person is thus overtaken to continue to plunge  
blindly

blindly along, fatiguing and hopelessly puzzling himself. By a river or stream course, it is pretty certain to be a very circuitous route, and full of rugged and broken ground, where a false step might at once plunge you in the water. For the same reason, on the cliff or braehead is a bad line of road. It is generally far from houses, and intersected by ravines, the crossing of which will exhaust your remaining strength. And by a dim or uncertain light, and with driving mist or snow blinding the eyes, it is very easy to step over the side of a precipice before you know what you are about. The very best way is to sit down at once and make yourself as comfortable as you can, until either the mist lifts or morning breaks. If you have to camp out for the night, a little extra trouble in making your bed as comfortable as circumstances will permit will amply repay the exertion. Follow the wisdom of the hare, and choose for shelter the side of a wall, bank, or even a furrow, or turf raised on end, in preference to a tree or four bare poles roofed with furze. The under side should be as well cared for as the upper, and the man who sleeps on the bare ground with a plaid over him, will be much more damp and chilly than if he had swathed himself in it. Even a sheet of stiff cardboard, or a couple of newspapers, will be better than nothing. Brown paper is an excellent non-conductor of heat, and a bit of mackintosh, even of a small size, is invaluable. A few dead ferns or branches of heather afford a really comfortable bed ; but if these cannot be had, a little hollow scraped in the earth just where the hip-bone should rest, gives amazing ease, and a veil or pocket handkerchief over the face adds to the warmth and deprives the air of that nipping damp and frost which is so dangerous to those unaccustomed to face it ; or a firebrand held in the hand near the mouth acts like a respirator, and is said to be very grateful. If a horse has to be provided for, which cannot be trusted to let itself be caught again, and there is nothing to tether it to, it is a good plan to fasten its head by the bridle short to your own wrist, and sleep with that arm extended on the ground. A horse is commonly both a careful and a generous animal, and will not trample on its rider willingly. If a gun has to be disposed of when you lie down, let the smooth side of the butt rest on your arm, and lay your head on it, the muzzle being between the knees and the hands on the lock. As for picking up food, a knowledge of the properties of the different kinds of fungi would often enable a person to satisfy hunger. There are at least seven commonly met with which are quite innocuous and fairly palatable,  
either

either raw, or broiled on a skewer over a wood or turf fire. Generally, whatever grains or berries birds will eat, are harmless to man. Nettles and some kind of ferns are undoubtedly good when cooked, and for a rough and ready emetic, in case of poisoning, a charge of gunpowder in a tumbler of water is very effective. Old bones afford nourishment to a person in extremities, though the idea sounds disgusting; and the same thing may be said of old hides, skins, &c., so that they have not been tanned. The still, clear, brown-coloured water found in pools on the moors should not be drunk unmixed, or if possible at all, as dysentery has often ensued from doing so. For the stings of wasps and scorpions the oil scraped out of a foul tobacco pipe eases the pain.

Accidents from guns are quite as common as they used to be. The guns do not burst so often as formerly, but they seem to go off with a dangerous facility and very unexpectedly to the owners. The golden rule is to look at your gun but never to let your gun look at you or at any one else. To this may be added, never carry a loaded gun or pistol with the cock down upon the nipple; as, to this habit, at least three out of four gun accidents are due. Every one ought to be aware of the different appearance presented by bleeding from a vein or bleeding from an artery; the first a bandage may stop; in the second, nothing less than tying the artery or the skilful application of a tourniquet will avail, and some such expedient must instantly be adopted if life is to be saved. Many a man has died while being carried to the hospital, and many a horse has bled to death unnoticed for want of this knowledge. When any accident occurs by which a person is maimed or injured, the first thing is to ascertain the history and place of the injury either from the patient or from bystanders, and in all cases to unfasten tight portions of clothing, and allow a free access of fresh air. It is by no means always advisable to force alcoholic stimulants down a man's throat; cold water, sal volatile, and plenty of air being often the best remedies. Sometimes in a forced regimental march men have fallen down fainting from no other cause than that, being in the centre body, the close atmosphere has half suffocated them. For this reason officers should see that their men have a frequent change of position, and that those in the inner ranks should be placed outside from time to time. Boys and girls, in Government and other schools, might be usefully taught the proper way of treating drowned people; and if they learned it practically, the master himself superintending, and one of the pupils representing the supposed inanimate

inanimate body, it would be a lesson which they would never forget. To extemporise a litter is a thing which many a one heartily wishes he had known how to do, when some mischance in hunting or shooting has made such aid necessary. A good plan is, to employ one or a couple of guns carried between two men, when the horizontal position is not called for; the patient sitting on the guns, with his arms linked into those of the bearers, so as to steady himself as well as he is able. A shop shutter forms a very good conveyance in fractures, dislocations, and other injuries. The usual blanket litter is too well known to need description, but every man should know how to tie one or two kinds of good and safe knots to secure ropes for that or any other purpose. A badly tied knot renders a rope worse than useless in case of an attempt to escape either from fire or water. In default of other means, a sufficient number of handkerchiefs, straps, or cravats should be laid side by side on the ground; the patient should be placed gently on his back across them; and then the ends should be knotted to a musket or hedge stake on either side, taking care that the straps beneath the head should be strung up rather more tightly than the rest, so as to give the requisite support. In all cases where an important limb is fractured, or even a serious sprain or dislocation, some such conveyance will be absolutely necessary to enable the sufferer to reach home. In order to discriminate in cases of injury, it should be remembered that fractures very rarely implicate joints, but occur rather in the shaft of the bone. The fractured bone is quite moveable in a bystander's hand, and sometimes the grating of the two ends together can be distinctly heard. Moreover the terminal end will fall inwards or outwards by its own weight. In dislocation all these conditions are reversed; it especially implicates the joints; the limb is partially under the patient's control, and will require forcible and systematic extension to replace it in its proper position. A sprain may be defined as a dislocation begun, but not completed; the ligaments are torn or stretched, but the bone is not actually displaced. It is wise to rip or slit up the boot, stocking, or sleeve rather than to attempt to draw it off, and also to abstain from handling or further displacing the injured limb when it has once been placed in a right direction. It should be simply supported in that position, and covered with a wet handkerchief, on which a few drops of cold water should be thrown occasionally. Sometimes, in the case of a broken leg, as a temporary expedient while in course of transport, it is quite easy to make the sound limb serve as a splint for the injured one, by placing some thin pads between the

the knees and ankles, and fastening the legs together with a handkerchief, taking care that the foot be so supported that it may not fall from side to side with the motion of the litter. In carrying persons suffering from gunshot wounds, or anything which causes bleeding, a lying-down posture is not always the best, unless there is a disposition to faint. If the patient has to go a long distance, he will experience much distressing thirst. Cold tea is perhaps the best beverage which can be administered, or acidulated water. Meat and stimulants should be avoided. It does not fall to every one's lot, but it certainly does to that of some, to enter a chamber and find a friend or relative suspended from the bedpost apparently dead; and as any assistance must be rendered without delay if it is to be of the slightest use, people should be instructed how to endeavour to restore consciousness after strangulation. Cut the body down instantly and set to work; the time lost in sending for a doctor is often a *mauvais quart d'heure* for the intended suicide. After removing all ligatures and placing the patient on the ground with the head a very little elevated, the neck and chest should be stripped and exposed to the air; cold water should be dashed on them, and artificial respiration be tried similar to that attempted for drowned people. If there is much livid blood about the head or chest, an unskilled person may very well immerse the patient's hand in warm water, and, with a razor or sharp knife, cut some of the prominent veins on the back of the hand, as these may easily be stopped from bleeding by pressure with the finger. The attention should be given first to the breathing, and every means to induce it should be tried. When that has commenced, continuous gentle friction should be employed—but not before—because if circulation begins before respiration the consequences are not beneficial. In all cases of suffocation, whether from foul air, drowning, or strangulation, friction of the general surface by relays of active men should be persevered in for a long time, as restoration has been known to take place after five hours of apparent lifelessness. The rubbing should be *up* the limbs, so as to send the blood along the veins towards the heart, and it should be continued *under* the blanket or dry clothing. Lastly, when a person is found dead, whether death has been natural though sudden, or whether it has been brought about by violent means, it is important that the person who discovers it should make a memorandum at the time of all the circumstances connected with the case, especially noting such things as foot-prints around, indications of a struggle or of force having been used, marks of blood, the absence or presence

presence of valuables, rings, pins, &c., since all these matters will probably be the subject of inquiry before the coroner, or possibly in a court of justice. Presence of mind in these as in all other emergencies will save a man from much blame and vexation of spirit. The want of it endangers life and limb—and sometimes reputation.

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#### ART. IV.—PETER BEDFORD.

**F**ULL of years, and of honours of the best class, died at Croydon, a few months back, Peter Bedford, a genuine philanthropist. Eighty-four years ago, the man of whom we are now writing was an infant in his mother's arms, at Old Sampford, in Essex. He grew a gentle, rather a precocious child, having, like the rest of us, a temper of his own, which it became one of the arduous tasks of his adult life to conquer; but abounding in the sunshine of the breast, and known then, as throughout all his days, for a genial heart and a cheery face. His father, part draper, part farmer, was attached to the 'Society of Friends;' and of that society his son Peter was to the last a faithful member. One more seal his life was, to the many already set to the striking success of the Quaker doctrine and discipline in developing living philanthropy; a success as remarkable, when we count up the many notable instances of it, and compare these with the numerical insignificance of the body, that if it were allowable to judge the formulæ and rules of religious societies by their apparent fruits only, a very high, probably a superlative, rank we should be forced to assign to those of George Fox's followers.

There is not much record extant of Peter Bedford's early years. We get a glimpse of him as a boy, eight or ten years of age, offended by one of his father's labourers, whom in momentary irritation the little Quaker curses aloud; and we see him paying for this slip by days of self-reproachful anguish, heightened by a dread of the pains of hell. We are shown the intensity of this feeling by the very device the child adopted to impress on his own mind more vividly the horror of everlasting burnings,—'deliberately placing his finger on the hot coals in order to realise for himself a vivid conception of the anticipated awfulness of the award of sin.' It was nearly a week before the boy's contrition was crowned by a feeling of the Divine forgiveness; and of the curse thus bitterly



bitterly repented of, it may be added, that as it was the first he ever uttered, so also it was the last.

From Old Sampford to Plaistow with his family ; from home to school by himself ; from school to Southwark to his brother's shop ; from Southwark to Kelvedon, as apprentice to a draper ; these were Peter Bedford's earlier removals. The friendly invitation of Mr. Joseph Allen, a silk manufacturer, took him from Kelvedon to London, where with Mr. Allen he remained, learning the silk business that was to serve as his means of livelihood until old age. At Mr. Allen's, Peter Bedford obtained intercourse with a learned, scientific, and philanthropic circle, members of which had a strong influence on the development of his mind. He had not had very good educational advantages in his youth, and the deficiency was never wholly compensated for ; but his great suavity and genial persuasiveness, his unbroken cheerfulness and lively though gentle manner, made him a most agreeable companion, and became passports to a very extensive usefulness.

An active and zealous man of business, young Mr. Peter Bedford won the entire confidence and high esteem of Mr. Allen and his friends, and became ultimately, with his permission, his business successor. What manner of man he was, his biographer, Mr. Tallack,\* partly enables us to see. Of systematic habits, rising at six o'clock, lighting his own bedroom fire, devoting time to prayer and religious meditation and Scripture reading ; then examining his engagements for the day and his trade books, and seeing that his workpeople were properly employed ; — such was his usual preparation for breakfast. Sticking to his trade, he made it prosper ; but he did not allow it to stick too clogingly to him, and so he prospered too. His wealth expanded, and his soul also. The same systematic and steady perseverance that he applied to trade, he applied to philanthropy, to social engagements, and to devotional duties. As he did not believe that his relationship to his Spitalfields weavers should be one merely of work and pay ; so he dealt with them, whilst shrewdly, generously ; whilst as an employer, as a friend. Those engaged on his own premises, he had an eye upon, caring for their comforts and their morals. Was sympathy, was counsel, needed ? He gave these most willingly. Was tangible assistance advisable ? He often gave that too. And as he found all around him, and not solely amongst his own workpeople, persons who needed encourage-

\* 'Peter Bedford : The Spitalfields Philanthropist.' By William Tallack, author of 'Malta under the Phœnicians, Knights, and English,' &c. London : S. W. Partridge.

ment in well-doing, or advice and help towards ceasing to do wrong, he stopped not the current of his beneficence at the doorsill of his own warehouse, or even at the houses of his employés, but went about himself, visiting in the streets and dwellings, and lending stimulus to all local associations for acting usefully on the surrounding mass of ignorance and destitution. He became thus, besides being the aider of many institutions, the founder of sundry others in Spitalfields; of which, for example, a Society for Lessening the Causes of Juvenile Delinquency was one; an Association for the Relief of Distress, another. He cared much, thought much, did much, for the sufferings of the poor; to remove the temptations lying in wait for their neglected children; for the rescue and reformation of juvenile delinquents; for the amelioration of the treatment of criminals. He grew, at last, into wide notoriety, as full of practical love to man; a friend especially of all who had no friends; and to all whom he could help, a benefactor.

Almost to the scandal of a few of the warmer of his Quaker friends, Peter Bedford became famous amongst thieves—like the Master whom he served, who was the friend of alien tax-gatherers and flagrant sinners. Peter Bedford's special interest in juvenile criminals began in this way: In 1815, near Spitalfields, a young man, named John Knight, was arrested for watch-stealing,—at that time, horrible to confess, a capital offence in England; and, being tried and found guilty, was sentenced to be hanged. Mr. Bedford's attention being invited to the case, he made inquiries, and discovered that Knight had tried to steal the watch, but, fearing detection, had not succeeded; and that it was another person, one Grew, who had done the deed. Mr. Bedford and his friends exerted themselves with great energy to obtain a reprieve. Through Knight's father they obtained interviews with a confederacy of thieves. Arriving at the public-house in Spitalfields, where the thieves resorted, they sent Knight, the father, in at the tap-room door, and told him to stop everybody in the place. They went in themselves at the bar-room door, and, announcing their errand, were admitted into a back parlour, and there met with a number of young thieves, and with one Bill Horne, a well-known 'low character.' Bill Horne proved to be well acquainted with the case. The real thief, he said, was John Grew, of whom he promised news should be forthcoming on the following evening. 'Bill's heart,' said Mr. Bedford, when, years afterwards, narrating the affair to a friend, 'was touched with the kindness of the motive we had in view, and he promised he would do the best he could to find him out.

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We requested that as soon as any information was obtained, Bill and his companions would come to my house, as I lived in the neighbourhood. But here again I was in some difficulty, because I had only two female servants in the house, in which also was a good deal of property. I did not know what might happen with such visitors as I expected; so I deliberated as to what I ought to do, and whether I should stay at home from going to our usual Friends' meeting for worship. I decided to let everything go on as usual. Just before going to meeting, I informed the single servant left at home as to what kind of people might possibly come during my absence, and, should such be the case, requested her to send them on to me. So I went off to meeting, at Devonshire House, Houndsditch, and had been there only about twenty minutes when I saw the door slowly open, and the father of poor Knight enter. I then left my seat and went out with him, and in the yard we found Bill Horne, Grew himself, and the young man that received the watch from his hand, together with some other companions. Grew accosted me, and said, "As soon as I knew, Mr. Bedford, that you were wishing to find me out, I determined I would come to you, and there is the person that received the watch!" I said, "Walk with me to my house," and thither I went, escorted with such a company as that. When we reached it, I took them into the parlour, brought out my portable writing desk, sat down, and recorded, in the form of depositions, all the information I could gain, especially that from the culprit himself. I then fixed for them to be at my house again the next morning at eight o'clock. Meanwhile, I sent off to Dr. Lushington, to let him know that at that hour I had appointed an interview with these people, and invited him to be at my house by nine, and also to inform Fowell Buxton of the matter. The doctor accordingly got his horse and rode off to Buxton. We also sent information to our friends, Thomas and Edward Foster, of St. Helen's Place. Next day, Dr. Lushington met the party at my house, and investigated the case most thoroughly, and in consequence became perfectly satisfied that Knight had only made the attempt to steal the watch, but, though innocent of the fact, was guilty of being concerned. All our evidence was now complete, except the proof afforded by the watch itself. On inquiry we ascertained that it had been lodged with a pawnbroker in the Borough for £3. I thought it was most important for us to have the watch, and resolved to obtain it; but, as it was stolen property, and I knew it to be such, the doctor said to me, "Bedford, mind what you are doing!" I replied, "Yes, doctor, I think I do know what I

am about!" I then took Knight's father aside into another parlour, and said, "Knight, we *must have* that watch!" He replied, "I have not got the money to get it." I then talked to him about his son's case for some time. The poor man was exceedingly distressed. At length I dismissed him, previously, however, putting my hand into my pocket and giving him £3. Had I not a right to give him £30 if I had liked? And had I not said, "We *must have* the watch?" We now arranged that all our party were to meet again at Edward Foster's, at St. Helen's Place, at ten o'clock. There were there Fowell Buxton, Dr. Lushington, Edward Foster, and myself; and, also, all those other people, and the watch. Thomas Foster had been sent forward to the Home Office to request an interview with Lord Sidmouth. After going fairly into our plans, two coaches were ordered. We went in one (with the watch), and Knight, Grew, and Horne in the other. Thomas Foster was waiting at the Home Office for us, and we promptly obtained an interview with Lord Sidmouth. Fowell Buxton, on this occasion, took up the subject, stating all the details of the case. Then Dr. Lushington spoke on the awfulness of taking away human life under such circumstances. It was my belief that Lord Sidmouth's political feelings towards the doctor operated very sadly against poor Knight. He said, "Dr. Lushington, you cause horrible feelings in my mind; but I tell you that if, after investigating the case, or any such case, and giving it the best attention I could, even if I were mistaken, I should think it right, under the circumstances, that the execution should go on; for the person who lost the watch swore positively that he seized the man by the collar, and never let him go." I believe Lord Sidmouth entertained that idea of the case most sincerely, but he was in error. We entreated Lord Sidmouth to see the young man. "No," he replied, "but Mr. So-and-so, at the office, will examine him." We went with Grew to the official named; and, after his examination, when we got outside the building, Dr. Lushington clapped his hands, and said, "Oh, Bedford, we have saved his life!" But Buxton, who entertained doubts on the subject, answered, "I am not sure of that." I now went into the country, and on the Thursday morning I received a note from Dr. Lushington, saying, "My dear Bedford, I have just seen Mr. Bowler, at Newgate, and I find that Knight was executed, declaring his innocence three times, when the cap was drawn over his face, and thus he died."

This case, although unsuccessful as regards Knight, was of great value as regarded Mr. Bedford; for it introduced him to sundry thieves, through whom he got access to many more;  
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and those whom he obtained access to he strove to benefit in all wise ways. At the close of Knight's case, a number of gentlemen interested in the affair were convened, and Dr. Lushington and Peter Bedford were requested to get together all the juvenile delinquents whom they could reach, and try to influence them for good. At the close of the interview, at ten o'clock at night, the two gentlemen left the place surrounded by a crowd of thieves of all ages. 'Mr. Bedford, are you afraid?' said one of them; 'Afraid!' replied our hero, 'what have I to be afraid of? I am sure that none of you would hurt me or this gentleman.' 'No, sir,' was the reply; 'if you were covered with jewels, you would not lose one of them. But if you are at all afraid, we will form a guard, and see you safe to your own house.'

Mr. Tallack gives more evidence of the estimation in which the thieves held their friend Peter Bedford. One evening, as Mr. Bedford was walking down Bishopsgate-street, two young thieves observed him, and one said to the other, 'There goes a gentleman with a good watch, I'll be bound; and I'll have it.' 'No you shan't,' his comrade replied; 'that won't do; you don't know who it is; it's Mr. Bedford.' And, explaining that he was the friend of thieves, he prevented the proposed furtive attack on our hero.

The case of Bill Horne and the stolen luggage has a similar bearing. A member of the Society of Friends, just married, journeyed with his bride to spend the honeymoon in Yorkshire. Returning to London, and driving through Brick Lane in the dusk, a stoppage occurred, and a portmanteau that had been strapped on to the carriage disappeared during the stoppage. As the bridal apparel, indispensable for use on arrival at home, was in the portmanteau, its recovery was urgently sought, and Peter Bedford's aid was invoked to that end. Peter promised to help if he could, having in his mind's eye Bill Horne, whose 'business' was known to consist in cutting the straps of portmanteaus with a sort of weeding hook. 'We sallied forth,' said Mr. Bedford, long afterwards, speaking of himself and the friend who had requested his help, 'and went down Spitalfields together. I inquired of a woman where Bill lived. She said she could not tell me the name of the place, but she could show me where it was. She then took us into Wentworth-street, and pointed out a house to us. The most disgusting female figure that I ever saw in my life filled the doorway. However, I went up to her and said, "Is Bill Horne within?" "No, sir, he is not." "Where is he? Is he nigh at hand?" "Yes, sir." "Then let him know I want to see him at once, on special business; ask him to come to my house."

house." I inquired of the woman if she knew us, and she replied, "Oh, yes, I know who you are,—Mr. Bedford." We then returned to my house, and, soon afterwards, Bill made his appearance. I at once challenged him for his reason for stealing a portmanteau from the carriage of one of my friends. "Oh, sir, I didn't do it!" I replied, half in earnest, half in jest, that he should have prevented any one from taking such a liberty with a friend of mine. "But, sir, I did not know it was a friend of yours. It was done by another young man." "Well," I said, "never mind about who did it. We must have the portmanteau and all its contents." "No, sir, you can't. It's cracked!" He meant that it was broken up; for, as portmanteaus can be identified, thieves break them up immediately. "Well, then," said I, "we must have the contents, and they must be here by ten o'clock this evening." "I don't think it can be done, sir." "It *must* be done." So the bridegroom and Edward Harris waited at my house till the evening. By and bye the bell rang, and some one was let in. I went into the room, and there was not only Bill Horne, but another young man with him. Seeing they had come without the missing property, I exclaimed, "How is it you have not brought these things?" "The police won't let us," they replied; "but you shall have them to-morrow morning by eight o'clock. We really can't bring them to night." Bill then began to enumerate several articles it contained—as a watch, silk stockings, &c. In the morning, about eight or nine o'clock, Horne brought the things, and was shown into my parlour. Edward Harris and William Tindall were with me there. As soon as Bill Horne saw the latter he looked at me and said, "Oh, sir, is it all right?" For his heart failed him, and he thought I had a police-officer with me. I told him it was all right, he might depend upon it. He answered, "Well, sir, I could trust my life in your hands." Such was the effect of kindness. Well, the things were all brought except a few trifles. They had been divided amongst several parties, and they could not collect all together again. I didn't give them a shilling for their trouble, and don't know whether they expected anything or not. I said nothing about it.

Mr. Bedford, in trying to promote the reformation of thieves, was led to Newgate and other prisons, and got so much information about them as induced him, in conference with some of his friends, to form an Association for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents, which led to very marked good results. A large number of excellent people organised a plan of prison visitation. The names and addresses of the parents and associates of the young thieves were thus obtained; and of these persons



persons about eight hundred were visited, and many were induced to enter the Refuge for the Destitute, at Hoxton. Out of these operations also arose a Society for the Reformation of Prison Discipline, which proved very useful; to its efforts, indeed, Mr. Bedford traced, in a great degree, the contrast between the present condition of our prisons and that which existed when these labours were beginning.

In endeavouring to obtain the abolition of capital punishment, Mr. Bedford laboured long and serviceably. The first regular Anti-Capital Punishment Association was instituted in 1820; and of the few who constituted it, including Dr. Lushington, T. Fowell Buxton, Wm. Allen, and Basil Montague, Peter Bedford was one. In promotion of peace, for the abolition of slavery, and, in short, in aid of almost every variety of good work, he spent much time, energy, and money. In private life, he was a very efficient 'preacher of righteousness.' He had a remarkably good influence in 'parlour-preaching.' He got on amazingly with young people, owing, in part, to his liveliness and sunny brightness of temperament. Always cheerful and smiling, he got at the hearts of young people at a bound. 'What a nice thing it is,' said a youthful acquaintance of his, 'when folks are good without being disagreeable.' Peter Bedford had the art of so being. He was a prodigious favourite amongst schoolboys, whose sports he sometimes joined in and augmented. On receiving favourable reports of their behaviour, he would not only stroke their heads and praise them to their comrades, but would invite them to go to his house to tea or dinner. And when they had proved delinquent, no punishment was so grave to them as to be taken for rebuke to Mr. Bedford. 'Sturdy young rebels, who had persistently defied the schoolmaster's task and cane, were melted to tears under the fatherly tones of their good friend, and generally gave a hearty promise of better ways in future.' Owing, it is thought, to a disappointment in affection, he remained a bachelor to the end of his days; but, whilst wifeless and childless, he discharged the duties of a parent to a large family of nephews and nieces, and by his care and influence secured their entrance on useful and honourable stations in life.

He was, as we have hinted, a man of much activity. In the pursuit of business or of philanthropic usefulness, he was continually journeying about this country or on the continent. He kept up a very large correspondence, especially with young people, and his letters were highly valued by their recipients. His religious views were in many respects broad and liberal, and he sympathised with persons of all denominations and parties.

parties. He had his weaknesses, like the rest of us; but over these the strong religious principle that was in him very largely triumphed. Religion was a reality with him; love to God was at the centre and core of his wide-hearted love to man. He delighted to minister to the material and temporal needs of those who required his help in that way; but was not satisfied with having done that merely, without trying to do much more. The spiritual and eternal interests of others were ever upon his mind, and for these he laboured with earnest zeal.

Like all genuine followers of George Fox, he listened for the 'movings of the Spirit,' and delighted to be not disobedient to what he deemed to be impressions and monitions from above. His biographer narrates several striking instances of good service done through such docility. Mr. Bedford, however, had the good sense to know that it is not every impression that deserves esteem or will justify obedience. The pneumatology of that man is very much at fault who takes for granted that all such 'movings of the Spirit' must needs be from above. Their sources are inferior to or collateral with ourselves quite as often as superior or divine. It behoves those, therefore, who watch for them, to try them by reason and sound judgment when they come, lest they be befooled by practical jokers, or misled by foes. It is worth bearing in mind that the *δαίμων* of Socrates was a useful guide to him, not singly because it was a *δαίμων*, but also because he was a Socrates. Peter Bedford also seems to have had the wisdom to know what to resist, and what to obey—at least if we may judge by several cases in point adduced by his biographer.

Of this nature was an occurrence at Ramsgate, which Mr. Tallack recounts. Mr. Bedford was at the sea-side with two of his nephews, intending to return home on the following Monday; but, on the morning of Saturday, Mr. Bedford awoke very early with a strong impression that he must not wait till Monday, but must straightway return to London. He accordingly arose, went to the bedrooms of his nephews, told them that they must go to London at once, partook with them of an early breakfast, and accompanied them on board the first packet for the metropolis. At home all was well, and the rest of the day passed unvaried by anything worthy of record. The doubt now arose, whether, after all, he had not been played with; whether he had acted wisely in yielding to the impression. Sunday came, and still no sign. He went to meeting as usual in the forenoon, and still no sign. The afternoon passed, and yet nothing unusual occurred to justify his hasty removal from Ramsgate. Must it not have been a delusion?

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In the evening, however, he was startled whilst at supper-table with two friends, by a violent ringing of the door-bell. A sudden conviction came into his mind that now he was about to learn the reason of his return to London. He left his friends at the supper-table, and went to meet his visitor in another room. A young man, pale and agitated, entered and threw himself on a sofa. On recovering somewhat from his excitement, he told Mr. Bedford that a very near relative had just left his home and family, in most distressing circumstances, intending totally to desert them, and to go off to America; and he besought Mr. Bedford to use his personal influence to prevent the accomplishment of this ruinous resolve. After learning all the details of the case, Mr. Bedford returned to his friends, pleaded pressing necessity as his excuse for so abruptly leaving them, went off with the young man at once, and obtained an interview with another relative of the culprit, with whom they succeeded in making such arrangements as prevented the threatened flight to America. The delinquent was persuaded to remain in England, became penitent for the past, and peace was at length restored to his family. And thus it proved to be very fortunate for all parties that Mr. Bedford had so suddenly returned from Ramsgate.

The same sort of feature appeared in the course of the relationships arising between Mr. Bedford and his quondam friend John Tawell. In the shop of a friend working as a porter, John Tawell, then a young man, first became known to Mr. Bedford. Though diligent and complaisant, he was not entirely liked; there was always a want of openness and straightforwardness in him; and although his abilities soon raised him to a more responsible employment, and although he hoisted a large flag of religious profession, he did not altogether succeed in making it felt that his piety was sincere. Mr. Bedford especially failed to be satisfied with him, and at length came to feel strongly that there was something very wrong underneath the specious demeanour of this man; and became moved, at last, with an almost irresistible impulse to tell Tawell that, though devoid of outward information or proof, he believed Tawell had committed some crime which would bring him to the gallows. Now, this was a very awkward message to convey to any man, all the more to a man seemingly benevolent and religious; and Mr. Bedford might well feel disinclined to the attempt. Very seriously and long did he deliberate, but the more he thought it over, the more did he become convinced that it was no mere fancy of his own, but was a communication which ought to be obeyed. At length he resolved to act upon it, and with this design he set

set off towards the residence of Tawell. Passing along the City Road, he was again overtaken by misgivings; and after he had left the turnpike bar at St. Luke's at some distance behind him, his reluctance became so strong as to cause him to turn back again. But on reaching the bar a second time, the impression again became so vivid, that he once more resolved to be obedient to it, and he proceeded on his way to the house without further interruption. Tawell and his wife received him pleasantly. Requesting the withdrawal of Mrs. Tawell, Mr. Bedford addressed the husband in a very serious and impressive manner, and finally spoke of the mysterious but very deep impression he had received, that his auditor had been so far false to all his professions of religion as to commit a crime which would, if discovered, subject him to the extreme penalty of the law. Tawell received this unexpected message with astonishment and awe. He was much affected, and at length confessed that it was quite true he had been guilty of such an offence, but he added that it was not yet too late to prevent the completion and consequences of the crime, for he had still in his possession the notes which he had forged.

After such a remarkable warning, it might have been thought that Tawell would have thoroughly repented of his crime; but, at a subsequent period of his life, the infatuated man again yielded to the like temptation, and was convicted and transported for forging bank bills by means of ingeniously engraved plates. In Australia, whither he was sent, he conducted himself so well as to obtain his liberty in a few years; and his talents and industry in New South Wales soon enabled him to establish a business, and to amass a large sum of money. To ingratiate himself with religious persons, he again assumed a profession of piety, built, at his own cost, a chapel for a small body of Quakers in the colony, and presented it to them as a sign of his hearty good wishes for their spiritual interests. Having secured a competency, he at length returned to England to enjoy it. His old friends were pleased to see his apparently penitent and satisfactory condition; and he entertained so great a respect for Mr. Bedford, that he took a house at Southend, Croydon, on purpose to be near the venerable man who had in former times been so faithful a monitor. After a time he removed further into the country. Unhappily, his religious profession did not prevent him from forming a criminal connection, and to escape the exposure of this he poisoned the partner of his guilt. His arrest by help of the electric telegraph, which then, for the first time, became applied

applied as an arrestor of criminals, is still vividly remembered. Before his execution, Mr. Bedford once more visited and had a very solemn and affecting interview with him. It is remarkable that just before the perpetration of the act which cost him his life, Tawell received a solemn warning, though not through Mr. Bedford. At a Quakers' meeting, attended by Tawell and his wife one Sunday, as was their wont, a minister from Yorkshire was present, and one to whom Tawell's position was entirely unknown. After the usual silent preliminaries, the minister rose and delivered an address of extraordinary earnestness and solemnity. A feeling, he said, had taken possession of his mind, for which he could not account, except on the supposition that some one present contemplated an extremely wicked act; and then, proceeding in his discourse, he expressed his belief that if his warning voice, now raised, were not heeded, the unknown individual, to whom his words applied, would never again receive a similar offer of mercy and recall. Mr. Tallack declares he has repeatedly heard this striking circumstance narrated, and has been told that, after leaving the meeting house, Tawell's wife said, 'John, what a remarkable sermon that was. Why, one would think we had a murderer amongst us!'

Of Mr. Bedford's happy manner and abundant success in assisting youths and young men in situations away from home; of his fostering care for them, and his encouragement of their efforts; of his kindly and faithful warnings when he feared they were yielding to temptation; of the interest he took in the marriages and settlement in life of his young friends; of the frequency with which he was a welcome guest at their weddings, or extended to them the hospitalities of his own house; of his earnest quest for opportunities to do good, and his punctual and effectual grasp of them; and of his large devotion of time to religious and humane labours, both here and on the European continent, his biographer gives abundant interesting proof. During the last few years of his life his strength declined. Symptoms of heart-disease made exertion unadvisable; but the star of his life set peacefully and serenely, and he retained his brightness of intellect, and even the remarkable child-like freshness of his complexion, almost to the last week of his life. Consoling passages of Scripture were in his mouth and heart; loving and assiduous friends were about him; and gently, almost imperceptibly, as in tranquil slumber, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, Peter Bedford passed into the spiritual world.

## ART. V.—CORNWALL AND THE CORNISH.

1. *Cornwall and its Coasts.* By Alphonse Esquiros. London : Chapman and Hall.
2. *Cornwall ; Its Mines and Miners, with Sketches of Scenery.* London : Longmans.
3. *A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End.* By Walter White. London : Chapman and Hall.
4. *Mineral Statistics of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, for 1864.* By Robert Hunt, F.R.S. London : Longmans.
5. *Letters on the Social Condition of Cornish Miners.* By Wm. Tayler, F.R.C.S. Published in the 'Western Morning News.'
6. *Popular Romances of the West of England, with the Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall.* Collected and edited by Robert Hunt, F.R.S. London : J. C. Hotten.
7. *Journals of the Bath and West of England Society.* London : Ridgway.
8. *The Cassiterides.* By George Smith, LL.D. London : Longmans, 1863.

CUVIER used to find in a fossil bone the whole history of the animal to which it belonged. Geology offers even more interesting information to the student who has any faculty for induction. The geological map of a country will tell him at a glance the modes of life of the inhabitants. Glancing, for instance, at the black-tinted spaces representing the coal fields of Staffordshire or South Wales, he would infer at once that the people who lived there were very different from the people dwelling on the lightly-tinted chalk hills of Dorsetshire. In the latter district he would look to find a people of primitive manners, narrow intellect, most imperfect education, and possessing a great reverence for the classes above them in the social scale. In the former he would expect to meet with men of great shrewdness, energy, and self-reliance, with very little veneration for their 'betters' in worldly position. For the one district he would draw mental pictures



pictures of hamlets thinly scattered over vast ranges of pasture land, and thousands of sheep covering the grassy downs. For the other he would conjure up visions of great masses of men crowding together in large and dirty towns, overhung by a never-dispersed pall of smoke, hiding both sun and sky. The simple shepherd of Dorsetshire is the logical result of the chalk formation; the shrewd miner of Staffordshire is equally the logical result of the coal measures. Change the stratum and you change the race so far as its habits go. The men have the same origin, yet they are as dissimilar in mind as coal and chalk are dissimilar in colour. Nor is it necessary to go to counties widely apart to find instances of this dissimilarity. De la Beche has contrasted two adjacent counties and their inhabitants, the agricultural labourers on the poor lands of the carbonaceous rocks in North Devon, and the miners of Cornwall. He says, 'While the former are thinly distributed over the county, full of prejudices against improvements . . . the miners are thickly congregated in the neighbourhood of the working lodes, abound with intelligence, and from the constant exercise of their judgment are able to take correct and enlarged views of many other subjects than those immediately connected with their ordinary pursuits. . . . This contrast is evidently due to the difference of geologic formations; for if the granite, slate, and metalliferous veins of the one were transferred to the area now occupied by the sandstones and shales of the other, there is no reason why the population at present occupying North Devon should not be mentally as far advanced as the generality of Cornish miners.'

There is certainly no county in England where the physical geography and the geology have so much influence upon the character of the inhabitants as Cornwall. A long narrow peninsula, all but '*meer-umschlungen*,' lying at the remotest corner of the kingdom, with an extent of coast much beyond that of any other county, Cornwall seems to have far more to do with that great world of waters which lies beyond it and around it, than with the land behind it, and with which it has but scanty communication. The roads are not thoroughfares, as in other counties. They necessarily stop short when they get to *Finis Terræ*. The business of its inhabitants does not lie upon the highways, but in the deep of the sea and the deep of the earth. Thus the common toast, without which no Cornish feast is regular, is 'Fish, tin, and copper.' The labouring population is, according to the general estimation, divided into the two great races of fishermen and miners, each a hardy race, much exposed to dangers  
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that demand thoughtfulness and prudence, and promote self-reliance and courage. There are, indeed, the tillers of the land, and even in agriculture the Cornishmen offer peculiarities, for Cornwall is the market garden of England, the source whence Covent Garden derives its main supply of early vegetables. But it is in the miners and the fishermen that we see the characteristics of the Cornish race most strongly marked. Not less than a tenth of the whole population of Cornwall is engaged in mining. The proportion engaged in fishing is no doubt considerably smaller, but is still large; and although the number employed in agriculture is as high as that occupied in mining, it is considerably below that of the agricultural class in other counties. In no county, moreover, does the farm labourer exercise an important social influence. His work is too much a matter of course and routine to develop his faculties. He is but a servant, and often little better than a serf, an *adscriptus glebæ*. But the miner and the fisherman are their own masters, and have to exercise all their faculties. It is by reason of these men that Cornubians have a character so distinctive.

There is, however, another circumstance that has tended powerfully to distinguish them from the inhabitants of the other parts of England. They have a different origin. According to the legend, an eastern queen, doubtless a Phœnician, undertook a long sea voyage in order to see with her own eyes that famous Cornish coast which was known to be so rich in metals. The vessel which bore the adventurous heroine was wrecked on the same coast. Most of her courtiers were drowned, but the sailors being good swimmers saved both themselves and their sovereign. They built her a hut on the shore out of the wreck of the ship. They knelt down and did her homage. After a time her subjects grew tired of court formalities, in a country where each man had to work with his own hands, and had no time to spare for ceremonies. The queen grieved as she saw her attendants one after another forsaking courtly duties for the more active labours of fishing, hunting, and building. But at last Zenobia took a sensible view of her position. She allowed her maidens to be wooed by the sailors, and she herself was won by a young fisherman. They lived happily and had many children, the progenitors of the Cornubians of to-day, who are thus sprung from a royal stock, and are akin to the men of old Tyre and Sidon. There is an historical element in this legend. The inhabitants of Cornwall, like the other Kelts of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and Brittany, have undoubtedly an oriental origin. They had also relations with the Phœnicians, relations of trade if not of intermarriage.

intermarriage. It is curious, by the way, to notice how popular traditions, current perhaps until half a century ago, and subsequently discredited by learned men, have still more lately been confirmed by more skilful philologists. The theory which ascribed to the Cornubians an oriental origin, was ridiculed by some of the antiquarians of a generation ago, who took for granted that because a story had obtained popular belief it was wholly false. But recent researches, and a better acquaintance with eastern languages, have shewn unmistakably that the popular tradition had a good foundation. Who can tell but that geology will pass through the same stages as ethnology and philology are passing; and that having reached the stage at which it is considered a mark of wisdom to reject as childish the traditions of six thousand years, we shall after the attainment of fuller knowledge discover that the old belief was the true theory, and its modern substitute the false?

There is no portion of the British Empire which has given rise to so much controversy among antiquarians as Cornwall. There is no county with such abundance of legendary annals. The legend of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table alone has given rise to quite a literature of its own. There are few Englishmen who will not desire to cherish that legend as veritable history, and there is little doubt that it has a considerable substratum of fact. Geology even seems to lend probability to the tale, by indicating that the lost land of Lyonesse may have had a real existence. Trustworthy records prove how great ravages the sea has made among the isles of Scilly, and it is quite within the range of possibility that the same destructive agency may have overwhelmed the land lying between the isles and Land's End, which according to the tradition once bore on its surface 140 towns or villages, with their churches. As to the connection of the Cornubians with the East, there are innumerable traces in the language and the antiquities of the country to show that the people spoke a tongue of Aryan origin, and that they worshipped the same gods as the fire and sun worshippers of the East. A no less learned man than Sir George Cornwall Lewis discarded the generally received belief that the Phœnicians traded with Cornwall. But a very competent combatant has appeared in behalf of the popular tradition, and in his 'Cassiterides' Dr. George Smith has clearly gained the best of the controversy, a fact which we believe the illustrious author of 'The Astronomy of the Antients' himself confessed. After all there is nothing incredible in the old story. It is not surprising that a nation sufficiently enterprising to  
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establish a settlement beyond the pillars of Hercules should trade with the 'Tin Islands,' as Britain was called. The distance between Cornwall and Gades was small compared with that between Gades and Tyre. Less hypothetical than the connection with the Phœnicians is the warfare between the ancient Britons and the Saxons. The former, as every one knows, retreated into Wales and into Devonshire and Cornwall and into Brittany. They were so far able to maintain themselves, that they succeeded in preserving their language, and, for the most part, their national individuality. It is in Cornwall that the language has first ceased to be spoken. For less than two centuries it has been displaced as the chief and recognised means of intercommunication, although, according to Whittaker, it was still spoken by a few persons during the present century, subsequently, that is, to Dolly Pentreath, whose tomb in the churchyard of St. Paul, near Penzance, ascribes to her the fame of being the last speaker of Cornish. In Brittany the language still lingers, but is almost extinct. In Wales, on the other hand, there are districts where the old British language is the only one understood; and whereas the rector of Landewednack, near the Lizard, the last person to preach in Cornish, lived in 1687, the four Bishops of Wales have lately made it a requisite that their clergy shall be able to preach in Welsh. It is not difficult to understand so wide a chronological difference. Wales, doubtless, is much larger than Cornwall, and that fact alone would partly account for the greater vitality of the Keltic language in the first than in the second. Moreover, mountains tend far more to isolate than the sea does. Wales, the county of high hills, is much more secluded than Cornwall, the county of ports. The sea, in fact, is a great highway, to bring various races into communication. Nothing can be more interesting than to trace out the relationship between Bretons, Welsh, and Cornishmen. It is abundantly apparent in the names of places and persons. The same patron saints are to be found, especially in Cornwall and Brittany, and it is a well attested fact that, towards the close of the last century, a Cornishman, a Welshman, and a Breton each speaking his own language, conversed with one another intelligibly at Plymouth.

We have not space to dwell at any length upon the romances and legends in which Cornwall is rich probably beyond all other counties. Mr. Robert Hunt, to whom Cornwall had already become deeply indebted for his valuable mining statistics, has conferred a further obligation upon the county by his recently published '*Romances and Drolls of the West*'  
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of England.' Into these two volumes he has collected all the current traditions and tales relating to the giants, fairies, mermaids, rocks, lost cities, saints, demons, fire worship, the stainless King Arthur, the bloody monster Tregeagle; and for those who are fond of this kind of lore no work could be more interesting. St. Michael's Mount and Carn Brea were, as might have been expected of such noticeable spots, closely connected with the old heroic days. Historically, Carn Brea is undoubtedly Druidical. The Mount, we have very clear information, became a religious shrine in Saxon times. The very words of the charter by which it was conveyed for sacred purposes are extant. They run: 'I, Edward (the Confessor), by the grace of God King of the English, willing to give the price for the redemption of my soul and of the souls of my parents, with the consent and testimony of some good men, have delivered to St. Michael, the Archangel, for the use of the brethren serving God in the same place, St. Michael.' In Norman times this mount and chapel were made one of the dependencies of St. Michael's Mount in Normandy, to which the Cornish mount bears so striking a similarity. It obtained a great reputation among mediæval religionists, as testify the following lines:—

'Who knows not Mighell's Mount and chair, the pilgrim's holy vaunt,  
Both land and island twice a day, both fort and port of haunt?'

Within the last few weeks it has been visited by royal pilgrims whom the loyal West countrymen love to call the Duke and the Duchess of Cornwall.

Passing from legendary and historical to the actual Cornwall, we must notice first the physical peculiarities of this remarkable county. A long narrow peninsula, about eighty miles in length, and generally not more than twenty miles broad, it stretches out into the sea in a south-westerly direction, and while exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic, which dashes madly against its iron-bound coast, it is subject to the gentler influence of the gulf-stream. Thus, while frequently visited by storms, it enjoys a milder climate than any other part of England. In Mount's Bay especially, which is open to the south, the average winter temperature is  $5\frac{1}{2}$  degrees higher, and in summer  $1\frac{1}{6}$  lower than that of London, so that greenhouse flowers thrive even during the winter in the open air, and on January 1, 1851, there were no fewer than fifty-eight plants in full bloom in the gardens and fields near Penzance. Together with this equability of temperature is a great prevalence of humidity. 'A shower every week-day  
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and two showers on Sunday' are said to be the proper allowance of rain in Cornwall. Most winds, moreover, are supposed to bring up the clouds, as we may learn from the following stanza:—

'The south wind blows and brings wet weather;  
The north brings wet and cold together;  
The west wind comes and brings us rain;  
The east wind drives it back again.'

Nevertheless the rain is more frequent than excessive. The average rainfall for the year is 44 inches against 31, which is the average for the whole country; a small excess when compared with Dartmoor, which has 57½ inches, and with Keswick, which has over 100 inches, or Seathwaite, which has 136. This prevalence of humid atmosphere and cloudy skies materially affects the agriculture of Cornwall, and renders the county admirably adapted for early vegetables and for root crops, and also for garden flowers, but renders it less suitable for cereals and fruits. During the wet summer of 1860, Cornwall, although its rainfall was less than that of other counties, suffered more as to its harvest. Day after day the skies seemed dissolved into mist. The gathered sheaves were sodden, and the ripe grain sprouted, or else on the higher lands, where the corn ripens more slowly, it remained green throughout the autumn, and there were instances in which the crops were not housed until November. Mr. Nicholas Whitley, the well-known Cornish *savan*, has admirably described the climate of Cornwall. The Atlantic, whose waters close to the Cornish coast never in winter fall below 46° Fahrenheit, and farther out are still warmer, acts as a storehouse of heat, and the air sweeping over its surface partakes of its temperature. Thus, let the cold be ever so intense, the westerly wind springs up from the sea and drives it back. During the great cold of December, 1860, when near Nottingham the thermometer marked 8° below zero, the lowest thermometer at Truro was 13°, and in the Scilly Islands 24°. Mr. Whitley adds:—

'The wind makes the weather; and it is this battle of the east with the west which, like a shuttlecock driven to and fro, causes the variation of our climate. There is a magic touch and a mighty power about this brave west wind, which in winter we should thankfully acknowledge. In the middle of December, 1859, the cold from the north-east had coated Cornwall with snow, and loaded the trees and hedgerows with masses of glittering crystals. A falling barometer indicated that the generous hero of the west was approaching. His first blast was cold and chilly; but on—on—roaring and groaning he came, sighing through the trees and hedgerows, and the snow fell in heavy lumps from the boughs. From the western sides of hills and from the more exposed brows of the land, the snow melted rapidly away, and so effective was his influence, that lines of temperature might almost be drawn upon the delicately-shaded surface; and within twenty-four hours

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the mantle of winter was gone, and the emerald green of spring returned, except that here and there were left some patches of snow which had skulked under the eastern side of a hedge; and the thermometer ranged from 50° at night to 54° by day. I have often marked the influence of this wind with wonder and admiration. But in summer admiration changes into dislike. "Fair weather" may come "out of the north;" but the tyrant of the west rolls in, cloud on cloud, till masses of vapour obscure the sun, which day after day no ray of his can pierce. The long pendant streams of condensing vapour float over the languishing ears of corn, or descend in heavy rain to retard and injure the harvest. The sun may be a monarch in the desert where the "earth is fire and the sun a flame," but in Cornwall we often see him as a "dim, disrowned God of day," and long to feel more of his vivifying beams, gilding the fading corn and swelling the half-ripe fruit.\*

Few countries could thrive under such a climate as this ; yet the soil of Cornwall not only tolerates but requires such constant watering. The county suffered probably more than any other part of England during the drought of 1864. The geology of Cornwall explains this phenomenon. The Cornish rocks belong to the primary series. The grauwacke is the prevailing formation. Occasionally, as in the neighbourhood of Bodmin, Liskeard, Falmouth, and the Land's End, there are masses of granite, which are quarried, and are of great commercial value. In the north there is an extensive bed of slate. It forms some of the finest rock scenery in England, that of Tintagel and Boscastle, a district full of heroic associations with King Arthur. It is worked on a large scale at Delabole, where indeed the demand almost exceeds the supply. Soils resting upon granite are poor when the rock is close-grained and compact. The rain water percolates through the soil, and lies like a cold sheet below it on the surface of the rock. Where, however, the crystallisation of the rock is large, and the stratum is broken up by many joints, there the drainage is good and the soil fertile. As to the slate rocks, when they are horizontal the soil is generally thin and without a sufficient depth of subsoil to regulate the supply of moisture to the plant, and in dry weather grass will quickly get burnt. When the slate beds dip with a deep clayey subsoil, and a strong soil over, the natural drainage is good, the ground is fertile, and agriculture prospers. These are the conditions which have made the farming around Probus the most productive in Cornwall. Throughout Cornwall there runs a central ridge of high land, much of it geologically akin to Dartmoor, and, like Dartmoor, desolate and barren. Gilpin travelling westwards from Launceston in search of the picturesque, saw nothing but a 'coarse, naked country, in all respects as uninteresting as can well be conceived.' He turned back when he reached Bodmin. Had he gone five miles farther he would have found himself in one of the loveliest of wooded valleys,

\* 'Journal of the Bath and West of England Society.' Vol. ix., p.p. 201, 202.  
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the Glynn Valley, through which the more fortunate railway traveller now passes and looks down from one of the lofty and seemingly fragile viaducts of the Cornwall Railway upon the river Fowey, some hundreds of feet below. Cornwall is full of such bosky vales. The Vale of Lanherne is one of the most romantic in England. The valley of the Truro river, with Tregothnan woods, has been declared equal to the Rhine by no less an authority than Queen Victoria.

We have already briefly indicated the style of husbandry adopted in Cornwall. We have pointed out that the climate and the soil are unfavourable to cereals, and that Cornish farmers will for the most part do better with pasture than arable land. But there is one peculiar species of Cornish farming to which we must refer more fully. The market gardening in the neighbourhood of Penzance and Falmouth, and in the Scilly Islands, is unique. The soil, locally termed 'growan,' is derived mainly from the decomposition of the green stone rocks, mixed with the *detritus* of the granite and the clay slate, and is full of the elements of fertility. The aspect and the climate also are eminently favourable. Sheltered from the north, and open to the south and to the warm south-west winds of winter, the thermometer rarely falls below 45°, and frosts are almost unknown. It is but recently, however, that the experiment of growing early broccoli and potatoes for the London market has been tried, and the trade has, during the last half dozen years, rapidly increased. It was in 1836 that the first early broccoli was sent to the metropolis. Four dozen were sold as a first speculation. The annual quantity now sent off by rail alone, independently of that sent by steamer, is about 360,000 dozen, weighing some 240,000 tons. But even the broccoli is a secondary crop to the potato. The Rev. Thomas Phillpotts, in a paper published in the 'Journal of the Bath and West of England Society,' states that, in 1861, 10,226 baskets of early potatoes, weighing 1½ cwt. each, were shipped from Hayle, and that 32,560 were sent by rail, besides 13,712 sent from Scilly. This is equivalent to more than 3,500 tons, the produce of about four miles of land. Sometimes the produce brings in £360 an acre; but the average profit is £80. The outgoings are heavy, and the manuring alone, which consists generally of rags, sometimes comes to £40 an acre. The average cost, including rent, is about the same sum, which, while it leaves room for an ample profit, also involves a heavy loss, if unhappily the crop should fail. It is to this traffic and the fisheries that the two chief Cornish railways owe their deliverance from bankruptcy.

It is one of the 'things not generally known,' that the  
Methodists

Methodists of Cornwall supply the Papists of Italy with the food which the latter eat on fast days. Such, however, is the fact. Nine thousand hogsheads of pilchards are sent to Italy on an average every year, and two-thirds of this quantity the bay of St. Ives supplies. Each hogshead contains about 27,000 fish, so that the Italians consume over 240,000,000 annually, or about ten for every man, woman, and child. The imbibition of heresy by means of Protestant fish is prevented by the salt with which the fish are cured, and which is brought in large quantities from Catholic Spain. Next to mining, there is no employment in which the returns are so uncertain as the pilchard fishery. The quantity varies enormously from year to year. In 1847, a good year, the take amounted to 41,623 hogsheads; in 1862, a bad year, it was only 17,854. The year 1851 will be for ever memorable in the annals of St. Ives, not for the great Exhibition, for there were not many St. Ivesmen who journeyed so far as that, but because one 'schull' or shoal of fish yielded 5,555 hogsheads, or about 15,000,000 fish. A fortnight was spent in landing them from the time that they were first caught in the 'seine.' These figures will readily explain the variableness of fortune which attends the pilchard fishery. A net may be dropped and catch nothing, after weeks of waiting, or it may earn a thousand pounds at once. And, if the risks are great, and the profits sometimes large, the capital invested is by no means inconsiderable. There are about two hundred and fifty 'seines' in St. Ives, and these with their attendant boats and tackle have cost not much short of £100,000. The number of seines is, however, far too numerous for them all to be employed, and so the owners have formed themselves into a few companies, who have bound themselves to use only a fourth of their tackle every year. The individual members of these companies are for the most part men not only of ample means, but of high social standing, and to be a partner in a seine is quite as respectable as to be a partner in a bank. The two capacities are not seldom united in the same person, who, in addition, is sometimes an M.P.

The pilchard fishery gives rise to the most picturesquely exciting spectacles. It is as different a scene as possible from that of the solitary angler, sitting patiently the whole day long by the side of some narrow stream, waiting for the disappearance of his float. On the cliffs above St. Ives and Mount's Bay, to which the pilchards chiefly resort, houses are erected, in which men called *huers* reside. It is their duty, especially during the months of June, July, August, and September, to keep constant watch for the approach of the fish.

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This is signified by a line of red in the sea. So soon as that appears the seemingly drowsy *huer* shouts with stentorian voice *heva, heva* (found), and the cry is instantly taken up by the whole town, if the 'school,' or 'schull,' be in the neighbourhood of St. Ives. Then men, women, and children, after the Cornish motto, 'One and all,' rush down to see the boats push off. Each seine boat contains eight men; six who row, one who steers with an oar, and who assists the eighth to 'shoot' the seine. Two 'tow boats,' containing five men each, follow the seine, and carry the 'stop-nets;' and lastly comes the *folyer*, evidently a corruption of follower, a little boat containing two lads, whose duty it is to wait upon the other boats. All these, as well as the *huers*, are paid regular wages, and get a share of the fish as well. Beside them are the *blowers*, who have no settled pay, and whose work consists in launching the boats carrying the seines, and pulling them when shot into sufficiently shallow water to secure them. The seine is a net, varying from about 1,000 feet long and 50 deep to 1,200 feet and 90 feet. On the top are corks, to keep the upper end afloat; at the bottom are leads, to make it sink. This net costs about £185. It is an anxious time until the order is given to 'shoot' the seine. It is a still more anxious moment when the net is dragged to shallow water, and for the first time the eager spectators are able to estimate the amount of their prey. As the fish are drawn landwards they beat the sea in their impotent efforts to escape, and make such a noise that they drown all other sounds. The process of taking the fish out of the seine is called *tucking*. The *tuckers*, clad in oil skin, carry a huge bag, which they shoot round the fish in the net, and then empty with baskets into the *tuck-boats*. These boats, containing piles of what seems molten silver, then pull back to the beach. They are received by watermen, who stand in the sea often up to their armpits, and fill their baskets with fish taken from the *tuck-boats*, and carry them to the cellars, where they are lightly sprinkled with salt by young children. They are then thoroughly salted, and all night long the work goes on of erecting piles of alternate fish and salt. For six weeks the fish are left to stand there. Then they are thrown into water to free them from salt; then they are pressed, the oil that escapes being carefully preserved, and sold to the soap-makers. At last they are put into hogsheads prior to their export, chiefly to Italy, which acknowledges our contributions by sending some of the fish back to England under the name of anchovies. There is one peculiar difficulty with which the fishermen have to contend, the phosphorescent light in the sea. This is often very vivid,  
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and the effect of it is that every mesh of the seine becomes illuminated, and that the net stands up in the sea as a luminous wall, which the fish are very careful to avoid. As to the pilchard himself, his love for this particular spot of the globe (he is found in few other places) has given rise to many conjectures. Amongst other theories it is suggested that he is attracted by the love of a particular kind of food, the remains of the fern-web, which have been washed down and mixed with the sand gravel of the coast. But the writer of a very interesting article in the 'Dublin University Magazine,' for October, 1860, from whom we have borrowed some of our facts, doubts the soundness of this theory, and urges against it that, if it were correct, we should discover the remains of this food on cutting open the fish, whereas nothing of the sort is found. It is more probable that the fish feed upon the insects who feed upon the fern-web, and thus we may explain the connection between a good fern-web year and a good pilchard year which has been observed.

Cornwall is certainly not a land flowing with milk and honey, it is rather a land of desolate hills and barren heaths. Yet it is in the least fertile parts of the county that one witnesses a phenomenon which well nigh induces the belief that Cornwall may compare with Canaan. Running down the sides of these steep wastes are milk-white streams, and the stranger is fairly puzzled at the sight of them. He would perhaps be even more perplexed were he told that that terrestrial galaxy was granite. It would sound like a very poor hoax to declare that the hardest of all rocks could be reduced into a liquid state by any agency short of that tremendous heat which, countless ages ago, made even granite to fuse and boil. Nevertheless, the statement would be nothing more than the truth. Thousands of tons of granite thus pour down the hills every year. The explanation is as follows: In certain parts of Cornwall, chiefly in the neighbourhood of St. Austell, granite is found decomposed. Its component elements, mica quartz and felspar, are disintegrated, and the granite is no longer a hard rock but a soft clay. It was not until the latter half of the last century that one William Cookworthy, a Plymouth Quaker, discovered that this was a valuable material for pottery. Until then all our finest pottery clay had come from China, and the cost of the ware was proportionately large. In 1745 Cookworthy wrote to a friend that an American had lately brought him some 'china earth,' which had been found in the back of Virginia. Nine or ten years later, in one of his frequent rambles about Cornwall, which he was induced to undertake in great measure through his belief in  
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the 'dowsing,' or divining rod, he noticed some earth which bore a close similarity to that which the Virginian had shewn him, and to the description of the Chinese 'caulin' contained in the narrative of the Jesuit missionary, Père d'Entrecolles. This discovery was made in Tregonnin Hill, in the parish of Germo, between Helston and Penzance; and subsequently Cookworthy found large quantities of the same precious material in the parish of St. Stephen's, near St. Austell, which is at the present day the chief locality of the mineral. He came to the conclusion that there were large stores of china clay, or, as he termed it, 'caulin,' in Cornwall, and he at once resolved to apply to Lord Camelford, the owner of the ground at St. Stephen's, in which the clay had been discovered, for permission to work it. Eventually Lord Camelford and Cookworthy entered into partnership, and established a pottery at Plymouth. This, in 1774, was sold to Cookworthy's cousin, Richard Champion, and transferred to Bristol. But such a precious product as 'caulin' was not to be confined to one district. It soon became sought after by other manufacturers, and it has now become the great source whence the English potters in all parts of the United Kingdom derive their raw material. The Cornish and Devonshire china clay, for it is found also in the sister county, is even exported in large quantities to America, although it was from America that the sample was brought which led to the discovery of clay in England. Some idea of the value of this discovery may be formed when we state that, during 1864, 165,254 tons of china clay and china stone were raised, the value of which is estimated at £130,690.

The process by which the clay is rendered fit for the potter is very interesting. In one district, Teignmouth, Devonshire, the clay is simply dug out of the ground, and shipped so soon as dry, but this is an inferior clay, available only for coarse ware. That which is used in our fine china and porcelain has to undergo far longer preparation. The clay is commonly found among the moors in patches of from one to twenty acres, with a very variable depth, ranging from twenty to two hundred feet. After the superincumbent soil or turf, technically termed 'overburden,' has been removed, and the bed of clay ('stope') has been properly opened, a stream of pure water is allowed to run down over the bed, and men clad in large waterproof boots keep moving the clay as the stream washes over it. The water, now thoroughly impregnated with clay, and of a milk white colour, is then conveyed by wooden conduits ('launders') to the drying yard. On the way the heavy quartz is deposited in the shape of coarse sand. The clay



clay next passes through a long series of wooden troughs ('mica levels'), where an almost perfect level is preserved, so that the clay water moves very slowly, and has time to deposit the mica. This is one of the most important stages in the process. In proportion as mica is present in the clay when sent to the potter is its value diminished. The best clay is entirely free from it. From the 'mica levels' the clay stream is conducted to deep catch pits, where it remains until the pure clay, now consisting only of felspar, is deposited. The supernatant water is then drained off, and the clay, now of the consistency of thick cream, is pumped into large shallow pits ('pans') carefully strewn with granite sand, where it is allowed to dry by the action of the sun and wind, or else it is conveyed into drying-houses, where it is dried by hot flues. In the first case the drying may take some weeks if the weather be unfavourable, in the second the clay is dried in twelve hours, and the further process of scraping to get rid of the sand, necessary when the 'pans' are resorted to, is spared. In both cases the clay before it is quite hard is cut into small cubical blocks, which, when dry, have the colour and consistency of chalk. During the season, that is chiefly during the months from April to October, hundreds of carts laden with these blocks may be seen in the neighbourhood of St. Austell slowly wending their way to the little port of Par, which has been created by the clay trade and by the adjacent tin mines. The work, so far as is possible, is usually done by contract, the foreman, or as he is invariably called, the 'captain,' agreeing to supply the clay to the lessee of the works or 'sett' at so much a ton, and making his own arrangements with the men under him. The landowner or 'lord' receives his rent in the shape of a 'royalty' or 'dues,' which is so much per ton upon all that is raised, the amount varying from 6d. to 2s. 6d. The selling price of the clay at the port varies with the quality, from 15s. to 40s.

It is not only in the form of clay that granite is obtained in Cornwall. Granite proper is raised in large quantities, and is nearly the finest in the kingdom. The quarries at the Cheeswring, near Liskeard, have furnished the greater part of the granite used in our new fortifications. Those in the neighbourhood of Falmouth and Penzance, some seventy in number, and most of them worked by the same company, have supplied the granite used in our London bridges, and in many of our most famous public memorials.

But Cornwall's chief riches are underground. Hundreds of feet below the barren surface, covered with hideous spoil banks, there are countless miles of roads very strait and gloomy.

gloomy. They branch out in every direction, they lie on the top of each other, with ten fathoms of rock between them. Lights burn but feebly there, for the air is laden with impurity. The heat is often excessive, far beyond that of the hottest summer's day. Yet in those gloomy recesses thousands upon thousands of Cornishmen pass the greater part of their waking, and all their working hours. How sorely they suffer we shall presently see. In the meantime we must attempt a description of the most characteristic industry of Cornwall.

The presence of a mine is indicated to the traveller by a high stone building and a tall chimney, with a huge projecting iron beam that at certain intervals moves up and down, apparently without object as without cause. This is the mine engine. Without it mining would be impossible. The metalliferous rocks abound with water, and generally the more abundant and the hotter the water, the richer the mine. The mine engine works pumps which raise this water by hogsheads at every stroke. These engines are marvellous constructions. Cornwall boasts that it had the best engines and the first railway in England. That railway still exists, and public notice is given before a train is run, and the guard which accompanies the train gets down to open the gates, while the passengers alight to gather blackberries, or, as generally happens, to assist the guard in restoring the train to the rails from off which it has an invincible tendency to run. But while the locomotive steam-engine is thus primitive, the mine engine maintains its old position of superiority, and has advanced with the times. By the improvements which Watt designed in mine engines, one mine saved £7,000 a year. Since then improvements have been numerous and important, so that when the Dutch determined to drain their Lake of Haarlem, they sent their engineers to Cornwall to study the mine engines, and to order the like for their enterprise. These engines are of enormous size. Sometimes the cylinder has a diameter of 90 inches, and one engine of this size cost, with the works of erection, £8,000. But though so large it makes scarcely any noise, and is manageable almost by a child. Its house is kept as clean as a lady's boudoir. No smoke issues from the chimney, for coal is far too costly in remote Cornwall to be allowed to escape into the air. The work which the engine accomplishes is regularly recorded in 'duty papers,' which are published and excite the greatest interest among the miners. The 'duty' of an engine is the number of pounds lifted one foot by a bushel of coals. Since the publication of the papers there has been so much competition that the 'duty' has risen immensely. Thus, in 1813,  
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the average 'duty' was 26,400,000lb., in 1837 it was 87,212,000lb. The highest 'duty' on record is 110,000,000lb. At the present time the average is not far short of 100,000,000lb. The quantity of water raised by these engines is enormous. There is one great underground water-course, or 'adit,' which with its branches extends to forty miles, and drains 5,600 acres. Through this 'adit' nearly 1,500 cubic feet of water are expelled every minute. Everything connected with these mines is on a grand scale. Every year, for instance, a forest of about 150,000 Norwegian pine trees is used in propping up the roofs of the underground roads, or 'levels' and the sides of the shafts. But a true idea of the importance of these mines as commercial undertakings, and as sources of national wealth, may be best gathered from a very few statistics. During 1864 there were raised

	Tons.	Valued at	No. of Mines.
Tin ore .....	13,977 .....	£861,346 .....	165
Copper ore ...	124,937 .....	644,033 .....	126
Lead ore .....	5,301 .....	75,760 .....	17
Zinc ore .....	890 .....	2,155 .....	16
Iron pyrites ...	8,565 .....	7,434 .....	13
Arsenic.....	633 .....	475 .....	7
Silver ore .....	51 .....	38 .....	16
Iron ore .....	25,284 .....	8,897 .....	12

The total quantity and value of all the metals raised in Cornwall during 1864 were 179,965 tons, and £1,626,791.

The procuring of this wealth gives occasion for the exercise of high skill and energetic enterprise. There is nothing in the outward natural aspect of a mine to reveal its presence to the unpractised eye. The ground that covers the hidden treasure may be a barren moor, or a thick wood; may be far inland among the tors, or within the recesses of the cliffs that overhang the sea, or even beneath the sea itself. The educated miner, however, discerns signs which the stranger does not. He notices the dip and direction of the strata; he is acquainted with the mineralogical features of the district so far as the workings of other mines have revealed them. He has generally good reasons for fixing upon a particular spot for the commencement of operations. He makes a mistake sometimes; but, thanks to the information afforded by the Miners' Institute, and the improved education for his profession which is afforded him, he is every year less likely to fall into error. But, even when he is right, he can never be certain that the cost of opening the mine will be repaid. Ore may be discovered, as he anticipated, but nothing is more capricious than

a metalliferous lode. It may disappear, and reappear beyond the 'sett,' beyond, that is, the limits within which he has the right to work, and then his discovery is but lost labour. But supposing the mine to be successful, the engine shaft to be sunk, and levels opened every ten fathoms with good result in the shape of ore, the following is the way in which the mine is worked. There are two great divisions of miners, the underground men and the surface men; the former being in number three to one of the latter. The underground men are subdivided into 'tutmen' and 'tributers.' The first are excavators, and are paid so much per fathom. They sink the shafts and drive the levels at a price depending upon the hardness of the ground and the depth of the shaft or level, the man who asks the lowest price getting the job. The 'tutmen' work in 'cores' (doubtless a corruption of *corps*), or gangs, eight hours at a time, and as they know nothing of the difference between day and night, they work in gangs through the twenty-four hours. The 'tributers' are a higher class of workmen. They are, in fact, virtually partners with the 'adventurers,' as the shareholders are called. They undertake to bring the ore to the surface at a certain per centage of the selling price. What that per centage shall be depends upon the indications which the mine affords at the time that the contract is made. If the mine looks poor, and the yield of ore is likely to be small, the 'tributer' will expect as much as 13s. or 15s. in the pound, for his labour in raising a ton of ore will be great. If the mine looks rich he may be contented with a shilling or even only threepence in the pound, for his toil will be light. It is a risky business; but, then, so is everything connected with mining, as the 'adventurers' too often know to their cost. Every two months the contracts are made. The 'captain,' or foreman, in behalf of the shareholders examines the various 'pitches,' and fixes in his own mind the price at which they ought to be worked. The 'tributers,' too, make their inspection, and fix their prices. The various 'pitches' are then put up to auction, all the 'tributers' being present. The bids, contrary to an ordinary auction, go on decreasing in price, until the lowest offer having been given, the 'pitch' is let to him who made that offer, a preference being given to men who have worked before. In two months there is abundant room for change in the value of the 'pitch.' If it becomes very much worse than was anticipated, the 'tributer' can abandon his contract on payment of a fine, which is generally 20s. or 30s. He does not often resort to this expedient, but prefers to work on in the hope of an improvement. If the ground turns out much better than was expected, the 'tributer' will

will occasionally hide some of the ore until after the next letting day, in order that he may continue the job at the same price, that is, he will do so if he can; but the 'captain,' who has almost always been a working miner, is generally too sharp for him. Another trick, less easily detected, is, where two 'tributers,' one of whom has taken a rich piece of ground and the other a poor one, agree that the former shall give to the latter some of his ore, and that the two shall divide the profits. In this way the shareholders may be swindled out of a large sum of money, since they may be paying 15s. in the pound for ore for which they ought to be paying only 3d. Trickery and untruthfulness are unfortunately not confined to the labourers. They are to be found among all classes who have to do with mining. The 'captain' thinks it a point of honour to declare to all visitors that 'she' (the mine) was never looking better, although he knows that the lodes have run out, and that the 'sett' is on the point of being abandoned. The 'adventurers' are generally equally dishonest. They keep a reserve of ore, which, if the mine gives signs of exhaustion, is brought out as though it were recently raised, and thus they obtain time to sell the shares of a worthless concern. This is called 'picking out the eyes' of the mine. Mine sharebrokers for the most part are tricky, like the labourers and the shareholders, and they have countless means of puffing a worthless mine, or raising the shares of a fairly profitable mine far beyond its value, a proceeding for which modern slang has furnished a name, calling such mines 'sensation mines.' Doubtless there are a few brokers of high honour, and the lists, to which their names are appended, and which are published in the local daily papers, are treated with nearly as much confidence as the official lists of stocks and shares on the Stock Exchange. But as a rule there is no profession, save that of horse-racing, where there is so much trickery. There is, however, this to be said in favour of Cornish mining, that it knows nothing of strikes. There is no need for the intervention of trades' unions among the Cornish miners. They have no need to combine against the master, for, by the system described above, they are made their own masters. Each job is taken at a price named by the taker himself, and if he works for less wages than the work is worth, he has only himself to blame. It is to be wished that this system, which moreover has the further advantage of making the men interested in the prosperity of the mine, could be adopted in other employments. We see no reason why it should not.

The disposal of the ore after it is raised is the subject of peculiar

peculiar arrangements. In the case of copper, the ore is made up by the tributers into heaps of 100 tons each, and samples are sent in little bags to the agents of the different copper companies. They take the specimens to assayers, who declare what per centage of copper there is in the ore, and the price which the agents will offer is based upon this information. Nearly every Thursday in the year there is a 'ticketing,' or sale, generally at Truro or Redruth. The agents for the mines and the agents for the copper companies are present, and the latter, seated at a long table, write on slips of paper the prices they are prepared to give for the different parcels of ore. These 'tickets' are handed to the chairman, and are immediately printed in a tabular form. The largest sum offered for each heap of ore is distinguished by a line drawn under it, and the agent who makes the offer is the purchaser. During this transaction silence is generally observed, and thus in the course of an hour or two ore to the value of £20,000 may be sold without a word being uttered. The parties to this transaction atone subsequently for this silence. Dining with them at the ordinary, the stranger would hear a confused Babel of sounds, in which the word 'wheal' (a corruption of *huel*, the old Cornish name for mine) would predominate. He would learn that 'Mary Anne' was looking better, and that a new lode had been cut in 'the forty' at Par Consols. And perhaps he might catch an ominous whisper to the effect that Wheal Phantom was 'scat.' After a time he would understand that 'Mary Anne,' whose better health was the subject of such general congratulation, was not the wife or the daughter of any of the speakers, but a mine; that 'the forty at Par Consols' meant the forty fathom level at the mine of that name; and that 'Wheal Phantom' was an unfortunate mine abandoned by its shareholders.

The eagerness with which the condition and prospects of mines are discussed is not surprising when we remember the large fortunes that have been lost and gained by mining. Mining, in fact, is a large lottery, in which there are a few great prizes, a large number of blanks, and, unlike other lotteries, a considerable number of forfeits. Most persons know the history of the Great Devon Consols Mine, near Tavistock, and how the shares upon which only £1 had been paid were a few years afterwards sold for about £800. In Cornwall, too, the fortunate venture of Messrs. Williams, the wealthiest family in the West of England, is well known, and how they paid £16,000 for the United Mines, and how, shortly afterwards, a great discovery of ore made their property worth £190,000. The Cornish mine adventurer, or the London mine broker,



broker, has always numerous stories of this sort to relate. Neither tells of the far more numerous failures which have involved the unhappy speculators in ruin. It is estimated that the profits of all the Cornish mines are only about three per cent. upon the capital—a miserable return considering the enormous risks. But then every one hopes to make a *coup*, like the Great Devon Consols adventurers. The fact that some mines are now returning more than 500 per cent. on the original capital, while, as we have stated, the average return is only three per cent., shews that there must be many mines where there is a heavy loss. The chances of loss are far more numerous than the chances of large gain, and happy is that man whose experience (like that of a friend of the writer's) is that after investing in thirty mines, some good and some bad, he is only £100 the worse off.

The social condition of the Cornish people is so large a subject that it might very well be made the subject of a separate article. It offers some curious and seemingly irreconcilable contradictions. There are few counties in England where there is less crime, none in which there is less drunkenness, and probably only one district in which there is so much unchastity. The cause of total abstinence has made greater progress in Cornwall than in any other part of England. A drunken miner is almost unknown. Alcoholic drinks are not allowed upon the mines. In Cornwall the phenomenon, too rare in England, may be seen of temperance public-houses. The comparative absence of crimes of violence is only the natural consequence of the prevalence of temperance. On the other hand, the prevalence of unchastity seems to be a most unexpected and inexplicable coincidence. The difficulty is removed, however, when we come to a definition of terms. It is quite true that the young women among the working classes too often cease to be maidens before they are wives, and that it is a rare event for the first child to be born so long as nine months after the marriage of its parents. More than one Cornish clergyman, we fear, could be found to tell the same story as the clergyman in the Scilly Islands, who during fourteen years saw only two first-born children come into the world at the proper interval after the marriage of the parents. But when we have said this we have said the worst. Though, as M. Esquiros says, 'Marriage is nearly always a consequence of maternity, instead of maternity being the fruit of marriage,' still, marriage does take place, and desertion after seduction is rare. It would seem as if the Cornish miners shared the antipathy to sterility which their brethren the miners of South Wales entertain,—as if they would not marry a woman known  
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to be barren. Between this laxity and the licentiousness which prevails in large towns, there is so great a difference that the first is almost a virtue by contrast with the second.

To say that the Cornish are both religious and superstitious will not seem to involve such a contradiction as the coincidence of temperance and unchastity appeared to do. Sincere devotion is not seldom accompanied with gross credulity. Cornwall is pre-eminently the county of marvellous legends—the abode of giants and fairies. The Cornish miner is the most independent of men, both socially and religiously. He is not seldom a class leader, or even a local preacher; and he will expound the Scriptures with wonderful acuteness on the Sunday, while on the Monday he will be afraid to whistle underground, lest he should give offence to the pixies. Between his Sunday devotion and his Monday dishonesty there is a greater incompatibility. The miner, however, is not thoroughly dishonest or untruthful. In most matters he is trustworthy; but speak to him about his mine and you at once enter into a world where the ordinary laws of morality are suspended. If he be a ‘tributer,’ nothing will convince him that it is wrong to cheat the ‘captain;’ if he be a ‘captain,’ it will seem a positive duty to declare his mine in a flourishing condition, even though he knows that next week it will be ‘scat.’ As to the precise form of his religion, it is generally one of the numerous developments of Methodism. This is not surprising. Cornwall was one of the most fertile fields in which the Wesleys worked. Before their time, and even for some period after it, the Cornishman was one of the most lawless subjects in the King’s dominions. If he said his prayers at all, he would pray for a good wreck; and to render the granting of his requests the more likely, he would at night tie a lantern to the tail of his donkey, and drive the beast along the cliffs, in order to induce the crews of passing vessels to believe that the shifting light was that of a ship, and so draw them on to destruction among the cruel Cornish rocks. It is related that a clergyman found himself one Sunday suddenly deserted by his congregation in the middle of his sermon, and that on ascertaining the cause to be a wreck, he cried out to his retreating flock to ‘start fair,’ and to give him time to take off his vestments. The Cornish wreckers were indifferent to the sixth as well as the eighth commandment. Not only did they rob the unfortunate involuntary visitor to their inhospitable shores, but they did not scruple to get rid of him altogether, if murder would facilitate plunder. As to smuggling, that was considered a virtue. The revenue officers were esteemed public enemies. When Lord Exmouth’s brother, Capt. Pellew, was sent to Falmouth,

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to put down smuggling, he found some of his own officers running a contraband cargo of wine in broad daylight, and in the open port. One noted smuggler built himself a fortress, and armed it with long range guns; and one day, when Capt. Pellew approached this stronghold more closely than was agreeable to its occupant, the fort opened fire upon the ship, and a brisk engagement followed, in which the aggressor happily was worsted. The Wesleys did not refrain from denouncing these enormities, which the Church, then in her deepest slumber, had spared. Men and manners have improved since then, and Wesleyanism is still the main religion of the county. Its members, however, have decreased of late years. This decrease is due in great measure to the revived energies of the Church, which, in spite of the great age of the diocesan, has made a great advance during the last fifteen years. It is however due also to the spread of the sect of 'Bible Christians,' whose influence and operations have been described in some admirable letters on the social condition of the miners, by Mr. Tayler, a Cornish surgeon, which have been published recently in the *Western Morning News*.

There is one characteristic of the Cornish women to which we must make brief allusion—their love of dress. The visitor to one of the mines or clay works is struck by the remarkable neatness and cleanliness, amounting even to coquetry, of the girls who work there. The 'Bal Maiden,' as the mine girl is termed, is in fact as passionately fond of dress as the richest and fairest belle of Belgravia. Though her wages are small, generally from £10 to £11 a year, and though she has to keep herself out of this sum, she always contrives to adorn herself with more or less finery. If her parents disapprove and forbid her to deck herself in a manner not becoming her station, she will, so soon as she is out of sight of home, on her way to the mine, bring out the hidden brooch, and insert in her ears the forbidden rings. But it is on the Sunday that she comes out in all her grandeur. On that day, young and old, men and women, the mother as well as the daughter, attire themselves in raiment ludicrously above their station. The women wear handsome and costly shawls, the men black coats and brilliant waistcoats, the girls, who have been groping in the darkness of the mine all the week, become on that day the butterflies of the church and the meeting. A clergyman unacquainted with Cornish ways having once done duty in a mining parish, and having seen before him none but gentlemen and ladies, as from their costume the worshippers appeared to be, lamented that the labouring class was not present, ignorant that his congregation was composed entirely

entirely of that class. He would have discovered that, if he had returned with his hearers to their homes. He would have seen how miserable in many cases these were: paper doing the duty of windows, doors badly hung, roofs leaky, and sanitary arrangements defective. In the towns there is a great deal of fever and other preventable diseases arising from these causes. And even in the cottages which have been built by the miners on the moorlands adjoining the mines there is much misery. Nor does this extravagant love of dress lead only to the sacrifice of health. It too often leads to the sacrifice of independence. There is a certain class of men called packmen, or tallymen, or more familiarly 'Johnny Fortnight,' who minister to this passion in a very objectionable way. They call at the house of the miner when he is at work, and display before the eyes of his wife and daughters the seductive wares that they carry in their pack—shawls of brilliant hue, robes of wondrous texture. The tallyman urges that the payments can be made fortnightly (hence his *sobriquet*), and he rarely finds this argument fail. With girls about to be married he is particularly eloquent, for he knows that they are fully alive to the importance of a handsome *trousseau*. A girl generally yields to temptation under such circumstances, and she brings to her husband a dowry of heavy debts of which he knows nothing. She is then in the power of the tallyman. If she is remiss in her payments, and if she is tardy in making new purchases, he threatens to sue her husband for the whole of the balance. Too often he fulfils his threat, and latterly the local press has called attention to the many actions in the county court instituted by the tallymen, who there obtained power to enforce not only punctual payment of the agreed instalments, but the immediate payment of the whole debt. This power they frequently use, and thus imprisonment for trifling debts is shamefully common.

The Registrar's returns tell a sad tale of the diseases to which the miners are exposed. The bad air, in which it is almost impossible to make a candle burn, and whose injurious effect is increased by the smoke of the gunpowder used in blasting, is one great source of disease. Another is the great depth of the mines, which renders it necessary that the miner when returning from his work, exhausted by the foulness of the atmosphere which he has been breathing for eight hours, should climb up a series of slippery perpendicular ladders, perhaps five times the height of the London Monument. He generally has to carry his heavy tools with him, and when he gets to 'grass,' as the surface is called, he is sometimes so terribly

terribly weary that he throws himself upon the ground, more dead than alive, and not seldom suffers from hæmorrhage. A miner in the Hartz Mountains of Germany, some thirty years ago, invented a man-engine, by which the greater part of this unnecessary and cruel toil is spared. Where it has been tried in the Cornish mines it has answered admirably, and it has resulted in a positive pecuniary gain, by saving the miners' time and strength. But in Cornwall there is a large number of mines which are either unremunerative to the shareholders, or the cause of actual loss, and which may be abandoned any day; and therefore the shareholders will not incur the considerable expenditure which the erection of a man-engine involves. The same consideration checks the introduction of proper ventilating apparatus, engines that will pump air into the mines, although it has been found that they reduce the expense of mining by reducing the excessive temperature and the extra wages which the miners require for working in it. Moreover there is in the mines of Cornwall, as there was in the mills of Lancashire, a selfish obstructiveness on the part of capitalists, which offers a serious barrier to all improvements. During the last session of Parliament, Lord Kinnaird brought in a bill for the Government inspection and regulation of mines, based upon the evidence given before the Royal Commission of which he was a member. This bill excited the greatest opposition, not only from the mine owners generally, but also from the other members of the Commission who represent Cornwall in Parliament, and who themselves have property in mines. While we write, one of the largest mine owners in Cornwall has publicly warned his colleagues that Lord Kinnaird will re-introduce his bill next session, and has invited them to offer it their most strenuous opposition. The effect of this selfish conservatism upon the health of the working miner is very lamentable. He is subject to a specific form of pulmonary disease, known as the miner's consumption. His is a short-lived race, and, as M. Esquiros remarks, you will see in Cornwall many widows, but few widowers. The diseased constitution is transferred to the children, and hence there is a large amount of infant mortality.

Coke declared that the Duchy of Cornwall was a great mystery, and we have left ourselves no room to speak of a subject on which volumes might be written. It must suffice to say, that, until very recently, the management of the Duchy property was made as offensive and oppressive to the Cornish people as it possibly could be made. No landowner, were his title the best that could be devised, felt himself safe

from litigation in which the Duchy officials might win through length of purse, while if they lost they were specially exempt from the defendant's costs. Nothing was too large, nothing too small for 'the Duchy.' It grasped alike at the whole of the 'great common of Devon,' as Dartmoor was called, and the poor man's cottage built upon a piece of waste land. At length the complaints, long deep, became also, through the mouth of the local press, so loud, that a change of policy was adopted; and there is now hope of peace and quietness for the much-vexed inhabitants of the Duchy. Their grievous wrongs did not prevent them from giving a hearty and loyal reception this summer to the Duke and the Duchess of Cornwall.

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### WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

'ELEVEN o'clock, and Robert not home yet!' and Jane Fenton sighed as she heard the village clock strike the hour. There was no clock in that wretched room. A table, two chairs, and a little crockery (mostly broken) were all the furniture it contained. Upstairs, matters were worse. Four children lay huddled together on a coarse rug on the floor, with a ragged blanket and their mother's shawl for their only covering. Poor thing, she sadly needed it herself, for the March wind blew keenly, and she had let the fire go out, or there would have been none to warm the children's poor breakfast in the morning. But everything was scrupulously clean. The table and chairs were scrubbed white, the floor was free from anything like dirt, and the woman's dress, although faded and shabby, was neatly mended, and showed no rents unrepared. 'Eleven o'clock, and Robert not home yet!' Jane Fenton might well sigh, and bury her still comely face in her hands, and rock to and fro. 'Drinking with that bad Isaac Sloman, and this Saturday night; and hardly anything in the house but a crust of bread and a spoonful or two of coffee. Oh dear, oh dear! and how comfortable I was once; and how comfortable we might be now; and him earning thirty shillings a week! And he'll bring nothing home, and them poor

dear bairns must go without bite or sup.

Poor Jane Fenton! How she cried, as, by the light of a farthing dip, she turned over and over a bundle of pawn tickets relating to articles pledged at the town two miles off.

'Here's his watch. It'll run out a month come Tuesday. That was the beginning of his taking to drink, after he got to know Ike Sloman, and here's his Sunday clothes; he's never been to church or chapel since then; and this is for my best gown and boots; here's the clock in for ten shillings (it won't tick in the old corner any more, and be company for me as it used). Then here's the poor dear bairns' things in for fifteen shillings,—that was when poor Joey died, and we'd no money to bury him. Here's a dozen more, some to pay rent, and some to buy drink, and some to lend Ike Sloman. Ike Sloman never lent us anything, and yet we must pawn our little bits of things, and then give the money to him. Ah dear, dear! If it wasn't for the poor dear bairns, I should wish I'd never been married, or wish I was dead. He's a good husband, is Robert when he's sober. But when is he sober now?' And the weary woman paced up and down the cold room, looking at her wedding ring as an old friend with whom she must soon part, in order to get bread for her children.

Twelve



Twelve o'clock. The solemn chimes rang out from the old church tower. It was 'Home, sweet Home' they played, and still no Robert.

The full moon shone through the uncurtained window, and cast Jane Fenton's shadow on the naked floor. Not a footstep on the crisp white road from town, not the twitter of a dozing bird to break the stillness. Jane Fenton became angry, and then anger gave way to fear. She loved her husband in spite of his besetting sin, and had striven hard, and was still striving hard to reclaim him.

Half-past twelve! The candle was burning out, and at last an unsteady footstep was heard approaching the cottage. Jane Fenton hurried to the door to admit her drunken husband.

'Oh, Robert, how late you are!'

'What's that to you, mind your own business, and bolt the door,' and he staggered in.

He was a fine handsome man, of about thirty-eight. His features were puffed and sodden with drink; but, for all that, there was still a manhood in his look that, as yet, drink had not destroyed. But he was going down-hill very fast. The awful shadows of a fearful night of drunkenness and vice were fast falling on him, and these would most probably darken his path until an untimely end came.

'Well, come, Robert, dear, let us get to bed,' said his wife, meekly.

'Bed? What do you want me to go to bed for? I shan't go to bed. Where's my supper?'

'Supper, Robert? You know you only left me threepence this morning. I thought you'd bring something in with you for supper, and to-morrow's dinner, and groceries and things, you know, dear.'

'Curse you and your dinner and groceries too. I've got no money for you. I've something else to do with my money, than throw it away over you. Here, take that.'

He threw a handful of copper on the table, and, after many vain attempts, contrived to light his pipe, and sit down on one of the rickety chairs.

'Thirteenpence. Is this all?'

'And what more would you have? Take it, and be hanged to you!'

'For he's a jolly good fellow—ow,

Which nobody can deny;

With a hip, hip, hip, hurrah,

With a hip, ———'

Here the pipe fell out of the drunken man's mouth, and the candle starting suddenly into a fitful glare, showed his eyes fast closed, and then left the moonbeams without a rival.

'Come, Robert, dear, come to bed.'

The tears stole down Jane Fenton's cheeks as she strove to rouse her husband.

Snore, snore. That was all the answer she got.

'Come, love, don't go to sleep here.'

'Have another glass, Ike. I'll stand glasses round, and hang the expense.'

He had been with Ike Sloman then.

'Wake up, Robert, love,' and Jane Fenton tried to lift him from the chair.

'Be off,' he cried with an oath, and pushed her away from him with such force that she fell to the ground. 'Be off, and let me be, I tell you. I shall sleep here, you fool. Be off with you, and get to bed, and leave me alone, or it'll be worse for you.'

It was the first time he had used anything like violence, and Jane Fenton felt that her heart was broken. Little Bob, who used to be his father's pet, woke up, and cried out to know what the matter was, and whether father would kiss him when he came upstairs.

Little Bob would have fared badly had he been within reach of his father's arm. As it was, he ordered him to bed again with an oath, and went off into a drunken snore again.

Jane Fenton watched him for nearly an hour, not daring to attempt to wake him again, and then crept up stairs, and laying her poor weary head on the ragged pillow, sobbed herself to sleep.

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The sun had just risen when Robert Fenton lit his pipe, and strolled out to get freshened up by the sharp frosty air. He strolled lazily along the high road, cursing himself for spending nearly all his money, and for giving the few coppers to his wife. For he knew of a certain snug place where a dram was to be had 'on the quiet,' on a Sunday morning, but not without ready cash, for what publican would be so mad as to trust a drunkard?

At a turn of the road he suddenly met two men in plain clothes whom he knew to be constables. Knowing the men, he gave them good morning, and was passing on. But the officers seemed disposed for a little talk.

'You are out early, Mr. Fenton,' said one.

'Ay,

'Ay, I don't generally get out so soon on Sunday mornings.'

'Up late last night, perhaps?'

'Yes, pretty latish.'

'At the Blue Boar, now, I daresay?'

'Yes, I was. What of that?'

'With Isaac Sloman?'

'Well, what business is that of yours?'

'Robert Fenton, I arrest you on the charge of murdering Farmer Oatland. Now don't you say another word, for all you do say will be used against you at your trial.' Snap—and the handcuffs were on his wrists, and he a prisoner on his way to gaol.

He was so stunned that he could not speak for some time, but walked along like one in a dream.

'Look here, Bob,' said the other officer, 'I'm right sorry for you, for I believe that old fox, Ike, has led you into this. You hold your tongue and say nothing until you've seen a lawyer, for I can tell you it's your only chance for life.'

'But I know nothing about any murder,' gasped the unhappy man. 'I met Ike at the Blue Boar at ten o'clock.'

'Ah, the business was done before then. We've got Ike safe enough, and he says you put him up to it, and that you both waited in Longton Lane until poor old Oatland passed; that you knocked him on the head with a stone, and finding that he had no money about him, but only a watch, that you beat him with the stone until you killed him, and that you put the watch in your pocket.'

'I was in Longton Lane last night.'

'Then hold your tongue.'

'I won't; I was there and passed Ike, who seemed waiting about for some one. He said he'd come to the Blue Boar about ten, and I went and waited for him. That's all I know.'

'Why, Bob, what's this hard thing in your coat pocket? Old Oatland's watch, I do declare!'—and the officer held it up. Now, don't you open your mouth again.'

'Then Ike Sloman put it there,' yelled Robert Fenton, 'and I'm a murdered man.'

Clank—creak—and the prison doors close on him. They led him half stupified to a cell and locked him in, telling him in a subdued tone that they would send and let his wife know.

He had a hazy impression of having seen her, of her having held him in her

arms and kissing him; telling him that she knew he was innocent, and that he was always a dear good husband to her; of being led to his cell again and wondering how it would all end; of being before the magistrates, but comprehending nothing except that Ike Sloman was in the witness-box giving evidence—false evidence—against him; and of being told that he was committed for trial on the charge of wilful murder.

He lay in prison three weary months. During that time his wife constantly visited him. He knew very well what pinching there must be at home, and what hard work in the fields to provide the little dainties she sent him. But he ate them to please her. He knew her worth now, and knew what he had to blame for being there. The men he had mixed with never came near him in his trouble. They shrugged their shoulders when his name was mentioned, and said they always thought he was a 'bad lot.' Only one person clung to him and believed him innocent, and that one he had brutally thrust from him only the other day.

Penny by penny, shilling by shilling, Jane Fenton scraped money enough together to get counsel for her husband; and well he performed his duty, according to Robert's opinion, when he spoke of it after his trial. But the watch found in his pocket condemned him, and being in a muddled state that fatal night, he could not account for his time. He heard a shriek, and saw some one carried out when the foreman of the jury said, 'Guilty;' and he caught a glimpse of his wife's white face disappearing amongst the crowd.

Then came the sentence, 'Hanged by your neck until you are dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.' The chaplain told him afterwards how his Lordship had pointed out to him that a love of drink had led him to this, and that he trusted that his fate would be a warning to those of similar habits. But he had heard nothing of this. His thoughts had been with his poor wife as she was carried fainting away.

Then they told him that she and her newly-born baby were dead. He knew that he had murdered them, although innocent of the crime for which he was to suffer. He accepted his doom as a righteous retribution, and prepared himself to die and to leave to his children in the workhouse the inheritance of a bad man's name.

It came at last, and they led him out to die. It was bitter indeed to see the blue sky overhead, and hear the singing waves break on the beach close at hand, to feel the summer air fan his cheek, and hear the happy songs of birds *for the last time*. Then the white cap shut out everything from his view, and he knew that he stood on the scaffold *alone*, and his quickened ears heard the heavy feet of the executioner stamp down the ladder that led to the fatal bolt.

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It was a dream, thank God! He was alive and in his chair where he had fallen asleep the night before. But there was a knocking at the door. With trembling hands he unlocked it, for he half expected his dream would come true, and even felt in his pockets for the watch. It was the pot-boy from the Blue Boar with the meat and groceries he had left there the night before. He

looked at the lad with wild, vacant eyes, and dismissed him without even a 'thank you.' Then he returned to his seat, and buried his face in his hands. Soon rising and going upstairs, he knelt down and kissed his sleeping wife,—sleeping with the tears wet upon her face.

'Is that you, Robert, love? You must be cold.' 'It is me, Jane, my darling. I've seen to-night in a dream what might be and what perhaps will be if I go on as I have been doing. Will you wait a while and see what I mean, my dear?'

Yes, she would wait and did wait, and saw. Saw and blessed a reformed man, saw her little household treasures redeemed from the pawnbroker, saw her husband once more thriving and respected, and herself the happiest woman in the world.

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## SOCIAL SCIENCE SELECTIONS.

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### WHAT MAY BE DONE BY EMPLOYERS FOR THEIR WORKPEOPLE.

It would take a long time to enumerate the many different ways in which, even without formal plans, employers may do much to secure the confidence, and promote the welfare of their people. How many little arrangements may be made in the workshop or place of business for their comfort, that, like George Herbert's 'goods words,' are worth much and cost little! The three great temporal gifts of Providence—air, water, and light—if an employer only show an anxiety that his workers shall be plentifully supplied with these, he will not exert himself in vain. Drinking fountains conveniently placed, and other accommodations of a like kind, will far more than repay their cost. And everything that tends to convert the workshop from a dreary cave to a cheerful, loveable home is really invaluable.

Work is a dull enough business, and the workshop is usually a sombre enough place; to give it a cheerful aspect is to do not a little to lighten the burden of toil. Miss Nightingale laid down for us this little bit of philosophy in regard to hospitals, but it is hardly less applicable to workshops. In several of the Messrs. Nelsons' apartments at Hope Park, Edinburgh—their binding-shop and their folding room for example—I have admired the little devices to brighten up the place—niches and statuettes of stucco, Egyptian borders and tasteful paper-hangings, the effect of which is to excite in the workpeople an endeavour to be cleanly in their own persons, and to keep all tidy and free from litter. I observed something of the same kind in the well-managed establishment of Mr. Harper Twelvetyrees, of Bow, near London. There, too, I noticed a well-meant device for promoting tender and respectful feelings among the workers—memorials of some of the work-girls who had died, neatly framed and hung up on the walls, showing the esteem in which they were held by their employer, and the affectionate regard of their companions.

Even a word or a look from an employer to a workman has sometimes a magic power. The master is little to be envied who knows that one of his workmen has just sustained the bitterest bereavement he could endure, and is too proud to utter a word of sympathy. What a different feeling a few words of hearty interest at  
such

such a moment would evoke! Even a word of welcome to one who has been absent from sickness, with the expression of the hope that he will not find the labour too hard for his strength, will often be like cold water to the thirsty soul. Some masters have lately begun a practice—it may be an old one with others—of sending delicate workmen or workwomen for a week or a fortnight to the country to recruit their strength. For compensation for this expenditure they trust to the effects of the increased strength and more willing service which their generosity is calculated to secure.

A patient ear, and a generous heart, to consider their grievances, when respectfully submitted, will be greatly prized; and, on the other hand, irritation and bitterness will as certainly result to the men from impatience and unreasonable denunciation by the masters. A case was stated lately to a Committee of the House of Commons, in which an employer of 1,500 men was asked to receive a deputation who wished him to do something, and the master refused to hear a word. On the other hand, Mr. W. E. Foster told the same committee that his firm 'had occasionally had differences with their working people, but that they had always prevented their coming to any disagreeable issue, by being on the watch to listen to any cause of discontent or disagreement, and by meeting the workmen themselves.' Mr. Akroyd and Mr. J. P. Wilson have, in the most emphatic way, borne similar testimony. More than one member of the committee in question, in the report proposed to be presented to Parliament, dwelt on the distance maintained in the intercourse of masters and men as the ultimate cause of many a strike. Those who know human nature will not wonder at the statement. All my inquiries tend to show that it is most true. And very lamentable it certainly is that there should be so frightful conflagrations which so small a matter might have prevented.

The feelings of workmen who have long been under a master are apt to be hurt when some younger man, or perhaps an utter stranger, is unceremoniously put over their heads. The arrangement may be inevitable, but in carrying it out—if carry it out he must—a sympathetic master will try to do it as considerately as possible. I have a case in my eye in which a very dear friend of mine, finding such an arrangement necessary, acted to the disappointed man with a tenderness and a bountifulness that might have sweetened any disappointment. This gentleman does not carry on specific plans of philanthropy; but his ever-considerate kindness has given him a very high place in the hearts of his workmen.

All meanness, and especially the meanness of extreme avarice, repels the workman. Paltry reductions of earnings, and hard beating down of reasonable demands, are alike distasteful. No doubt the workman is tempted to view matters too much from his own point of view, and to forget the necessity of pretty rigid adherence to rule in large establishments; yet I could not help once sympathising with a poor woman whose boy, obliged now and then to miss an hour from delicate health, had something less than a halfpenny carefully deducted from two shillings a week for every hour that illness had required his absence! The case was the more noticeable that the master was somewhat prominent in the religious world; but the paltriness of the transaction neutralised the influence of the man.

The dread of being unceremoniously turned adrift when unable to work any longer, is another thing that makes a deep impression upon workmen. It is with a painful feeling they see an aged comrade receive his last payment of wages, when all intercourse between him and his employer comes to an end. Of course it is true that the employer only bargained to pay him for his work, and not to support him when he could supply work no longer. But that there should continue to be some kindly bond between those who have been associated so long, is surely a legitimate desire. Masters are much to be commended who try to spare the feelings of their old workers by finding for their old age some easy and comfortable berth, or if that cannot be got, giving them a pension that will at least keep them off the parish. The writer of the life of the late Mr. Harris, of Leicester, mentions some interesting facts in his experience bearing on this matter. A gentleman had once occasion to go with him to examine the machinery of his factory. Mr. Harris told him he was anxious to go with him, for the sake of an old workman who was now earning four or five shillings a week less than formerly. He had been ill, he said, for some months, his loom had been given to another, and he was dispirited because on returning he had got an inferior loom.

Calling

Calling a fitter-up, and asking for some grinders, which he ascertained were good, Mr. Harris ordered a new loom to be fitted up by Saturday evening, that the old man might be able to get on better. Another visitor mentions his having seen several old men employed in one of the flats of the factory, who had been long in the service of the firm, but being too old to take charge of modern machinery, continue to work the old frame. The firm lost a considerable sum by the arrangement, but, in the highest sense of the term, gained far more. Is not this one of the ways in which Christian employers are to carry their Christianity into business? I was much interested in an account which an employer in the west of Scotland gave me of his practice, when his profits were unusually high, of giving a bounty of ten or twenty pounds to some of his most valuable workmen, raising the wages of some others, and releasing some of the older ones from harness altogether, on a comfortable retiring allowance. How effectually this would put a stop to grumbling at the high profits of the master!

A little consideration would work wonders. 'I never thought of it' is a state of mind that kills tens of thousands. The fine lady in Hood's poem says honestly enough—

'The wounds I might have heal'd,  
The human sorrow and smart;  
And yet it never was in my soul  
To play so ill a part.  
But evil is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as want of heart.'

I knew a very wealthy merchant who had in his employment for fifty years, at never more than forty shillings a week, a man that for trustworthiness, conscientious fidelity, and skill in business, was quite a treasure. In that wealthy bachelor's will, thousands of pounds were left to various charities, but not one crown-piece to the faithful helper who had spent his life in serving him. He was too good and too Christian a man to grumble; but he did miss the pleasure it would have given him to have received even a trifling token of his master's regard.

By taking an interest in general movements designed mainly for the benefit of the working class, employers who find it inexpedient to attempt plans of their own may do much good. Some of these movements have already been adverted to, and, therefore, need only to be enumerated here. Building Societies, for example, are admitted to be most beneficial to the working class, in enabling them to secure that first requisite to social improvement—a comfortable dwelling; and much may be done by masters for promoting such societies. Benefit or friendly societies, too, when placed on a right footing, are of the greatest use, and may be greatly helped by the cordial countenance of masters. The co-operative movement is a favourite one with workpeople, but demands an amount of caution and of precaution which makes the aid of men of business, accustomed to extensive transactions, exceedingly desirable. The half-holiday movement owed much of its success to the support of employers, and the early closing movement, with its supplementary institutions—evening classes, people's colleges, mechanics' institutes, reading-rooms, popular lectures, cheap concerts, and the like,—furnishes an admirable field for philanthropic exertions. In promoting public parks, recreation grounds, allotment gardens, and horticultural shows, an important step is taken towards creating a taste for healthy amusement, which all admit to be so desirable, if the tavern is ever to find its occupation gone. Dining-halls, baths, hospitals, and infirmaries have all their claims; and in the estimation of a zealous friend of the people, the late Mr. Sturge, of Birmingham, hydropathic establishments were so adapted for their good, that at his own expense he provided one applicable to the circumstances of workmen.

The promotion of temperance, it needs not be said, is one of the most important objects that can engage the attention of the workman's friend. Nearly all who have laboured in the cause of the people come to see that temperance is their bane and their curse, and sooner or later find themselves constrained to take the most determined attitude against it. Working men's clubs and institutes have proved of no little service in the battle with drink—partly as rallying posts for the friends and missionaries of temperance, and partly as furnishing the opportunity of social enjoyment apart from the temptations of Bacchus.

Free libraries in our large towns are noble institutions. There the working

man may enjoy his book or his periodical at half-hours of the day, and for whole hours of the evening, contracting and nourishing a love of reading, that will intellectually at least be a great means of elevation.

Working men's exhibitions seem on the point of commencing a very useful career. They will furnish ingenious and active workmen with a special object for their leisure hours, and bring their products under the notice of many who will appreciate their skill, and reward their diligence. Employers by lending tools, and 'offering such facilities to their workmen as will stimulate them to exercise their ingenuity in the production of articles for exhibition' (we use the words of a leading employer in Warwickshire), may do much to forward this interesting movement.

The great cause of education has surely a special claim on all employers of labour and friends of the people. To help to supply schools where they are needed, and to provide, in the shape of first-rate teaching, an article which parents should make a great effort to secure for their children; to give heart and energy to worthy teachers; to try to raise the standard of education, and diffuse a sense of its value throughout their neighbourhood, is surely an object worthy of their best endeavours. Many are tempted to substitute imperfect supplements for the genuine article. To evening classes we wish all manner of success, if they are designed to supplement a very limited education obtained in the ordinary way; but in the great majority of cases, evening classes can never lay the foundation of a good education. The prevailing notion that the sooner a child ceases to cost his parents anything, and becomes an earner of wages, the better for all concerned, needs to be vigorously assailed. A higher public sentiment on this subject throughout England would be of inestimable value; and the friends of the people can do few greater services to them than by labouring to produce it.

Important, in their own place, though all such means of improving the condition of the working classes are, and therefore deserving all encouragement from philanthropic employers, it should ever be remembered that one method of elevation possesses a paramount importance and efficacy—the Gospel of the grace of God. Designed to cure all the evil that has come into our world through the fall, the Gospel is pre-eminently adapted to raise the class on whom the curse falls heaviest, and whose temptations are most overwhelming. From first to last, the history of Christianity is a record not only of individual conversion, but of social elevation; and much of its highest glory is derived from the wonderful transformations it has wrought on the lowest dregs of humanity. The voice of love as it falls from the Cross has drawn responses from hearts that have defied every other attempt to subdue or reclaim them. The savages of the South Seas and the cannibals of New Zealand have owned its power, alike with Kingswood colliers or Cornish miners. It has proved a charm more effectual than the harp of Orpheus, to draw men from the haunts of sensuality. A power has come from it that has enabled working men to hold themselves erect; to spurn temptation; to march steadily along the hard path of toil; to be faithful to their masters and loyal to their God; to be loving at home and neighbourly abroad; and to abound in virtues and graces that throw the lustre of heaven on the most bare and monotonous lives. He must be blind indeed to the plainest lesson of all Christian history, who does not see that it is from the wings of the Sun of Righteousness the healing virtue comes, that, with all the certainty of a divine specific, restores health and vigour to the heart of man. To promote mere secular plans for the improvement of the masses, and stand aloof from the Gospel, would be like the folly of banishing the steam-engine from our workshops, and leaning on human thighs and sinews for the work which is done so much more easily and efficiently by the great giant-power. It would be like shutting out the light of the sun from our houses and places of business, and lighting candles to supply its place. The Gospel is God's blessed gift for the salvation of souls and for the regeneration of the world: to thrust it aside, and employ mere human agencies to do its work, is alike dishonouring to God and cruel to man.

No surer or more efficient operations, therefore, for benefitting the working class can be taken in hand by a philanthropic employer, than those which bring the pure influence of the Gospel to bear more fully and efficiently on workmen and their families. In what way this is to be done, is a question to be settled by himself. Whether, among his own people, by agents of his own—chaplains, or teachers,



teachers, or Scripture-readers, or colporteurs, or Bible-women; or whether without a formal agency by personal intercourse with his own workers, or by encouraging pious foremen or others to do what they can among the rest; or by circulating Christian literature, and promoting meetings for religious worship and mutual improvement; or whether, by a friendly alliance with some neighbouring church or churches, and by giving facilities to devoted clergymen, or other Christian agents connected with them, to labour among his people; or whether by throwing his energies into the cause of one or more of the great home missionary societies, such as Sunday-schools or City Missions; whether by one, or several, or all of these methods, must be left to himself to determine. But surely, when there is such a variety of methods of bringing the Gospel to bear on his people, there can be no excuse for neglecting them all. One other remark we must be allowed to add:—however high the sphere of the employer, it is a beautiful sight when he interests himself personally in the Christian welfare of his people. Then, too, is he in the way to obtain for himself and his family the richest blessing of God.—*'Heads and Hands in the World of Labour.'* By W. G. Blaikie, D.D., F.R.S.E. London: Alexander Strahan, 148, Strand. 1865.

#### PUBLIC DANCING ROOMS.

Some may think we should not publish what we learned, lest it corrupt lads as yet strangers to such knowledge; but, we are sorry to say, all the young men in our public works know it already. It is for the sake of parents, and especially of poor unsuspecting girls, that we now give it. Since the one class knows how to destroy, the other should be told of the snares. The disposition to dance is more natural to women than to men; and the devil, and men as cruel as the devil, avail themselves of this natural weakness to slay them by thousands. How artfully is the snare laid! First we have *free* admission for ladies, then seemingly innocent dancing, pushed *designedly* on to one end—that of making the head perfectly dizzy, and creating an intense thirst, to quench which there is nothing provided but whisky, warm water, and sugar. Many young men in Glasgow, when bent on the gratification of lust, instead of associating with a common prostitute, prefer to attend, and they do regularly attend public dancing halls, in the hope of picking up fresh girls free of disease. The excitement of the capture is also more agreeable to their hellish nature. By attending frequently they soon know who are fresh hands. We were intensely sorry to see so many decently dressed girls, seemingly not then corrupted, entering such a slaughter-house. Some between 13 and 16 years, attracted by their natural love of dancing, hung about the door wishing to come in, but yet not having the courage. When one of these professional murderers sets his eyes on a fresh girl, he blandly asks the favour of her being his partner for the night. A little gentle coaxing generally prevails on her to rise. If she appear too much affected or fatigued to stand out to the end, give her a rest, as it is indispensable she be kept for the last, the fatal circling waltz. When the fiddles cease, on with her bonnet and cloak, and hurry her off to the public-house; but, lest she be too timid to enter, or to drink when there, see there be also some other girls in the company, the best are those already cracked, they will act the part of a decoy elephant, and will press her to drink. Give her two or three glasses of whisky, but don't drink much yourself, and the prey is secured; no power on earth can save her. When the alcohol has reached the brain, she is ready for taking to a brothel—a dark stair, Glasgow Green, or other secluded spot. If she be on her guard, and will not enter the public-house, offer to see her home, treat her with pastry on the road, and say you will call for her to come to the dancing next night. By and bye she will enter the whisky shop, and she shall then reap ruin, and you damnation. Go on, young men, go on; murder the souls and bodies of your poor fellow-creatures; break the hearts of many parents, heap up the city's bill of illegitimacy; but know, that for these things, God will call you into judgment; know that, dreadful beyond all thought, shall be your immortality in hell.

Thus we have truly described the process of wholesale murder that is carried on in the city. There are hundreds of girls on the streets who will testify they  
have

have thus been destroyed. There are many hundreds of fathers and mothers who mourn for lost ones in the grave, or worse than in the grave, now leading a life of infamy, and drawing others with them to the pit; parents upon whose heart a dark cloud has settled, that cannot be dispersed, but which will grow the deeper the nearer they approach the tomb. Some of the incidents of this infernal butchery, rouse, as we have said, our brain to madness. A young man, who formerly attended the Lyceum, told us he was once in company with one of these professional murderers with his victim, an interesting girl, in the public-house. He toyed for a little with her head, until he had got her net in his hand; he then showed it to her, and threw it below the table, as if in sport. While her head was under the table looking for the net, he quickly mixed — with her drink. The net was got, the drink was taken, and she was shortly afterwards led out as a sheep to the slaughter. Another victim of the Lyceum went to the Lying-in Hospital to be confined. She entreated her destroyer to come and see her, but she might as well have sought mercy from hell. In two days after delivery, she and her babe were in eternity—her heart was broken.—*Moral Statistics of Glasgow.*

#### THE MODEL PENITENTIARY.

One of the most important movements of modern benevolence has been the attempt to grapple with that moral plague which has been termed 'the social evil.' Nothing could be better than the first principles which gave birth to the new penitentiary system. Men and women alike had recognised the guilty, cowardly sham, by which the world had sought to hide its blackest curse under a veil of mock prudery, while it let thousands of wretched women drift year after year into the abyss, without a hand stretched out to save them, because their sin was unfit to be named in the polite society that scrupled not to receive with open arms the very men for whom they sinned.

It became the fashion not only to admit the existence of this deadly sore, corroding the secret springs of life among us, but to consider that there could be no nobler work for pure-minded women than the effort to reclaim the most unhappy and degraded of their own sex. The result of these very desirable conclusions was the establishment, in England of several, in Scotland of one or two, Refuges for the Fallen, conducted for the most part by ladies offering themselves freely to the work. With such elements of success, what might not have been accomplished! But they started from the very first on the mistaken principles of which we have spoken, and following blindly in one another's lead, the result has, in our estimation, been simply disastrous.

In describing one of these 'Homes,' and the system pursued in it, we shall describe all, for they scarcely differ in even insignificant details.

To begin—How do they prepare the building, intended to receive as many as can be accommodated of a class numbering, in England alone, many thousands? One would think that the great effort would be to provide the utmost space that could by any means be made available, so that the greatest possible number might find a shelter beneath its roof.

Of course the dimensions of the building must be limited by the amount of funds; and considering the end in view, one would certainly expect that the simplest plans for housing large numbers, the plainest materials, and the least costly arrangements, would be adopted in a 'Home' designed to be a refuge for the almost countless lost.

But what is the reality? A most elaborate ecclesiastical building is erected, so arranged in an expensive, not to say luxurious manner, that the principal object seems to be the gratification and convenience of the ladies in charge, while the amount of space left to the poor penitents is not much more than would be required for the servants of a large establishment; a highly ornamented chapel, with all the most costly appliances; a well-furnished sitting-room for the head lady, another for her chief assistant, a third for the ladies in general, a fourth for the visitors, a fifth for meals, a sixth for the chaplain, a bedroom for each of the ladies, a room for any of them who may be unwell, a room for the lady house-keeper, another for the lady *infirmarium*, etc., and all these at the least must be supplied

supplied before the true use of the building, the accommodation of the penitents, is considered at all. Even the small space left after all for the poor outcasts is rendered far less available than it might be by the over-legislation, of which, in its moral effects, we shall have to speak at length; a work-room, a meal-room, a class-room, a waiting-room, and, we grieve to have to write it, a *punishment-room* are withdrawn from the space given to sleeping accommodation, on which, of course, the number of inmates must depend. And what is the result? In buildings which, from first to last, have cost as much as the barracks of a regiment, and where one would wish to gather hundreds of these unhappy women, we find that there is space for eight, twelve, fifteen, twenty, or thirty penitents only!

We have given the actual numbers received in the principal 'Homes' in England; only one or two have attained to twenty inmates, and in one only has the highest figure, thirty, been exceeded. This is in the largest church penitentiary in the kingdom, where a magnificent building, fit, but for its monastic appearance, to be the palace of a prince; has, by recent contributions of large sums from all parts of the country, been made capable of containing fifty fallen women.

Of course, we need hardly say that all the supposed 'necessary' appliances of these buildings are of the same expensive and cumbersome nature.

Such, then, are the unwieldy preparations which cripple the funds of the 'Home' at the very outset.

The next great obstacles which the founders rear against their own intended charity are the 'rules of admission;' and here we may say that the observance of *rules* seems to be a sort of Fetish-worship for these benevolent good people, which they will not abandon for the most urgent reasons that could possibly be brought before them. The deepest interest of any individual penitent is never allowed to move one iota the iron laws first formed for the regulation of the whole community.

The 'rules of admission' are generally most ingeniously contrived to frustrate the object of the Refuge, by excluding all but an infinitesimal number out of the great aggregate:—'No penitent is to be received who cannot bring a medical certificate of perfect health.'—By that rule ninety-nine out of a hundred are struck from the list of possible recipients of the charity. 'None are to be received who will not promise to stay two years.'—Ninety-nine in two hundred may very well be set down as sacrificed to that rule. 'None are to be received unless the chaplain and lady superintendent are both satisfied of their eligibility;' and too often because the chaplain is satisfied the superintendent is not. 'None to be received a second time who have once left,' and so on *ad infinitum*.

In some Homes they have a rule which, if rigidly carried out, would simply quash the whole concern. They propose to receive none who do not give unmistakable signs of penitence. Now, that they should come to those refuges as penitents, in the true sense of the word, is as nearly as can be an impossibility, and, as a matter of fact, it is a phenomenon which scarcely ever occurs; to expect it, is just one of the saddest mistakes made by those who would befriend these fallen women, because it lies at the root of all that is wrong in their subsequent management. The object of these refuges really ought to be, by God's help, to make penitents of them. Where, in the name of common sense, are they to learn penitence, or catch so much as a glimmer of God's grace, in the horrible lives out of which they come? We cannot touch on the sickening details of their previous condition, or on the immediate effects on the soul of a degradation which trades in sin; but it is certain that it is more entirely deadening, not only to the conscience, but to the better instincts of our nature, than any other species of evil-doing; and the unhappy women who enter these refuges under the mocking name of 'penitents,' have in reality lost all perception of the distinction between right and wrong, and all belief in a heaven or a hell.

There are many motives which induce them to seek a shelter without a shadow of repentance for their evil lives. Generally speaking, it is a sudden impulse following some act of cruelty from the wretches among whom they live, or it is the sight of some worn-out companion dying in a workhouse, or some other phase of the temporal penalties of their career. Sometimes it is want succeeding lavish excess, or pain, disease, disappointment, disgust at the miseries which go side by side with their so-called pleasures; these, and a hundred other motives, drive those wayward, impulsive beings to any refuge which may seem to present itself, and

and the true wisdom, the true charity, would be to take advantage of the motive, be it even evil, which prompts them to escape, and after offering them every facility to come, and every inducement to remain, to take them just as they are, and strive by the gentlest means, and with due regard to individual temperament, to awaken them to a sense of their unspeakable misery, and to a knowledge of hope yet existent for them in the future.

But far other is indeed the treatment they receive. And here we reach that one fatal error which has marred to an inconceivable extent this and most other charities of our age, viz., over-legislation, developing itself in a narrow minded discipline, administered without either love or humility—the two absolutely essential qualities in those who govern.

It is a grave question, and one to which we fear the true answer would be most unsatisfactory, whether those penitentiaries, established from the best motives, and conducted with the utmost self-denial, have not been productive of far more evil than good, by the unfortunate system of management, which has driven out those they should have saved to rush into deeper guilt, and to warn others to avoid, as they would a pest-house, the 'Homes,' which they have found, to use the actual words of many of them, 'worse than the gaol.' Let us look at the facts. The persons whom this system is intended to reform are, as we have said, totally dead to all sense of right. For the most part, they enter on their dreadful career at so early an age, that they are entirely ignorant of religious truth, and their only impression of the Christian faith is some vague recollection of unintelligible words learnt at the Sunday-school, or heard in drowsy weariness from Sunday sermons. Almost the only chance of rousing good feeling within them is by an appeal to the memory of some dead mother, who would, they feel, have wished better things for them; but in many cases they have been trained by their very parents in vice, and even this faint gleam of light is lost.

Accustomed only to lives of the wildest indulgence, the grossest excess, the most lawless freedom,—governed solely by passion and impulse, without hope in the future or memory in the past, to inspire them with a wish beyond the gratification of the present moment,—they come, in the fiery excitement of some passing fancy, to the Refuge, and are straightway subjected to a system of conventual rule and severe religious observance, which the best-disposed novice that ever sought to be trained as a nun would find hard to bear! It seems to us as if nothing short of insanity could propose such a system to those poor reckless girls, dead to moral sense, and unconscious of their own degradation, when probably not one in a hundred of the most refined religious minds could long endure the strain, the weariness and depression it inevitably causes.

It is not possible in our limited space to give a detail of all the wretched little stringent rules, which through the four-and-twenty hours are arranged to goad and torment the unreasoning victims into utter disgust with the very idea of repentance or reform; but the general outline of the system consists in a multitude of religious services, of which the penitent understands little or nothing; hard labour, presided over by a severe elderly female, who checks well nigh every word or look; classes for instruction, made awful by their length, and the rigid solemnity with which they are conducted; meals eaten without the utterance of a word; and, above all, a species of moral torture (for it is nothing else to such beings), entitled 'silence times,' when they are seated all together at needlework, or some other sedentary employment, and the most absolute silence is enforced for two or three hours at a stretch, for no other purpose but 'to discipline the penitents.'

The smallest infraction of any rule is followed by punishment, for which purpose the 'punishment-room' is provided, where the poor creatures are locked up in solitary confinement, and generally on bread and water, for periods varying from one day to a fortnight.

One of the cruellest parts of the system is their rigorous confinement to the house, and total want of exercise in the open air. Setting aside the consideration that the enjoyment of the natural beauty with which God has filled the heavens and the earth is an innocent and legitimate pleasure, which might surely be allowed to those who have voluntarily abandoned all that seemed pleasure to them before, one would think that common sense alone would teach their managers that out-door employment and exercise is absolutely essential to their health, both of mind

mind and body. Nevertheless, it is a fact that not one breath of fresh air is allowed to these poor prisoners through the day; not one half hour is granted them in which to look on the blue sky and the sunshine, and to meet the cool breeze with its invigorating power.

The same dreary round of entirely irksome duties and needless restraints drives them through day and night, to begin again, with lessened powers of endurance, or, if these fail, to descend to a lower depth of misery in the solitude, so awful to these ill-balanced minds, of the 'punishment-room.'

Lest we should be thought to be making an exaggerated statement, we subjoin the actual time-table of one of these modern penitentiaries, managed by ladies, who give their assistance gratis. We must beg our readers not to suspect us of sarcasm when we assure them that this Refuge is considered *one of the most lax in the treatment of penitents.*

TIME-TABLE FOR PENITENTS.

5 A.M.	Rise.
5.30,	Private Prayer.
5.45,	Industrial Work.
6.45,	Prayers in Chapel.
7,	Breakfast.
7.30,	Industrial Work.
12,	Dinner.
12.30,	Mid-day Prayers and Recreation,
1,	Industrial Work.
4,	Tea.
4.30,	Work.
7,	Bible-Class and Reading.
8,	Service in Chapel.
8.15,	Private Prayers.

The half hour between 12.30 and 1, which is to be divided between 'Mid-day Prayers and Recreation,' would be a positive burlesque on the idea of 'recreation,' if it were not so really cruel, considering that this is *all* the time allowed for relaxation of any kind to those who, before they entered the Home, had never known either work or restraint.

We have spoken hitherto only of the daily systematic regulation of these Refuges, but it will readily be understood that the moral government of the penitents is in all its variations conducted on the same principles. The ladies in charge, whose self-denial and devotion, generally speaking, it is impossible to praise too highly, have adopted the unfortunate theory that it is necessary to keep these unhappy women at a distance, in order to teach them the heinousness of their sin and the vast difference between the pure and the fallen. Now as, in the first instance at all events, it is by working on their affections alone that there is the least chance of winning them, the result of this system is absolutely fatal to their own well-meant intentions.

The punishment-room, with its solitude and its bread and water, is in constant requisition for offences which are the inevitable result of this treatment on minds and bodies disorganised by excess and subject to every form of hysteria. We shall best show the nature of this ill-judged system by an illustration from real life, which the poor girl in question related herself, when urged afterwards to make one more effort at reform.

She had entered a penitentiary to please her mother—the one being whom she really loved in the world; and moved by this powerful affection she did honestly try to enter thoroughly into the plans of reform urged upon her at the Home. She remained there longer than most of her companions, struggling against the overwhelming depression of a life which was one intolerable bondage and weariness to her. At last the total confinement to the house and the continual strain became more than she could bear. One morning she made her escape, and flew like a bird let loose into the free air of the first fields she could reach outside the town. After walking about for an hour or two, she began to reflect on the grief it would cause her mother if she went back to her evil life. Thoughts of God, whose anger she had been of late taught to dread, regret at losing all she had gained by her late endurance, a conviction she could not repress that anything was better than

than going back to her 'old ways,' all combined to decide her to return to her prison before she had spoken to a single person outside the walls. She never doubted that her fault in leaving it would be forgiven in consideration of the great effort she made in returning: and surely if ever there was a case where the teaching of the parable of the Prodigal Son should have been carried out, this was one. She arrived at the door of the Home, told where she had been, and expected praise for her conduct in coming back; instead of that, she was met by angry reproof, and sentenced forthwith to a week of the punishment-room, on bread and water; 'And then,' she said, 'after I had been locked up a while, Miss —— came up and scolded and rated at me, and she hardened me,—she did for ever. I left as soon as I could, and I would rather die than go to one of those places again.'

That girl has done more to hinder her companions from entering penitentiaries than the worst keepers of bad-houses have ever accomplished, and some such injudicious treatment has sent hundreds like her from these 'Homes,' to plunge into deepened guilt and misery. Will it be believed that in some penitentiaries, in addition to the burden and thralldom of the daily rules, they have established, at certain periods of the year, a religious observance called a 'retreat for the penitents,' held on one, two, or more days, during which the penitents are required to keep a total silence from morning till night, and, with scarce any interruption except for meals, to spend the entire day in the chapel, where religious services of different kinds are carried on the whole time?

The judgment displayed in this proceeding needs not be characterised by us, but it was forcibly illustrated on a recent occasion, when one of these 'retreats' was being held in a penitentiary. One of the poor penitents, a specially well-disposed girl, suddenly burst from the chapel, where she was kneeling with her companions, and rushed into the court-yard, where she began shouting a ribald song at the top of her voice, and then laughed and screamed alternately, till she fell into hysterics. She had no malicious intent in doing so, and was really sorry afterwards to have disturbed the ladies, but it was the simple reaction from a degree of mental strain, for which she, as well as the others, were totally unfit.

'I am now going to speak from the bottom of my heart,' said a poor diseased outcast, shivering in the tramp ward of a workhouse, when urged to return to a penitentiary. 'I would rather go to gaol for two months as to the "Home" for one day. Liberty's sweet, and it's a black look-out to see a prison door shut upon you; but oh, it's better than the rules, and the "silence times," and the curtsies to the ladies every time you move, and being punished if you forget.'—*Odds and Ends: Penitentiaries and Reformatories.* Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglass.

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### BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Harriet Power, author of 'Beatrice Langton,' and 'After To-morrow,' has produced another little tale, entitled, 'Worse than Death,' and has entrusted its publication to Mr. S. W. Partridge. The story tells of an only and much-loved son, whose recovery from a serious illness in childhood is regarded by his mother as the best of all good fortune, but who grows up to fall under the influence of bad companions, and to become a victim to the wine-cup at last. The tale is one of the host of temperance tales wherewith the press has of late been teeming; and it is by no means the worst of the lot.

For those who delight to treasure up selections from pious authors, Mr. S. W.

Partridge, of 9, Paternoster Row, is publishing the 'Christian Monitor,' in twopenny parts, monthly. The type is very large and clear, and the paper excellent.

The Rev. W. R. Baker was no doubt well known to some of our readers, as author of 'The Idolatry of Britain,' 'The Curse of Britain,' and other publications, in which valuable aid was lent to temperance reform. The history of his life is told by his sister, Mrs. E. L. Edmunds, in a volume recently published by Mr. W. Tweedie, of 337, Strand. Mr. Baker was an arduous and much-esteemed labourer in the temperance field; and besides this, he had an excellent reputation as a minister



minister amongst the dissenting denomination to which he was attached. Amongst his publications was an account of 'Our State Church: her Structure, Doctrines, Forms, and Character. A Manual of Dissent.' More than half the volume before us is filled with poetical compositions, to which sisterly affection has thus given a permanent form; and with letters to herself; a temperance sermon; a lecture, delivered at Sydenham, on the connection between physical and spiritual health; and other material which the many friends and admirers of Mr. Baker will be glad to have thus preserved. Of the United Kingdom Provident Institution Mr. Baker was one of the founders, and for twenty-one years he continued to render it very valuable services. He was, for awhile, its resident director.

Another of Mr. Tweedie's recent publications is a tale called 'The Sisters of Glencoe, or Letitia's Choice,' by Eva Wynn. The motto of the book is a passage from 'Never Too Late to Mend.' 'No man and no woman is safe who has once formed the fatal habit of looking to drink for solace, or cheerfulness, or comfort. While the world goes well they will likely be temperate; but the habit is built, the railroad to destruction is cut ready for us, the rails are laid down, and the station-houses erected; and the train is on the line waiting for the locomotive.' There are sundry well-described characters in the book. The main plot of the story is woven around a fair young creature, Letitia, who, in spite of the warnings of a loving sister, discards a worthy lover whom she had accepted, and installs in her own affections a handsome fascinating scamp, who becomes at last her tormentor and destroyer. The story runs too much into conversation—a style of which the writer is not perfectly a master. It would have been much more pleasant reading if given in a simple narrative form. But there is much in the 'Sisters of Glencoe' to make it a valuable messenger of temperance truth; and we heartily wish for it a wide circle of readers.

In 'Share and Share Alike; or, the Grand Principle,' Mrs. Ellis, author of 'The Women of England,' &c., has produced a pleasant little story, which Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, of 27, Paternoster Row, have published in a neat little volume. The poorer inhabitants of the village of Grumbleton, in

the parish of Discontent, disgusted with the doctor, the lawyer, the rich merchant, and the great lord of the manor riding in their carriages and living on the fat of the land, resolve to carry out the great principle of Share and Share Alike; for that purpose they emigrate; and endeavour, in freedom from the presence of the rich, to carry it out to their satisfaction. What adventures befel them in their new settlement; how the great principle worked, and did not work; and what the difficulties were that finally led to the unanimous abandonment of the scheme, Mrs. Ellis tells. The tale, clothed in simple and straightforward language, is intended especially to be read aloud, as is done at the popular 'Penny Readings;' and is very well suited for such use. The aim of the book is to reconcile the inhabitants of Grumbleton to their lot, and to show them some of the reasons why social inequalities exist and cannot be got rid of.

In 'A Plain Statement of Facts,' by Thomas Hopley (London: G. J. Stevenson, 54, Paternoster Row), and 'A Cry to the Leading Nation of the World for Justice,' by Thomas Hopley (published at 147, Fleet-street, London), the victim of an extraordinary series of misfortunes endeavours to obtain a re-hearing of his very remarkable case. In a previous notice of his 'Cry for Redress' we stated the result of our examination of the affair; and can here only repeat our recommendation to all readers desiring a subject for psychologic and forensic study, to order copies from the addresses given above. Single copies of the 'Cry' may be had from the author, through the post, for thirteen stamps.

Mr. Elliot Stock, of 62, Paternoster Row, has just brought out 'Compensation, and other Poems,' a volume written by Emily Jane May, and dedicated, by permission, to the Duchess of Northumberland. In describing the poet, the authoress says, with more truth than originality, that—

'The poet speaks the thoughts that lie  
Deep in the common heart,  
But which no tongue beside his own  
Finds language to impart.'

Tried by this, or any other good standard, we cannot speak favourably of the poetic power of the writer. All that she says well has been better said by some predecessor. We have to complain, besides, of a want of common honesty. 'Compensation' is literally one

one of Emerson's Essays, stolen bodily, done into verse, and proffered to the public as the product of Emily Jane May, without a word or hint of acknowledgment of the source. The 'Philosophy of Love' is another piece of booty of which Emerson has been plundered. To have converted into prosaic verse the American's magnificent poetic prose, may be forgiven her; but not to have made the least allusion to the real author,—oh, fie, Emily Jane May!

The 'Philosophy of Religion,' by Hugh Doherty, M.D., author of 'Organic Philosophy; or, Man's True Place in Nature,' is published by Trübner and Co., of 60, Paternoster Row. The heads of this pamphlet,—itself, apparently, the introductory portion of some larger work,—include: I. Belief and Unbelief; Natural and Supernatural World; Atheism; Theism; Christianity; Apparent Contradictions in Revelation; II. Centres of Gravitation and Illumination; Cruelty and Suffering in the World; III. Anthropomorphic Theology; Perfect and Imperfect Anthropomorphism; Degrees of Supernal Unity; Interpreter of the Gospel; IV. Conclusion: Evidences of Design in Nature; Errors of Unbelievers; Religious Institutions. We have received the pamphlet too late for a more extended notice of it, and can only say here that the author appears to us to be feeling his way towards right conclusions with considerable success.

'The Quiver': An Illustrated Magazine, has long since attained wide and favourable notoriety, under the energetic management of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, of Ludgate Hill. 'The Quiver' now appears in the first number of a new series, which is not only liberally illustrated, but is printed throughout on excellent toned paper.

'The Lord's Portion; or, Giving to God Made Easy and Pleasant,' is a forty-eight page tract, enforcing systematic giving, written by the Rev. Samuel Couling, and published by Mr.

S. W. Partridge, of 9, Paternoster Row. It appears pretty well exhaustive of the subject.

'The Gardeners' Magazine,' which Mr. Shirley Hibberd rejoices to edit, and which bears on its cover the name of E. W. Allen, of Ave Maria Lane, as its publisher, continues to abound with all that newest information for which enterprising gardeners perpetually thirst.

Other publications received are the following:—

Our Own Fireside; a Magazine of Home Literature, edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock, rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester, and published by William Macintosh, of Paternoster Row.

'Peculiarities of the Deaf and Dumb, as regards Medical Treatment and their Idiosyncrasies,' which have been observed at the Ulster Institution, by Henry Samuel Purdon, M.D. Belfast: Henry Greer, High-street.

'The Journal of Health,' devoted to the popular exposition of the principles of health, the causes of disease, and the truths of mental philosophy; edited by Jacob Dixon, M.D., medical officer of the London Homœopathic Hospital, and published by Job Caudwell, of 335, Strand.

'The Temperance Spectator.' London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

'Old Jonathan; or, the District and Parish Helper,' published by W. H. Collingridge, 117 and 119, Aldersgate-street, London.

'The Baptist Magazine.' London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

'The Church of England Temperance Magazine: a Monthly Journal of Intelligence.'

'The Life-Boat, or Journal of the National Life-Boat Institution.' London: 14, John-street, Adelphi.

'Stories for Sunday Scholars.' No. 8: 'Idle Dick's Fall.' No. 9: 'The Best Sunday Scholar.' London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

# Meliora.

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## ART. I.—WORKING MEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS.

1. *South London Working Classes Industrial Exhibition.* March, 1864.
2. *Memorial Volume of the South London Working Classes Industrial Exhibition.* February, 1865.
3. *Illustrated Memorial of the North London Working Classes Industrial Exhibition.* October, 1864.
4. *West London Working Classes Industrial Exhibition.* May, 1865.
5. *Anglo-French Working Classes Exhibition of Skilled Work.* Peace Jubilee. August, 1865.
6. *Catalogue of the Working Men's Industrial Exhibition, Birmingham.* August, 1865.
7. *Reading Industrial Exhibition.* 1865.

FEW institutions of modern days have extended with greater rapidity, than industrial exhibitions for the display of objects of ingenuity and skill, the products of the working classes of our land. Commenced at Lambeth, in March, 1864, copied at Islington, in October of the same year, since followed by East and West London and many provincial towns, and extending already to the colonies and the continent, it cannot but be interesting to note the origin, progress, and probable results of such enterprises, alluding in passing to some mistakes which have been made, suggesting possible remedies, and thus aiding, we trust, in the prevention of errors in management, which cannot but be the preludes of disaster and disappointment.

As respects the origination of the movement, Mr. G. M. Murphy, the secretary of the South London Exhibitions, at the Vol. 8.—No. 32.                      v                      opening

opening of the first exhibition at the Lambeth Baths, March 1st, 1864, stated that some time before, at a Temperance Soirée in Hanover Square Rooms, he had a conversation with Miss Twining on the results of flower-shows, which led to some thoughts on the subject; and in the spring of 1863, being at a Band of Hope Festival at Frome, the exceedingly ingenious mechanical productions of Mr. Perry, of Yeovil, a reclaimed drunkard, were brought under his notice. Soon after his return to town, a dairyman, who had made many useful domestic articles, suggested the idea of gathering a few such contrivances into a room in some crowded locality, in order, if possible, by exhibiting them to stimulate similar endeavours on the part of others. It then occurred to the secretary that, as he knew many working men who had cultivated various talents in their spare time, an exposition of a more general kind would be of considerable interest. Acting under the sanction of the Southwark Mission for the Elevation of the Working Classes, he drew up a code of rules, and forwarded these to some two hundred persons who were known to sympathise with the poor. The circulars were well responded to, and suggestions were offered. Subsequently the rules were submitted for discussion to three public meetings of working men, and by them were unanimously agreed upon and passed.

The objects of the exhibition were declared to be—First: The bringing to light the ingenious contrivances of many working men for ornamenting their homes, and adding to their comfort, cleanliness, and economical management. Second: To show that hours well improved (instead of being spent in idleness, or, worse still, in the public-house) may produce results astonishing even to the working men themselves. Third: To call attention to the patent laws, by which many useful inventions of poor inventors are rendered, to them, almost useless, notwithstanding the thought, time, and toil spent in their production. Fourth: To give an impetus to the holding of similar exhibitions in different parts of the country.

At the first exhibition, one hundred and sixty exhibitors displayed their articles, although not a shilling had been spent in advertisements, so that this was as nearly as possible a spontaneous collection. The exhibition was open for eleven evenings, and upwards of thirty thousand paying persons visited it, the receipts leaving a large balance to credit. Thus the committee's determination that the exhibition should pay its own expenses was more than realised. From the first, with scarcely an exception worthy of note, the daily and weekly newspaper press looked with favour upon the movement,

ment, and contributed much to its success; while, to his honour be it said, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, hearing of the enterprise, at once offered the loan of a splendid carving by a Greek monk of Mount Athos, containing four thousand figures and heads, representing the history of the human race; and, at the close of the exhibition, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone kindly invited twenty of the exhibitors to Carlton House Terrace to dinner, and an enjoyable afternoon was spent by the man of mind and money, as well as by the men of muscle and labour.

Every exhibitor in this exhibition received a memento of the exhibition. Prizes and honourable mentions also were awarded, and were distributed at a banquet held at the close of the exhibition, to which each exhibitor was entitled to bring a friend. Samuel Morley, Esq., presided at the *soirée*, and distributed the awards.

It is not our purpose to enumerate the noteworthy articles produced and shown by the exhibitors, nor do we design to chronicle the more important events connected with the various displays, or festivals of industry, which have been held, but we will do that which we believe will be more useful; we will bring into a focus the sentiments of a few of the leading men of the time in reference to the subject, supplementing these with some thoughts which shall bear out the programme at the commencement of this article.

At the opening of the first Working Men's Exhibition, Sir Morton Peto said:—

'He could not conceive anything more calculated to advance working men's material and social interests than exhibitions of this kind. . . . He could not forget that George Stephenson became what he was by the studies of his after hours, and by the mechanism which he brought to perfection after a day of toil; nor could he forget that Arkwright, Watt, and others, to whom they owed the largest social revolution in the modern world, became what they were by the judicious employment of their after hours of labour. He trusted that this exhibition was the first of a series to be imitated over the whole country.'

On the same occasion Mr. John Bright said:—

'I am delighted to see this first—and I am sure it will not be unsuccessful—attempt at exhibitions of this kind. I think everything that can be done to give honour to industry is wonderfully to the advantage of mankind. The world would still roll on, if what are called the idle classes were to vanish. A great nation—here and everywhere—consists of the industrious, toiling, and hard working people. That man does not honour God, surely does not honour man, who thinks it degrading to work, to live honestly and independently by his own labour. In this country, happily, labour is not despised; every day it is taking a higher position, every day thoughtful men see how much this country and the world gain by labour; and every man who by education and good conduct places himself in a position to which he has fairly aspired, gives increasing honour to industry, and to the class to which he belongs.'

The Earl of Shaftesbury, in declaring the exhibition open, said:—

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'He thought that Mr. Murphy and the Rev. Newman Hall were entitled to great credit for originating this idea, and for the exertions they had made to carry it into effect. He held that this meeting, and this exhibition which was about to be opened, were further proof of the progress which had been made in late years by the people of these realms. Step by step they had advanced in intelligence, and he was bound to say that they were making good use of that intelligence. . . . He was glad to see the intellectual efforts which had been made by the working men of Lambeth, and he had no doubt their good efforts would become wide-spread throughout the country.'

At the meeting for the distribution of prizes, at the close of the first South London Exhibition, the Rev. Newman Hall said:—

'He considered that the exhibition had been a homage rendered to the spirit of industry. There were three things very important for labour—mind, muscle, and money. In the exhibition everything was the result of mind as well as muscle, and it had therefore been a genuine exhibition. There had been exhibitions which had represented money more than mind or muscle. At the Great Exhibition, for instance, they did not always see the persons who devised the marvellous specimens of ingenuity and skill it contained, but the name of the person who had purchased the article generally appeared upon it. The exhibition just closed had been an unpretentious one; the result had been that visitors had come not expecting to find anything very great, and they found much more than they expected; the result had been that they had been honoured to an extent far beyond their expectations, and it was a matter for much encouragement that the effort had been entirely self-sustaining.'

In opening the second South London Working Classes Exhibition, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Winchester said:—

'I look upon the movement which we inaugurate this day with feelings of no common interest. I see in it great powers for good—not merely powers for good in the results which are this day brought before the public, but in results which may be influential on the lives of those who have produced them. There can be no doubt that a great advantage is derived, not merely in a pleasurable sense, but in an intellectual, from the observation of articles of beauty in design or in execution. Now, an operative, whatever be his natural powers—however God may have given him a strong mind and a strong will, must yet have that strong mind and strong will cultivated, and his taste refined and improved, ere he will bring to perfection that which his skill and labour enabled him to execute. The exhibition will thus give him an opportunity of comparing himself with others; and if he sees anything better than his own he will not be discouraged, but will go and try and do better next time. That is not jealousy, but it is a noble rivalry, and a desire to attain excellence. . . . We must look at the best object, whether it be in painting, sculpture, or manufactures, and I have no doubt that many who will visit this exhibition will go away better men and improved in mind, because they will have received a stimulant to exertion.'

The reasons for holding a second exhibition of the kind south of the Thames, so soon after the former one, were thus stated in the report presented at the closing ceremony:—

'The holding of this exhibition so soon after that of 1864 was suggested for two reasons. First, because the former exhibition laboured under peculiar difficulties incidental to all new projects, and, therefore, was not a fair indication of the talent of the working classes south of the Thames; and next, as the idea seemed to take deep root, and spread far and wide, it was determined to try the experiment as to whether an exhibition holding out pecuniary prizes as a stimulant and reward, could be as successfully and as satisfactorily conducted as one which, like the former effort, depended merely upon honorary distinction. The result is before the



the world, and does credit to the artisans and others who have engaged in the peaceful and elevating contest. There have been, it is true, many disappointments experienced, and hopes shattered, trials the harder to bear because of the high expectations of the more sanguine exhibitors, but as a rule the test has been borne with a fortitude that speaks highly for unsuccessful competitors.\*

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales honoured the second Lambeth Exhibition by visiting it upon March 2nd, and paying particular attention to the various articles presented to his notice, expressing great gratification at the industry, perseverance, and skill manifested by the exhibitors. This exhibition remained open during forty-four days, and although some forty of these were wet, the visitors numbered more than 124,000. The highest number of visitors in any one day was 5,076, the lowest 1,055. The pecuniary result was most gratifying. The late Lord Palmerston distributed nearly £300 as prizes from the profits of the undertaking. There is a melancholy interest attaching to the cheerful words he uttered upon the occasion, for it was the last great gathering, unconnected with political matters, that the deceased statesman attended before his removal from the stage on which he had played so important a part. On the day in question his lordship had attended three hours at a Cabinet Council; he came direct to the meeting for the distribution of prizes, transacted all the business connected therewith, delivered two speeches, and then scrutinisingly examined all the arrangements for sanitary purposes of the Lambeth Baths Company, and this in his eighty-first year. We give an extract from his speech on this occasion :—

‘This exhibition and the work performed, showing in every character and quality the operations of man, are extremely significant of the happy constitution under which we have the good fortune to live—that constitution which opens to every man who has talent, industry, perseverance, and good conduct, any honours and distinctions for which the style of his mind and his attainments may qualify him to aspire. We live under a constitutional monarchy, and in such a monarchy an aristocracy of wealth and of rank are essential ingredients. It is true that aristocracies of rank and wealth exist in other countries, but unfortunately there is an almost impassable barrier which separates them from the rest of the nation. But no such barriers exist in this country. With regard to the aristocracies of wealth, the medals which have been distributed to-day have inscribed on them the names of a number of men\* who, starting from very small beginnings, attained by their talent, their industry, their perseverance, and their good conduct, the very highest points of social merit and position. Many more might have been added to that list, and indeed all of you know, from your own experience, men who, starting from the smallest beginnings, have in this metropolis itself realised princely fortunes, while the examples of this kind in the manufacturing districts are abundant. No man can go, even for a few days, into those districts without being told of great wealth acquired by men who started with little or nothing, but who, by their talent and genius, had acquired princely fortunes. Then, again, the aristocracy of

\* The names around the medal were Bunyan, Jackson, Burns, Hogarth, Inigo Jones, Bacon, Stephenson, Watt, Arkwright, Cook, Hutton, Ferguson, Hugh Miller, Wedgwood, Faraday, John Hunter, Burke, Eldon, Kitto, and Drew.

rank in this country consists not alone of those who can count in their pedigree generations of noble ancestors; for if you look at all the great men who have figured in public life—if you look to your army, your navy, your law, your churchmen, your statesmen—you will find in every one of those careers men who have risen to the highest point of honour, who have either themselves started from the smallest beginnings, or whose fathers began the world with nothing but their talents, their industry, and their energy to aid them. I do not mention names; it would be a most honourable roll for the men and their families if I could; but you are all conversant with the names of persons renowned in the history of this country who belonged not to noble families, but who have founded noble families, beginning life, many of them, in the very class whom I have now the honour of addressing. Does not this afford even greater encouragement than the prizes which have been this day distributed, to cultivate those talents with which nature has endowed you, and to aim at those distinctions and that wealth which are to a certain degree within the reach of all?

We may add that his lordship had promised to open the Bristol Exhibition in September last, but that the attack which terminated fatally prevented the engagement being fulfilled, although a medal had been struck by the Bristolians in anticipation of the visit.

The North London Exhibition of October, 1864, was pecuniarily successful, but produced a feeling of distrust by the admission of tradesmen's goods and by the divisions of its counsels by having committees in different localities, instead of having a committee of representative men from the parishes and places interested. It also admitted exhibitors from the South, East, and West of London, so that it was really North only in name, and in the locality of the exhibition hall. The payment of a portion of the committee also led to much unpleasant remark, and the introduction of the concert and music hall element, did not contribute to its value as an industrial exhibition, however much this may have prospered as a paying agency.

The Right Hon. Earl Russell presided at the opening of this exhibition in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and, among other things, said:—

'I must confess that it gave me pride and pleasure to be the fellow-countryman of men who have so employed their time, who have exhibited the greatest ingenuity in the works they have performed, and who, in the excellent performance of that work, have done credit to the country to which they belong. Those who first conceived the thought of these exhibitions of industry did but justice to the skill and industry of their fellow-countrymen, and I congratulate them upon the success which has already attended their efforts. . . . I was happy to accede to the proposal that was made to me to open this exhibition, and I now say that I had no conception when I accepted that invitation that the works of industry to be exhibited would display so much ingenuity and skill. I most heartily congratulate you upon the success which has attended this enterprise.'

The Chancellor of the Exchequer presided at the close of this exhibition, and made, among other remarks, the following:—

'It is very easy to find a name for an exhibition like this, and for an occasion like

like this it is emphatically the festival and the triumph of labour. . . . The very production of these works has been in most cases the amusements of their producers, showing undoubtedly a true nobleness of mind, for it is only a mind which draws its fire from heaven which would find amusement in productions of such a nature after the exhausting effects of daily toil. . . . I have said it is the property of these exhibitions to open before us a long vista in the future, as well as to supply us with most interesting suggestions for the present. But I see also in them a manifestation of the desire of the labouring classes to play out honestly, and in the most conciliatory spirit, the game of life. . . . The example which was set to you some six months ago has been fruitful in the production of your exhibition, and the example you have set has already led to such results, that I could give you a list of towns and places in which it is contemplated to hold similar exhibitions. Let us not, therefore, in speaking of this exhibition as having reached its natural termination, in the sense that the doors of the Hall will be closed, and the objects here collected will be dispersed, forget that it will still retain its moral force, and still promises to be, as we hope it will be, the parent of many children—of scenes like this, and, if possible, exceeding this. It will help to confirm in the minds of the labouring community the useful lesson they have already learnt, and will likewise prove to be an effective means of leading them onward in the path—not of illusory and unsubstantial, but of true and real progress, and healthful and Christian civilisation.'

There can be no doubt but that such utterances as these, with what had previously transpired, set the flames of desire burning in many parts of England to share in these triumphs of labour, and the results are before the world in the successful enterprises carried out at Plymouth, Wakefield, Preston, Birmingham, Bristol, Reading, and many other places.

The movement has not, however, met with invariable success. The first great failure of the kind was the West London. Then followed the Anglo-French Exhibition at the Crystal Palace; and, more recently, the Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, which, although not a working men's exhibition proper, doubtless tried to float to success on the flood-tide of the popularity of working men's exhibitions. Never, however, was there a more complete collapse. Its failures were more unfortunate than those either of the Floral Hall or the Anglo-French enterprises. The International Reformatory Exhibition, held in the Agricultural Hall in May, was also pecuniarily a loss to its guarantors, although, unlike the other, it deserved to succeed, for it aimed at originality and usefulness.

The opinion formed by us as to the causes of the failure of such exhibitions is based upon peculiar advantages of observation. Among other causes of failure there are these—First: The want of business men, and of men who have the confidence of the working classes, at the head. Men who are strong partisans, especially where the parties they represent run counter to the general wish and welfare of the people, are effectual hindrances to the popularity of a movement of the kind. The impatience of men in wishing to do things upon a grand scale, before they

they know whether they can do them in a limited way, is a great fault. When babies attempt to jump, they generally fall; and thus it is with infant institutions, they must learn to use their feet before they can begin to stride. This is sometimes forgotten, and the result is disappointment and loss.

An element of disaffection and failure is introduced when the exhibitors themselves are treated with indifference or regarded as mere ciphers. The more the exhibitors are trusted and conferred with, the more thorough and successful the arrangements are likely to be, and the less room will there be for cavilling and dispute. These things will be. We can scarcely have competition of any kind without soreness, and jostling, but it is well to reduce the friction to as low an amount as possible. The charge for admission being too high may lead, and has led, to failure. If we are to stimulate an interest in the minds of the sunken mass of the lower orders, we must touch their pockets lightly; such forbearance would win them to attendance, while seeming rapacity would repel. In some localities it would be wise simply to have such exhibitions open only in the evenings; thus the expense would be reduced, and not unfrequently the interest concentrated, for man is gregarious, and likes to follow when a crowd leads. If several exhibitions are held in different parts of the same town or district, care should be taken to exclude articles that have been previously exhibited, except in very special cases, or a flagging of interest, and a limitation of attendance will certainly result.

The selecting of a favourable locality for the purpose has much to do with the success of an exhibition scheme, especially in places like London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, &c. Among the waifs and strays of the populace of these thronged places may be found men of mind and genius, and hence, while other considerations are not neglected, the endeavour to rouse these men to what they may do should be heartily hailed. Thus a crowded locality and a poor neighbourhood seems to be the spot most desirable, and experience proves its advantages; for while the Floral Hall Exhibition was a desert, and the Anglo-French Exhibition as unfrequented as a plague spot or a lazar house, notwithstanding it had the prestige of the Society of Arts, the Whitechapel collection admitted visitors at the rate of three thousand a day, and the Lambeth Exhibition in the New Cut admitted its five thousand in as many hours for days in succession.

Honesty of purpose, and of practice, is of the utmost value in ensuring success. To fill up a so-called working men's exhibition with tradesmen's goods, is not only to cheat the public,

public, but it has the result of disgusting the very class it seeks to conciliate, and in whose interests it was professedly inaugurated. However limited a show there may be, if it is what it professes to be it commands respect, and will ensure confidence; but to mingle the highly finished goods of the tradesman with the necessarily cruder efforts of the home workman, perhaps pinched for room, and short of tools, is a legitimate ground of complaint, and will issue in injury to the cause.

One of the public journals, during one of the metropolitan expositions, after enumerating a few articles exhibited, bearing on its own particular line of things, characterised the rest as rubbish. Many readers felt indignant at the term, but a little reflection would show that, after all, this was its excellency; not that trashy and trifling articles are good in themselves, but that they are valuable in indicating turns of thought, and habits of industry; and the maker of to-day's 'rubbish,' finding that even that is not unnoticed, may be the producer of something not worthy of that designation to-morrow. Stephenson's clay engines were beneath contempt as objects of skill and finish, but they were not so contemptible after all. Flaxman's first attempt at modelling an eye was sneered at, and the effort was compared to an oyster, but we have seen some of the sculptor's after attempts, the scope of which even the most prejudiced could not mistake. The crudest effort that has occasioned thought is well worth the attention of the most thoughtful. Well did Mr. Layard say, at Lambeth:—

'All great artists and men to whom they owed so much for wonderful inventions in mechanics had sprung from the people. One man who had given a great impetus to art was a poor shepherd boy, and he succeeded in making Italy so illustrious. But he might have lived and died a shepherd boy if Cimabue, a painter, had not seen him sketching sheep on a stone. In those days it depended on the chance of finding a patron as to whether one's talent and abilities could be developed; but at the present time, through the useful medium of industrial exhibitions, every person had an opportunity of showing what he could do. A man would thus be incited to discover himself, if he really had anything of the kind in him. There would, too, exist a state of mutual reciprocity of feeling. Every man should have an opportunity of showing what he could do, and assisting others who are struggling to improve themselves.'

All great improvements have been rubbish at the beginning, and if working men's exhibitions are to be really serviceable they will demonstrate this. Their value, on the other hand, will be most questionable if they attempt to take the place of the great exhibitions, and profess to be emporiums of art and industry on a grand scale. Such pretensions should be left to enterprises wherein there is room to compare not merely the products of distant parts of our own land, but also the varied achievements of foreign nations.

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There are some other minor matters, such as the best time for holding such exhibitions, the length of time they should be open, and methods of internal arrangement, which we need not enlarge upon, except to say that generally, except for large central displays, the winter time is the best season, and that the term of continuance must depend in a large measure on the size of the locality. It should be remembered that a bustling week is better than a flagging month. As regards management, much of comfort and advantage will result in the proper classifying, numbering, and display of the articles. Skilled and amateur work should be separated, and the useful should be set apart from the merely ornamental articles. If machinery be worked, wherever possible the working models should occupy a separate room. The tables or stands in any portion of the exhibition should not be too long, and the passages between should not be less than five or six feet, to ensure the comfort of the exhibitors and the visitors. The refreshments tariff should be regulated by the committee at the lowest remunerating profit, and all intoxicants and smoking should be strictly forbidden. No music, but from exhibited musical instruments, should be tolerated ; and any entertainments foreign to the purpose of the exhibition, tending to gather crowds into particular portions of the building, disarranging the exhibition articles, and impeding the free passage of the visitors, should be scrupulously avoided.

The appointment of adjudicators for the departments of such an exhibition is a matter of much importance. The judges should be men in whom the exhibitors have confidence ; and it is a wise arrangement to invite them to share the responsibility of the appointment, by submitting the names proposed as adjudicators to an exhibitors' meeting, and, if need be, or prudence suggest, seeking for the nomination of judges by the parties most interested. Of course, even a method like this will not absolutely prevent unpleasantness and grumbling, but it will take all real ground of complaint from beneath the feet of the disaffected.

It was not to be expected that a movement in which so many notable men have taken part, and which ostensibly appeals to the lower strata of society, should escape the ordeal of adverse criticism ; nor has it. The *Saturday Review* must be true to its instincts, and the *Press* could not but let the public know how dense and ponderous it is. But it is the old story of the 'Elephant and the Fly' over again. The fly stings, but the elephant moves, and is rather pleased with the titillations of the insect above him. On the whole, however, gloriously indeed has the press of the country seconded the efforts of the  
chief



chief movers in these enterprises; and doubtless, mainly to the publicity given to them, and friendly comments and counsel offered, may be attributed much of the success which has followed the movement. Notably, here, would we mention the late lamented Washington Wilks and the daily journal with which he was associated. He shared in the earlier triumphs of the movement, and made one of his most brilliant speeches in its interest.

We have noticed that it has become quite common, now that working men's exhibitions are popular, to ascribe the honours of their origination to the late lamented Prince Consort. Few indeed are the addresses at such seasons as opening ceremonies that do not iterate this error; and yet the thoughtful observer cannot but put the question, how is it that the space between 1851 and 1862 saw no such efforts; or how was it that the noble and learned speakers at the earlier enterprises saw no connection between the International and the Lambeth exhibitions? It was simply because there was hardly a point of similarity between the two. The idea was new, the rules were new, the carrying out of the project was new, and the whole affair was novel—proving, again, to a demonstration the falsity that temperance men are men of one idea; for this, like many other movements, owes its existence and spirit to the earnestness, zeal, and wisdom of temperance reformers. Honour, then, to whom honour is due, for if failure had followed the first attempt, the finger of scorn would have been lifted against the presumptuous men who had climbed, but fallen; who had attempted, but could not perform. To the working men of Lambeth must be accorded the distinction of inaugurating a movement which, if not destined to mark a new era, will at least have brought both profit and pleasure to thousands.

We cannot do better than conclude our article by quoting the opinion of the Bishop of Oxford as to the advantages likely to accrue to society from the still further extension of working men's exhibitions. In opening the Reading Exhibition, of which Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen was Patroness, his lordship said:—

‘When I say that I believe this exhibition, and exhibitions such as this, tend to the welfare of the towns and neighbourhoods in which they are opened, I do so for several different reasons. I think, in the first place, that such exhibitions are of use to us fiscally as a nation. I believe that the history of almost all great scientific discoveries teaches us the same thing. They have been very rarely made by men, however gifted and however prepared, sitting down and reasoning out the conclusions to which, at last, they have come. On the contrary, that which in almost every instance we call accident, because we have no better word to express it, that development of events, the connecting links of which are so rapid that they escape the powers of our mind to trace them, has mainly enabled us to arrive at almost every

every one of our great discoveries in applying science to the use of man. . . . I am of opinion, therefore, that if throughout our towns the observing faculty is educated in this way among the great mass of the producing classes, the best possible results to a nation such as ours, in a fiscal point of view, will be produced. I also maintain that it is a very great thing in an intellectual point of view. . . . They lead a man who otherwise might be chained down to his own particular work to aspire beyond it, to show us that he is one wheel in the mighty machinery that is acting everywhere round him in such a land as this: and you give him an opportunity of combining with the highest skill in his own peculiar function, the opportunity of enlarging his faculties to the greatness of the common estimate with which you bring him into contact. Well, then, intellectually, I say these exhibitions are for this reason of the greatest moment, and allow me to say, that they are even of more moment in a moral sense, for I believe there is a great moral interest at stake in such a development of humanity as this. If, indeed, it were to stop with this—if it were to be nothing more than merely in forming men's understandings, their education, or their tastes, or creating in them appetites for something intellectually higher than that which they otherwise would have, I, for one, should be false to my dearest convictions if I did not say that education, taken alone, would be a failure, but I do say, that, taken in their proper place, these exhibitions are a great instrument in the moral elevation of humanity. The fists great army of injuries against which humanity has to contend in its moral development consists of those who rest, as the basis of their attack, on the passions and on the sensible faculties of the bodily form in which the spirit tabernacles. The desires of appetite, the love of drink, the mere bodily excitement to which these things minister—these, as we all know, stand first in the way of the true intellectual and higher moral education of the human family. Now, I believe, if you do give to your hard-working man opportunities like these of stirring up his intellectual faculties, teaching him—not by means of dry lectures, but by the practice of the day and by his own experience that, although he is an animal, he is something vastly more than an animal—if you teach him that there is within him a Divine spirit, a discerning taste, a mind reaching after many things, and that there is a pleasure in the gratification of those higher tastes which his Creator has endowed him with, which is greater and more enduring than the pleasure which waits on any mere bodily excitement, I say that you have taken the very first step to raise that workman out of that which might have been corruption and a tomb. . . . Therefore it is that I believe that such institutions as this, which we are opening this day, are, both intellectually and morally, of great good to the people. I see in them, too, many other elements of civilisation besides those upon which I have just ventured to touch—everything which tends among us to break down our own estimate of things, the mere artificial distinctions of rank and place; and while they are preserved as God's appointment, and as essential, I believe, to the happiness of all, to prevent them so usurping all attention and filling all eyes that, in the common estimate of men, labour is considered as something degrading, and that people who have the least of this world are in a measure lower than those who have the most, if you want to work against this evil I think such institutions as this may greatly help you. . . . I believe such institutions as this have a great tendency to develop the gift of genius. A man may have within him some of the great gifts of God, yet unless there is something that brings out to his own knowledge first, and then to the knowledge of those around him, that they exist within him, they may sleep even through that man's life. . . . It is perfectly certain that unless there is some mode of developing genius in this work-a-day world of ours, in many cases it never will become developed. The general spread of a certain kind of education, unless we watch it, while it has a tendency to raise all to one practical level, has also a tendency to sink all to one practical level. It ignores altogether the recognition of the gift of genius, it stamps a perpetual repetition of the same coin with infallible accuracy from the same die, but it never can create genius. It never can give to the world men who are capable of shaping a statue such as Canova could chisel, or such as Michael Angelo could design. Therefore, when education is such as it is now, we more than ever want things which shall furnish suggestive occasions by which slumbering genius may be called into action, and enabled to assert itself. . . . I believe that spreading these works

works throughout the country calls forth the faculties of men, by familiarising them with the highest works of genius; and I think we can see in it another good—it reveals man to man. A master who has under him in his manufactory one of those individuals in whom sleeps the seeds of genius, discovers through the medium of such an exhibition as this the hidden powers of humanity in his workman, and feels that a work has been done which he himself could never have compassed. Immediately he looks upon this brother as indeed a brother, in a manner which he had never before appreciated. He views in him, instead of a mere performer of some drudgery or some work for which he is to be paid, one in whom God has sown the seed of true humanity, and he begins to honour that humanity, so that the servant receives his due from his master, and the master himself is raised in the scale of creation by his acknowledgment of the gifts of Heaven in the man whom he employs. For all these reasons, then—believing that the welfare of this nation is indeed helped on by such institutions as these; believing that they tend intellectually to benefit those who produce for them, and those who study in them; believing that they have also a moral effect on those connected with them; believing that the kindly interchange of human affection and mutual self-respect is encouraged and increased by such exhibitions—I do heartily rejoice that this one has been opened amongst us.

This extract is long, but it is an utterance that has sympathy and sound sense in it; and, if the picture is heightened a little in colour, men will be none the worse for having lofty aims, or for being excited by eloquent harangues as to what has been, to that which may be. But to our minds, the main advantage following the working men's exhibition movement will be to show very many that they can spend their time more beneficially than by boozing it away in the law-licensed liquor-shops, by beautifying their homes, and benefiting their families, enjoying this none the less that every few years they may have the opportunity of showing their fellows what advance they have made in this direction, and urging by practical proofs of its worldly advantage and wisdom, the thoughtless, the indolent, and the dissolute, to follow their example.

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#### ART. II.—SALE OF DRUGS AND POISONS.

THE result of the labours of the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the state of the law which now regulates the sale of drugs and poisons (that is to say, vulgarly reputed poisons—excluding alcohol, which is, however, a poison according to all toxicologists) has been printed and published,\* and presents much information which we find worthy of notice. The report contains the evidence of some of the principal physicians, surgeons, chemists, and druggists, English and

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\* Special Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the 'Chemists and Druggists' Bill,' together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence and Appendix.

Scotch. One and all have much fault to find with the present state of things, and several declare that the facility with which poisons may be obtained under the system as it stands is a national disgrace. As frequent reference will be made in the following pages to the Pharmaceutical Society of Chemists and Druggists, and as by the proposed bill large examining powers are to be given to it, it will be advisable to state briefly what it is. It was founded by the late Mr. Jacob Bell, and received a royal charter of incorporation in 1843. It comprehends about 2,000 members, and since the passing of the Pharmacy Act in 1853, all additional members have had to undergo certain examinations. Those chemists and druggists who were in business before 1853 were admitted on the payment of a fee simply, and the society's weak point at present is that out of the 2,000 members only about 600 have actually undergone all the prescribed examinations. These are a 'preliminary' examination in the Latin language; a minor, which comprehends a knowledge of doses, prescriptions, *materia medica*, pharmacy, medical botany, and a certain amount of chemistry; and the major examination, which is one of a considerably higher class. To have passed the minor does not appear to confer any appreciable advantage on the druggist in a pecuniary point of view; but, having passed the major, he is entitled to describe himself as a pharmaceutical chemist.\* Of course the griefs of the examined pharmaceutical chemist who has paid considerable fees for his position, as against the ignorant, careless, or dishonest vendor of inferior or adulterated drugs, are apparent enough; and that a physician should be keenly alive to the necessity of having his prescriptions properly compounded, and with genuine and efficient material, both on behalf of his patients and his own reputation, is a natural and creditable feeling. Allowing for the professional bias, inseparable from the circumstances, it must be conceded that the testimony of these gentlemen establishes a good *prima facie* case for reform in the law. The deaths by poison as returned by the Registrar-General are 550 per annum, and this number is probably far short of the mark, for there are no records kept of coroners' inquests with regard to distinctions between poisoning by accident and design; but the suicides from this cause alone are numerous. Again, the number of attempted suicides and murders, and of accidental poisonings without fatal results, is very large. In some instances the poisoning has been of an absolutely wholesale kind, as, for instance, in Lincolnshire, where arsenic was

\* There is a United Society of Druggists in existence, but it is not a chartered nor an actively educational body.

accidentally mixed with arrowroot, and thirteen persons were injured. In another case, 370 children at an industrial school were partially poisoned, and again, at Bradford, 120 persons were poisoned by lozenges with arsenic in them, and seventeen of them died in consequence. Under the existing system any person may set up a shop, compound prescriptions, and sell drugs and reputed poisons at discretion, with the exception of arsenic; and respecting arsenic there is a special regulation. It is usual, but by no means imperative, for the vendor to label poison as such; and some druggists, especially those of the better class, and in large towns, require the name of the purchaser, and enter the name, date, and the kind and quantity of poison sold, in a book kept for that purpose; but this is optional, and the absence of such precaution, in case of misadventure ensuing, involves little more than a censure from the coroner and jury. At present a druggist may be a man who has passed both examinations, able not only to make up prescriptions, but to detect mistakes made in the doses ordered,\* and to detect adulterations in drugs. Again, he may be one of a very numerous class in London who are, in fact, general practitioners, and do a large prescribing practice 'over the counter,' as the expression is. The foundations of some very extensive practices have been laid in this manner; and, as it is generally done on the ready-money principle, the risk is not great. Or he may be an ordinary druggist of more or less skill, who combines with the sale of drugs that of certain miscellaneous articles, as sweetmeats, tooth brushes, soap, and perfumery. As shops of this class are often consigned to the care of the wife or shop boy, both alike ignorant, and the latter commonly reckless and self-conceited in the extreme, most of the gross and fatal mistakes from substituting one drug for another occur in these places. This kind of druggist frequently does a considerable business in 'doctoring' the poor; that is in prescribing actually, though not nominally. He sells specifics, for instance, for coughs, cholera, rheumatism, &c.; and, as he charges nothing for advice, but makes his profits on the sale of medicines, the practice is not in itself illegal, though it is one of which the medical profession feel naturally jealous. Many of the worst cases at the hospitals are such as have been originally treated by the druggist, the herbalist, or the 'wise woman.'

Patent medicines are sometimes sold in these shops, but

\* Dr. Quain says, that 'many mistakes are made by physicians writing, for example, in a hurry, or when disturbed by being spoken to whilst writing.'—Question 664.

more frequently by stationers, and (in large towns) in shops intended exclusively for the sale of all kinds of proprietary medicines. Lastly there are the general shops in villages, where flannel, castor oil, cheese, cloth, flour, arsenic, lucifer matches, salts and senna, vinegar, and rat poison are to be had for the asking. Prescriptions are rarely made up at these places, but poisons are vended in wholesale quantities for household or agricultural purposes, generally without the slightest precaution, and often apparently in downright ignorance that they are poisons. Thus on one occasion when some arrowroot was wanted, sufficient not being forthcoming, the required quantity was made with a handful of arsenic from the jar that stood close by. Strychnine, under the name of 'Battle's Vermin Powder,' is sold to any child or servant girl that chooses to ask for it. When accidents arise from gross and culpable carelessness, such as substituting one drug for another, the person in fault is liable to be tried for manslaughter, or he may be proceeded against for damages, for medical expenses, loss of health, &c., by the individual injured. In the case of *Clay v. Abraham*, a druggist had to pay £1,500 for a mistake of that kind, one too that had evidently been the result less of ignorance than carelessness, since strychnine had been substituted for James's Powders. Arsenic has been regarded exceptionally by the Legislature, since the sale of it is forbidden for general purposes unless it be coloured black or blue; but the law is generally a dead letter, and is openly disobeyed without punishment or fear of it. Thus it would appear that to a certain extent there are remedies and penalties, and that the administration of the law is in fault, rather than the law itself, which, so far as it goes, is in the right direction.

In France any person who professes to make up prescriptions, or who sells reputed poisons, must be a certificated man; but ordinary drugs, comparatively innocuous in their nature, are sold freely by grocers and others. The present Emperor has considerably enlarged the freedom of trade, but there is a list of nineteen poisonous drugs the sale of which is most strictly confined to qualified druggists. 'There,' says one of the witnesses, 'the interference with trade is very great, here the destruction to life is very large.' Proprietary medicines are there sold conditionally on the owner stating what are the drugs used in his nostrum. English patent medicines are treated similarly, and there was, if we remember rightly, some controversy between the French Government and Professor Holloway on the subject. Several of the witnesses examined would have the English sale of patent medicines stopped



stopped altogether, unless not only the drugs, but the proportions used should be printed and sold with each box or bottle. This of course would destroy the sale, but as on the one hand the proprietors are wealthy enough to defend themselves, and on the other the Chancellor of the Exchequer derives a certain revenue from the duty imposed on these articles, we predict that no proposition of this kind would meet with success. The making up of prescriptions is but a very small portion of the business of the ordinary druggist. Drugs in large quantities are sold separately, such as rhubarb, aloes, and magnesia. In market towns the custom is to have prescriptions made up in treble or quadruple proportions; these are taken away on market day and used as occasion arises. But the real source of wealth to the druggist is in the pennyworth or two-pennyworth of physic or drugs, sold over the counter, on which the rate of profit is often more than cent. per cent.

As regards poisoning by design, there is a kind of habit in different countries in the selection of drugs to destroy animal life, and whatever substance is thus used is likewise the most commonly met with and the most easy to obtain, and this circumstance generally determines the murderer's choice. In France and Denmark, vegetable and mineral acids are largely used. In England we prepare our wheat with arsenic, and exterminate our vermin with strychnine; consequently, both these articles, in one form or another, are easily procured. The first is not only an active and irritant poison, but an insidious one, for it is a white powder with no appreciable taste or smell by which a person might be warned. The last, though intensely bitter, is so fatally swift in operation that, once swallowed, the smallest dose is almost certain to destroy life. At one time it was considered impossible either to cure the patient, or trace the poison after death; but fortunately, through the frequency of such cases, our professors of toxicology and analytical chemists have specially concentrated their attention on the operation and detection of these two poisons; the result is (and the knowledge of the fact cannot be too much impressed on the attention of the general public) that the effects of their administration are unerringly recognised. Tests have been discovered by which the minutest quantity of either can be extracted, and the murder is almost certain to be brought home to the criminal. There are many poisons which do, so to speak, proclaim themselves, being either so unpalatable, corrosive, or strong flavoured, that any one tasting them will reject them; as, for instance, oxalic acids, the mineral acids, salts of copper, oil of bitter almonds, &c. Others, like salts of lead, though easily administered

without suspicion, excite immediate vomiting, and so are thrown off the stomach without injuring the individual. There are fifteen substances the sale of which it is proposed to interdict in England, according to the new bill, chloroform and opium being on the list. Even if it were possible in a country which is so averse to anything resembling over-legislation, any attempt to carry out a measure of this kind in its entirety would, in all probability, be inoperative. Murder by poison is generally a crime of a long, premeditated kind. Poison would be obtained and hoarded up, so that one source of detection would be lost. As one witness expresses himself, the object to be sought is that the greatest possible friction should attend the sale of poison, that there should be in fact so much restriction, formality, and difficulty in the way of procuring it as to make the sale a thing to be well remembered and easily referred to. There might be regulations made and enforced quite as stringent as those which apply to pawnbrokers, so that the name and address of the purchaser, the quantity and kind of poison sold, and the date of sale, should all be entered in a book open to police inspection; and nothing of the kind should take place without the presence of the druggist who owned the shop. Thus the very knowledge that such testimony would be in existence against him would be a check on any reckless and vindictive man who was contemplating criminal designs. Suicide is a crime which no legislation can prevent; and though the facility for getting drugs makes poisoning one form of self-destruction, it is only one among many. It is not the most common mode in England, and is, like drowning, more frequently resorted to by females than males. Decapitation by an express train is a thing which can be far more easily managed, and that by almost any one, while the formalities to which we have before referred would at any rate have some effect in giving the vendor time and opportunity to see his customer, and it would of course always be optional with him whether to sell or not. We may observe that, a few weeks ago, a man, who was in a depressed state of mind, asked for laudanum, and was refused by several druggists in succession; he immediately went and hanged himself; and this instance supports the theory to which most intelligent people incline, that if a person be absolutely resolved on suicide, nothing will save him from it except personal restraint.

We now come to the deaths by *accidental* poisoning, which, as statistics prove, far out-number those of any other kind. It should be neither difficult nor objectionable to devise legislative measures which might close this source of mortality.

These

These casualties are of two kinds. For example, one drug or substance may be given by mistake for another. A woman sends for tincture of rhubarb for her child, gets laudanum—result, death. A girl asks for Epsom salts; the jar of oxalic acid stands near, and the shop boy helps her out of one jar instead of the other—result, death. Another asks for oil of almonds, and receives oil of bitter almonds—result, death. A woman buys arrowroot, as she supposes, but it is partly composed of arsenic—result, death. Or a cook purchases essential oil of almonds, or laurel water, in order to flavour puddings, a common and very foolish practice; she overdoes the thing, and a whole family are half killed. All these accidents, and they are a fair sample of three out of four deaths by reputed poison, are due less to ignorance than to carelessness and haste. If the man or boy had taken the trouble to look at the label of the bottle, or to taste or smell what he was pouring out, he would have been aware that it was not rhubarb but laudanum; the same with the oxalic acid; the same with the oil of bitter almonds. Reckless hurry makes a careless shopman neglect to label the bottle 'Poison,' to inquire the name and address, or enter it in his book, or to warn the woman as to the dangerous nature of the drug. No previous examination could prevent such accidents; but we may take for granted that if the boy, in order to procure what was asked for, had been obliged to resort to a locked up closet set apart from all other things, where he would have found labels, particular shaped or coloured bottles, which his master required him to use, together with the entry book, this array of formalities, and the distinct responsibility incurred and registered, would prevent a good deal of culpable and scandalous carelessness. If the law were to require that certain named poisons were in all cases to be kept under lock and key, that all such poisons or poisonous mixtures were to be sold in particular shaped bottles—say triangular—so as to be distinguishable even in darkness (this would to some extent protect people in the case of liniments and outward applications), that such bottles were invariably to be labelled 'Poison;' that the meaning thereof should be duly explained to the purchaser, and that particulars of the sale should be entered in a book, the number of accidental poisonings would be reduced to a minimum.

The other kind of casualty is that in which a prescription is wrongly or inaccurately made up either in kind or proportion. This, too, is generally the result, not of ignorance, but of neglect and haste; as when the physician has written in a more than usually illegible manner, or the druggist has  
not

not paid proper attention to the compounding. But it is remarkable that, though all the witnesses agreed as to the frequency of such occurrences, they were not prepared to give any fatal instance of such neglect. One such did unfortunately happen not very long since. A very skilful and respectable man (we believe a qualified pharmaceutical chemist) did, by some unaccountable mischance, give the wrong proportions of some powerful drug, and death ensued. The mistake was detected by the unfortunate druggist when too late. To sue for damages by civil action is the present legal remedy for cases of this kind. Sometimes prescriptions are wrongly prepared, not from ignorance or carelessness, but from dishonesty. The proper tincture or infusion is not at hand, so something of inferior quality or strength is substituted, or it is omitted altogether. But it is evident that in both kinds of accident neither more knowledge, double examinations, nor large fees would be the remedy, but greater care, accuracy, honesty, and a due sense of responsibility.\* The objects to be sought for, therefore, in making new laws would be—first, to ensure the tracing and detection of the poisoner, to prevent accidents by insuring that every purchaser shall and must know the dangerous nature of the drug, and that every one through whose hands it passes shall be aware of it also; and to create such an amount of difficulty in the way of procuring poisons that persons intending suicide shall have an opportunity of being called to reason. There ought, in addition, to be absolute interdiction of the sale of such an insidious and frightful poison as strychnine, under the name of vermin powder; the Act as to the colouring of arsenic, when sold for general purposes, ought to be stringently enforced; and, lastly, there should be some definite title used only by certificated chemists and druggists, so that a man may, if he takes reasonable care, purchase his medicine without misgiving. The things to be avoided are undue interference with trade, as with substances largely used in commerce, arsenic, oil of vitriol, cyanide of potassium (for which special regulations might be made when sold in large quantities); and also with regard to druggists, it will be necessary to avoid legislating exclusively for large towns, where practically good shops are always at hand, and overlooking outlying villages where a certified chemist could not make a living. It would be a great hardship if a man

\* The sale of reputed poisonous drugs by themselves is very small compared with the sale of the same ordered in prescriptions; and, as has been said, though the patient may suffer, or recovery be retarded by prescriptions being inefficiently prepared, the sacrifice of life, which is the point in question, is from this source almost nil.

troubled with a toothache were obliged to send a messenger and witness on horseback eight or ten miles to the nearest town, in order to procure a little laudanum or chloroform to relieve his pain. In addition to the regulations we have described, the promoters of the bill propose others which we conceive to be not in all respects so desirable. They wish that after a certain date no person should be allowed to set up a druggist's shop and compound prescriptions, or sell certain poisons, without having undergone at least one examination. The list of poisons given is as follows :—

Arsenic.  
Chloroform.  
Nux Vomica.  
Cantharides.  
Nitro-Benzole.  
Corrosive Sublimate.  
Oxalic Acid.  
Tincture of Aconite.  
Cocculus Indicus.

Vegetable Poisons, Alkaloids,  
and their Salts.  
Salt of Sorrel.  
Cyanide of Potassium.  
Prussic Acid.  
Essential Oil of Bitter Al-  
monds.  
Tincture of Colchicum.  
Opium and Laudanum.

They wish also that the minor examination should comprehend Latin, the knowledge of proportion of doses, *materia medica*, pharmacy, chemistry, combinations in medicine, and the atomic theory and medical botany; that the major examination should go a good deal further (we need not consider that at present); that the druggists who pass the minor be inscribed as 'registered,' those who pass both to be described as 'registered pharmaceutical chemists;' and that the examinations be conducted by examiners appointed by and from among members of the Pharmaceutical Society, who shall have power to exact certain fees (at present these fees are fixed at ten guineas, five guineas for each examination), the money to be added to the funds of the society; that druggists at present in business be allowed so to continue conditionally on paying a fee of ten shillings by way of registration fee; and that outsiders be forbidden under severe penalties to sell poisons or make up prescriptions if written in Latin; but, if written in English, they are by some whimsical distinction termed recipes, and the rule would not apply. Against all this it may be fairly urged that as it seems to be admitted that carelessness, not ignorance, lies at the root of three accidents out of four, these casualties would be better prevented by regulations increasing the responsibility, and augmenting the formalities in the sale of poisons, than by a system of compulsory examination.

That to create a monopoly in any particular trade, and place that monopoly under the absolute control of a certain society, giving to this authority to exact fees, fix the standard  
for

for examinations, appoint examiners, in fact, to make a large income levied on the trade, would be granting vast powers, and reserving very small means of preventing the abuse of them. There is also the weak point, before alluded to, which presents itself forcibly in the constitution of the society. At present, according to one witness (*vide ans. 826*), out of the 2,000 men who are members, only about 600 have passed the examinations. And as the number of other druggists who would by the proposed scheme enter without examination is very large, the result would be that, whereas now thirty per cent. are examined men, that proportion would be reduced to ten per cent., and we should have the vast majority of unexamined men legislating for the terms on which others should be allowed to enter in future. Of course the natural wish of the Pharmaceutical Society is to raise the status of their profession, and to protect their own interests; and stringent examinations and high fees would undoubtedly operate in that direction, but in all questions of this kind the convenience of the public must be provided for. With regard to medical men generally, and physicians particularly, it is to their interest and convenience that there should be a properly distributed supply of druggists, sufficiently well educated to select and compound drugs accurately, and clever enough to understand their crabbed handwriting and queer hieroglyphics, but not one straw's breadth beyond that point. Bearing this in mind, we are not surprised to find that, whereas Mr. John Mackay thinks the *caveat emptor* principle insufficient to work with, Dr. Quain considers it ample for practical purposes, and hints that the minor examination should be kept low (*ans. 425*), that there ought to be great facilities for passing it, and direct control from the Secretary of State as to the character of examinations and the amount of fees, and that great judgment would be necessary as regards rural districts and outlying villages. (*Vide ans. 480.*) It will strike many persons that the standard of the minor examination and the fee exacted are both absurdly and unnecessarily high, if they are to be made compulsory, and are well calculated to make the ordinary certified druggist anxious to reimburse himself by extending his practice as the poor man's doctor.

How difficult it would be to prevent this may be gathered by the following extract from the report:—

'A man goes into any chemist's shop and tells him, I have got a headache; will you give me a dose for it. Will you allow him to give me a dose?'—'Certainly.'

'Supposing I went on Monday?'—'If you went every day for the same disease I think the chemist should be prevented from treating you.'

'Supposing I went on Tuesday with the same headache?'—'If you did I would not interfere.'

'And



'And if I went on Wednesday, would you then prohibit me?'—'Yes, I should say the chemist was acting systematically as a practitioner.'

'Three days act systematically?'—'We shall say so.'

'Two do not?'—'That would be a medium.'—*Vide* page 37.

Even if by any ingenuity this sort of illegitimate practice could be always and everywhere prevented, there remains a point the importance of which has, we venture to think, been overlooked. The Pharmaceutical Society charges a fee of five guineas for the minor examination only, but the Apothecaries' Company for six guineas grants, after examination, (of course a much stricter one,) a diploma for country practice, which confers a right of visiting patients at their own homes, prescribing medicines, as well as keeping a shop and selling drugs. Many would say, 'It is much better worth my while, if I must pass an examination and pay a fee, to take up the last instead of the first.' And so a small army of apothecaries might be raised up, who, relying on their shop as well as their practice, could undersell both surgeon and certified druggist.

There are many other interesting questions raised on the report, but as neither of the bills is likely to pass in its present form, there is time for the medical profession and the society to try to come, if they can, to some unanimous understanding, and prepare a judicious and liberal measure which shall, nevertheless, be a substantial reform on the existing law.

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### ART.III.—WHAT ARE THE BOYS ABOUT?

**I**n their first and second reports, the Commissioners appointed by Her Majesty to inquire into the employment of children and young persons in trades and manufactures not already regulated by law, dealt chiefly with the condition of the working female population. Their third report treated exclusively of metal manufactures, and had reference, therefore, chiefly to the employment of males. By that report we were taken into South Staffordshire, Worcestershire, Yorkshire, Durham, Northumberland, Scotland, and North and South Wales; into the blast furnaces where iron is melted, and into rolling mills and forges in which the pig iron is converted into plates, rails, rods, bars, wire, and so forth. On the evidence they collected, the Commissioners recommended that the iron furnaces and the rolling mills and forges should be placed under the regulations of the Factory Act, with a view of abolishing

abolishing night work for the young, and of securing the half-time system of hours of work and education for all under thirteen years of age. Moreover, they recommended the abolition of Sunday work, and the forbidding of the employment of females on the pit banks and on the coke-hearths; but, with regard to meal-times, they would except the boy puddlers from the operations of the Factory Act.

In their fourth report, which has only recently been printed, the Commissioners have included sundry final pickings of evidence in regard to similar metal works in Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and to the copper works of South Wales; but without having found reason to vary the conclusions they had previously arrived at. Besides blast furnaces and rolling mills, the Commissioners dealt in their third report with miscellaneous manufactures in the Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and Lancashire districts. They enter in their fourth blue-book upon the Sheffield district; and gather up, in addition, the results of inquiries over a wide surface of sundry manufactures, not covered by their previous investigations. Examining this fourth report, we discover that it is founded on inquiries conducted by Mr. J. E. White, Mr. F. D. Longe, and Mr. H. W. Lord. Mr. White's investigations refer to the metal manufacturers of the Sheffield district; the tobacco manufacturers; the manufacturers of bobbins, and the glass makers. Mr. Longe reports as to the iron shipbuilding yards and engineers' works, the letter foundries of London, the copper works in South Wales, the handloom carpet trade in the West Riding, the tobacco manufacture in Glasgow, London, and Leeds, the umbrella and parasol handle makers of Gloucestershire, and sundry paper mills. Within Mr. Lord's researches are included heald knitters, the tobacco manufacturers in Lancashire, some of the india-rubber workers, artificial flower and ostrich feather manufacturers, tailors, boot makers, hatters, glovers, paper makers, and the glass makers of Lancashire. With regard to all these we have here a copious presentment of information; and although now and again it affords glimpses of hardships and miseries inflicted upon girls, the report as a whole has to do with the employment of males. And everywhere the tale seems to be the same;—children put to work long before they are fit for it, shut up in ignorance in order that they may add a few shillings a week to the family income, robbed of their health, blanched, stunted, deformed, and exposed to all sorts of influences intellectually suffocative and morally mephitic. Here and there we meet with employers of nobler mind, who do their best to ameliorate the lot of their young workpeople; and where the worst conditions prevail, the fault rests often rather

rather on the shoulders of journeymen or parents than of the capitalist himself; but the melancholy fact remains that the child's intellect is sealed up, its heart wrung, and its inheritance of this world forestalled and wrested from it, less by the necessities of its rank, than by the vices of its parents, the cruelty of fellow-workpeople, or the thoughtlessness or greed of the employer. It is comforting, however, to be assured, and the reports of the Commissioners give us the assurance, that in the case of these, as of so many other children happier than they in having had the earlier attention of the Legislature, rescue to a large extent is within the power of the lawgiver; that much may be done by judicious enactments to secure fair play for the young toilers of the land; and that their health, their education, and their morality to boot, may all be promoted by Act of Parliament.

In casting the eye over this fourth report, to learn more particularly what the boys are doing, we find that lads between ten and fourteen years of age are employed in large numbers in foundries in Leeds, Bradford, Huddersfield, and elsewhere in the West Riding of Yorkshire, making machinery used in the worsted, woollen, flax, and other spinning and weaving trades. They run errands; they mind self-acting machines; they drill holes in iron or wood, or they fill combs with teeth. The older boys file and fit, turn cast or wrought iron, mind machinery, or assist in casting. On the whole, the work in itself is not unhealthy; but overtime is common in almost all the manufactories.

The regular hours of work are eleven and a half to thirteen per diem; including half an hour each for breakfast and dinner. The 'regular hours,' long as they are, are irregular in point of frequency in the observing of them; overtime is the rule. The Commissioners report that 'the habit of working overtime is by no means necessary as regards the young;' and they agree with Mr. Wardle, an employer at Hunslet, that by a law preventing the employment after six o'clock of all youths under eighteen, employers would probably not suffer, and it would be a good thing for the lads. Provision for compulsorily fencing dangerous machinery is also desirable.

A vast number of boys, as young as nine, but generally between ten and fourteen years of age, are found waiting, in couples, on each set of rivetters in the iron shipbuilding yards and engineers' works on the Clyde, at Stockton, near Greenwich, in London, and wherever plate iron constructions are in progress. They are often uneducated and badly cared for. The boys heat the rivets in a portable furnace, and carry the red-hot rivets to the rivetters; work sometimes dangerous,  
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but generally easy, and, if moderate, not unhealthy. Eleven hours and a half or twelve hours per diem are the regular hours; but fourteen hours for many weeks, and indefinite overtime for weeks and months together, are found prevailing. The same species of legislation as suggested in the case of the iron foundries, is needed for the protection of the young assistant rivetters.

There is little to find fault with in the case of about 200 boys, aged from nine to sixteen, employed in three principal type-foundries of London; and others in similar establishments there and in a few other parts of the kingdom. They break off the superfluous lead from the newly-cast type; they 'set up' the type for warehousing; and they 'pay or take out,' as customers require. They are favourably situated as regards hours of work and excellence of workshops. They earn from two to six shillings per week.

In Swansea, and at Port Talbot, in Glamorganshire, there are six large works in which copper is rolled into sheets and rods. A large portion of the persons employed there are boys of twelve years of age and upwards. The boys in the rolling mills generally begin about the age of twelve; they pick up or bundle scraps from the shears; move plates and dry them after being 'pickled;' or assist at the rolls. The work is carried on for the most part by day-and-night shifts, the hands changing between five and six o'clock morning and evening. Meal-times are regularly observed. But in the warehouses the hours of work are very irregular, and two sets of boys are not employed. Regulation as to time is recommended by the Commissioners.

About 2,300 handloom weavers of carpets, in Dewsbury and neighbouring parishes, employ children or women to wind the worsted on their bobbins. The children are for the most part boys, between the ages of eight and thirteen years, and not uncommonly lads under eight years of age are employed. The atmosphere of many of the workshops is made most unwholesome by dirt, by want of ventilation, and by the minute dust with which weaving loads the air. In most of the shops the looms occupy from floor to ceiling, leaving little room to ventilate. In some of the small shops the earnings of the children are very small. A boy nine years of age, winding for two looms, only received 2s. or 3s. in a fortnight; two sisters, in another, were paid 1s. 9d. each per fortnight; in another, two brothers, nine and twelve years old, working as half-timers, earned 2s. 6d. a week between them. The winders are all hired and paid by the weavers. The hours of work are not excessive; but irregularity of meal hours, and the

the bad state of the workshops, are great evils; and these might and would be remedied by the application of the Factory Acts Extension Act.

Wherever weaving mills are found, there also are knit 'healds;' either in the mills, or in premises specially constructed for heald-knitting by steam, or in cottages by hand. A heald is an open knitted framework of cotton, fitted to a loom, to raise the threads of the warp in weaving. It consists of a double line of loops united by small rings, each of which joins an upper loop to a lower. Children find employment in making healds, either as 'reachers,' as 'knitters,' or as 'bottomers or toppers.' The reacher is a child six or eight years of age, and sits on a low stool opposite the chair which supports the knitter, who is usually a girl of sixteen or upwards; between the two is the knitting frame, about three feet high and five feet long—a light lathe resting on a wooden support at each end. The reacher's task is to hold up in turn one after another of the lower loops to the knitter, who passes a bobbin of thread through it to form the upper loop, and the ring wherewith the two loops are coupled. The heald is made by forming lower or upper lines of loops on the single lines that have been already made independently by the bottomer or topper. The bottomer, sometimes eight, but generally twelve years or more of age, stands at a similar frame, and makes single lines of loops from the yarn, using a bobbin of thread for netting. In country places, and in some towns, children of both sexes begin to 'reach' as young as seven, and even six; one case is mentioned where the age was five. At eight or nine years of age boys cease to be employed at 'reaching;' the knitter and topper or bottomer are almost always females. In country places, the chief room in a small cottage is generally the only work-room; it is usually very crowded and unwholesome. In towns, some of the larger and newer work-rooms are clean and tolerably airy; others are small and ill-ventilated. The children are compelled to work during very long hours; with many, fourteen hours a day as a regular thing; and when, overwearied, they drop asleep, the knitter hits them to wake them up again. Their meal-times are apt to be irregularly observed. Many of the children become crooked in legs and back through the confined posture and long hours. Beginning work at so early an age, they are usually almost totally uneducated; even the infant school is robbed, in some places, to provide children for heald-knitting.

Boys in great number manufacture tobacco, especially roll or pigtail. Making roll tobacco is called spinning, and for every

every adult spinner two or three children are employed. About 1,000 in England, 1,200 in Scotland, and 1,000 in Ireland, are the numbers of young persons under eighteen employed in manufacturing tobacco. In Glasgow alone there are about 700 boys, from eight to thirteen years of age, at work in the spinning shops. Others pack cut tobacco, or make 'bunches,' preparing tobacco leaves for cigar makers. In the spinning shops at Leeds and Newcastle girls are employed. They begin by turning the wheel for the spinner; afterwards they learn to strip or prepare the leaves for the spinner, or they point or place them on the table ready for his hand. In the spinning shops at Glasgow, the tables at which the men work are surrounded by small boxes or hutches, about three feet square, each containing, half buried in tobacco leaves, a dirty little half-naked boy, who works there from morning to night, pulling out stalks or separating leaves. From fifteenpence to half-a-crown a week is what most of them get as wages. The children go to work very young; from eight to thirteen years of age in Scotland; and in Liverpool and Manchester the majority before nine years of age. The usual age of the workers in London was found to be between eleven and fourteen. Out of Scotland, overtime is complained of; and the meal-times are apt to be curtailed and irregular. Most of the large manufacturers give much attention to the state of their workshops; but in the smaller places it is often otherwise. The tobacco manufacture in Edinburgh and Glasgow presents a peculiarly interesting feature in the regular provision made by the trade for the education of the boys in evening schools. But in Liverpool nothing is done for the boys, and they are in a shockingly ignorant state. Always belonging to a class 'the lowest of the low,' the tobacco boys have certainly derived much benefit in Edinburgh and Glasgow from the schools, although, from non-attendance, not all that the benevolent promoters—the importers and manufacturers of tobacco—desired. The attendance of the boys should be made compulsory. The manufacture might, without inconvenience, be placed under the Factory Acts Extension Act, and the Commissioners deem this step desirable.

In the neighbourhood of Stroud, great quantities of umbrella and parasol handles are manufactured. Little children do much of the work. Boys, very young, cut the bone with circular saws, or drill it, in rooms low, badly ventilated, and in an atmosphere loaded with bone dust. The bone that they cut with the saws is not always their masters'; it is sometimes unhappily their own; for these little boys are 'constantly cutting



cutting their fingers.' Others make bone tips and buttons. Others are employed in assisting the varnishers, polishers, and driers of the sticks. To give a smooth surface and body to the varnish, white and red lead are used, and the children sometimes suffer from the unwholesome properties of these. The old complaints of ill-ventilation and overtime are heard amongst the workers. A shilling or eighteenpence a week is all that the younger children receive. 'The sticks produced in these shops,' says Mr. Longe, 'are, for the most part, very ordinary and cheap, and certainly not so necessary to society as to justify the subjection of children to the evils of early labour.' Ordinary and cheap umbrellas are as important to the poor as costly ones to the rich, and they must continue to be made; but, certainly, children should not be employed to make them without due provision for education. The Factories Act Extension Act is here, too, suggested by the Commissioners as a remedy.

In bobbin mills in Lancashire, the West Riding of Yorkshire, Notts, Westmorland, Cumberland, and other regions, young boys find employment in putting on glue with a brush, in inserting small pieces of wood called 'bushes' with a hammer, in sorting bobbins, or in carrying away the pieces of wood sawn by the sawyers. Other boys are engaged in boring the holes of the bobbins, in clearing out the mouths of the holes, or in rough turning at lathes worked by steam or water. Some of the boys who 'rough' have to lean back, to press on a strap every time their bit of wood is rough-turned; others, who bore, sit on the front of their work-benches with their bodies twisted on one side towards the boring tool. No complaint, however, of any injurious result is named. At the age of fourteen or thereabouts, the boys begin turning, and in this kind of work much dust is produced, and settles thickly on their hair and dress. 'The amount of dust,' says a worker, 'depends very much on the kind and size of the bobbins, the dryness of the wood, and also on the kind of wood. Hard foreign woods are the worst. Ebony is like a solid substance inside you, and if you come to cough and spit, it comes out like a round lump. It also tickles the nose, and makes you sneeze, like snuff, and makes your eyes twinkle. In all kinds the work is reckoned very bad for the stomach. The dust gets in, and causes indigestion, and the way we work, leaning over, &c., causes a bearing down of the chest.' 'Very many spit, and many go off in consumption.' Another says: 'Don't like the work, it it so dusty, and stuffs you up so.' 'Have been hurt often. If you've come to look about such things as that, I've caught it.

it. One time I bored right through my elbow. Another time I split through the part between my thumb and hand.' 'Sometimes your sleeve gets twisted round the spindle and pinches you, but the spindle stops itself; and I have known several get caught in the band of the grindstone.' In factory towns the hours of work are usually the legal factory hours; but in the English lake district and elsewhere, where water power is used, the day's work has commonly thirteen hours, less two for meals. It is interesting to note that the benefits of factory legislation extend beyond the limits of its compulsory action. 'Thus, in a bobbin mill near Windermere, the factory length of hours is kept because (as supposed by a workman) the owners have a factory in Lancashire subject to those limits.'

The causes of the alarmingly high mortality among the bobbin-turners of the Windermere district are thus summed up by Dr. Dobson: 'Young and tender age of entering the mill, long hours, exclusion from sunlight and fresh air, dusty nature of work, mode of living, want of out-door exercise, and in some instances the badly-ventilated and lighted mills.' The Commissioners here again fall back on their grand remedy—the Factory Acts Extension Act.

In England and Wales in 1861, there were of male persons employed as boot makers, tailors, hatters, and gloves, 14,964 under fifteen years of age, and 89,288 aged from fifteen to twenty. In boot making, some as young as nine or ten years, help rivetters in factories; and most of the boys who work at home or for journeymen are not more than ten at starting. In London, in the 'ready-made' manufacture, boys begin sometimes at eight years old to help their fathers at home; such is the case, too, at Leicester, Northampton, and Stafford. At Leicester and Northampton some were even found working for journeymen at seven. At Anstey, near Leicester, boys are said to have begun at six years of age to sand-paper, or pare for a finisher. Some boys in this trade paste for fitters and tie the ends of the thread after machining. Others, called closers, sit in low chairs, holding between their knees a kind of wooden forceps, stabbing holes in rows with an awl, and drawing two threads tipped with bristles through the holes in opposite directions, whilst the awl is held in the right hand. Mr. Lord met with more than one case of the loss of the left eye from an accidental blow inflicted by a fellow-worker with an awl thus held; and this was no uncommon thing before the general use of the sewing machine, if the children who stabbed were too closely seated. In one instance, a boy put out his own eye through the awl flying  
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up, as he was loosening a nail that fastened the sole to the last. In the wholesale boot trade, rivetting has now, to a large extent, superseded the use of the awl and waxed thread. The sole is now pricked with holes by a light machine worked usually by the hand or foot of a child. The boy who helps the rivetter hammers a nail or rivet into each hole, or with an old file drives the nails into the holes until they pierce the part of the upper leather in contact with the sole, and their points meeting the iron surface of the last, turn so as to form a rivet. To save time, the boys hold the nails, iron or brass, in the mouth, and protrude them by the tongue, one by one, on the under lip, whence the finger and thumb take them. From the maker the boot passes in its rough state to the finisher, who sits on a stool at a low table, having the boot either fastened on his knee by a strap passed under his foot, or stuck up with one end on his thigh and the other against his chest, while he uses a burnishing iron with both hands. This is called staking, and, though man's work, is often done by boys of fourteen. Younger boys rasp off the heads of the nails, rub with sand-paper, and ink and scrape the bottoms of the soles. In warehouses, boys of eleven or twelve dust and clean the stock, punch holes, and put in eyelets and laces.

Sewing boots is acknowledged by all to be decidedly bad for the health. Most who have been brought up to it suffer from disease of the lungs or heart, for the work is sedentary; they have to bend very much over it, and in parts of it the heel of the last is pressed in the pit of the stomach. Putting brass nails in the mouth produces excoriations, and disorders the stomach. The very great noise made by the rivetters was found by Dr. Faircloth, of Northampton, to have led to nervous affections in several cases. The pollution of the atmosphere by the gas used for heating the tools of the finishers is often very great.

Those who lament the supercession of home work by factory labour may cull consolation from Mr. Lord's report on the boot makers. The ignorance which prevails amongst the lads who work for the journeymen in the Hackney Road and Bethnal Green districts is spoken of as characteristic of the locality rather than of the trade. 'This,' says Mr. Lord, 'may well be so, for it is now a matter within my own experience that when the labour of a district goes on for the most part in the houses of the operatives, ignorance and disregard of education exist to a much greater extent than where the home and the work-place are totally distinct; where the operatives meet for their daily labour in a factory, under a system of fixed hours, which controls their irregular habits, and

and if it admits of overwork, at least makes that also regular.' 'The men themselves begin to appreciate this, and prefer to work in a factory, where they are made regular in spite of themselves.' The educational state of the finishers' boys, generally, is very unsatisfactory.

Sons of tailors help their fathers at home at ten or even nine years of age; but thirteen or fourteen is a more usual age for commencing the trade. The sewing machine is doing much to lessen the number of boys engaged. The places of work used by the journeymen who take apprentices at the West End of London are described as wretched in the extreme. Work at home is very irregular. The majority cook, eat, sleep, and work in one room. 'The stench,' says a witness, 'is enough to knock you down; you go to the door, perhaps, and open it, but shudder to go further into the room. There are hundreds of such places within five minutes' walk of this shop of mine.' Long hours are complained of.

Hatters, again, usually begin to work at eleven or twelve years of age. In most work-places there are several boys, each hired by five or six men jointly, to fetch and carry tools and work for them, run errands, clean their boots, or cook their dinners. There is often a lad of fifteen or so, acting as 'stoker' for each workshop, and paid by the men. In the warehouses, boys employed by the masters sort and box the hats. Others of twelve or thirteen, where machinery is used for blowing and carding fur, 'feed' the endless felt which carries the fur to the centre of the machine where the fan works. At home, boys of twelve or thirteen, some even of ten, are made to 'plank'—that is, to dip the fur from time to time into a vat, or kettle of hot liquid, and roll or knead it afterwards on the sloping lip of a vat. All the hatters stand to their work, and this is in their favour. Some of the boys have to use irons, not more than 11lbs. in weight, but causing no slight strain upon the wrist, since the iron is not, like a tailor's goose, pressed down on the material to be ironed, but is lightly passed over the surface of it, relieving the hand of very little of its weight. Bad ventilation, dirt, and oppressive heat, are the common characteristics of the work-places. 'At many places,' says Mr. Lord, 'a bad custom prevails of sending out for beer, and this is unfortunately encouraged by a system of trade rules inflicting, for numerous social and other delinquencies, fines, which are levied in that form.'

As glovers, boys are employed either in the cutting shop, or in the warehouse or counting room, in various light occupations—putting studs in with a hand press, punching pieces for the thumbs, making up the cut material into packets to be  
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taken away and sewed by females—or putting the finished gloves in boxes. The finishing rooms are sometimes very small, hot, and close. As all the boys stand to work, their health suffers less than if their employment were sedentary.

In paper mills boys begin to work at ten or eleven years of age. Some feed the dusting and chopping machines; others sweep up—a very dusty occupation; others sort refuse paper and shavings, the cuttings of bookbinders and stationers, to be made up again into paper. Some, in the engine-houses, fetch and carry stuff in baskets, boxes, or trunks; some fill the rags into the engines; others pick foreign substances out of the ‘half-stuff’ as it is being ground down to pulp in the rag engines. Some use a thin wide strip of wood covered with felt, and fitted to a handle to prevent one sheet of paper sticking to another. In Lancashire young boys, called ‘picker-scrapers,’ stand on a stool by the side of the paper machine, and rake off the dirt which collects on the picker or strainer over which the pulp flows; this is rather wet work. Others watch the paper as it passes over hollow drums containing fan wheels, and give notice of any defect in the paper. Others in the machine room receive the sheet as it falls from the cutting machine, or take it from the felt on which it falls, and make it lie smooth on a table below. Where writing paper is made, boys of ten or eleven in the glazing room lay sheets of paper and copper alternately in piles. When mill-boards are made by machine, a boy stands at the end of the machine, and with his finger rips the damp board off the reel at each revolution, and lays it on a trestle. This becomes very tiring work when the pile grows high, as a long reach is then required. Young lads also take mill-boards out to dry in the drying loft or the fields, or out from the glazing rolls. Some paper mills are clean and commodious; others sadly the reverse. Night work is a great grievance. The Commissioners recommend the application of the Factory Act Extension Act, with certain modifications as to meal-times, and the night employment of youths between sixteen and eighteen years of age.

About 4,000 children and young persons, nearly all males, are employed in the fast-increasing glass manufacture in England and Wales. The greater part of the boys’ time is spent in carrying glass to and from the annealing kilns, in carrying and clearing the men’s irons, and helping them in various ways. The boys’ attention is constantly kept up, and they are in almost ceaseless motion. In bottle and flint glass-houses the travelling of each boy averages fifteen to twenty miles a day. The other departments of work for the boys are

laborious—often in great heat, and causing a severe strain on the bodily powers. In most blown flint glasshouses there is a system of work by relays of six hours each, day and night, whilst each batch of glass is being worked out. During the working part of the week six hours is the utmost unbroken period ever allowed at one time for rest, and out of this has to come the time spent in coming and going to and from work, washing, dressing, and meals, leaving none for fresh air and play. Many of the lads, too, in crown, sheet, and bottle glasshouses, are required to come one, two, or three hours before the men to get things ready for them, also to stay from a few minutes to half-an-hour after the men leave, to clear up. This protracts the boys' work to twelve or even fifteen hours a day. To this flagrant abuse is added the custom of making an already over-worked lad supply the place of an absentee in another part of the works, giving him almost continuous work, it may be, for two or three days together. The heat in which the little shovel-holders stand is very great. 'At first,' says Mr. White, 'I could hardly bear to go up and stand in their place.' In one case the heat, tried by the thermometer, proved to be  $130^{\circ}$ , and actually melted Mr. White's hat, crown and brim, so out of shape, that it was unfit to wear till restored by a hatter. Many horrifying incidents of exposure to burnings and ill-treatment are given in the evidence. The protection of the Factory Acts Extension Act is manifestly required here in amending the unsanitary state of the work-places, abridging the excessive hours of labour, securing proper rest during meal-times, providing for education, fencing machinery, and requiring a medical certificate of physical fitness before engaging in work so laborious and trying.

As regards the men in glasshouses, of whose brutality to the boys many proofs are adduced, Mr. White finds all the evidence showing that the healthiness of the work depends greatly in this, as in so many other employments, upon their temperance, 'which, however, in this work the very heat and exhaustion make more than usually difficult, and intemperance is agreed to be still very general, though much diminished in many cases of late. This tendency to drink is illustrated by the fact that in visiting glasshouses I have repeatedly been asked, more or less directly, for money for "drink," a request which has never been suggested to me in works of any other kind. I have been followed and importuned for it, and quite unable to make a man understand that in my capacity it would not be right for me to give anything. A number of elder glass makers are unhealthily and  
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uncomfortably fat, which is attributed to the amount of beer which they drink.' We may easily understand from this how it is the boys have to complain so much of the brutality of men.

The general appearance of boys who have been in a glass-house for any length of time, is, as a rule, decidedly unfavourable. The complexion is pale and unhealthy, the body slight and small, the legs are ill grown, the knees and ankle-joints weak, and have a crippled look; the feet as well as hands are blistered, and perhaps scarcely able to hobble along; and the chests are diseased by the alternate heats and chills.

The intellectual and moral condition is commonly very inferior. Mr. White says:—

'Where some or other of the men are so often drinking, and sending out boys for drink, the boys are naturally led into the same habits, from getting sips or drinking with the men. "These apprentices will drink half a gallon in a day sometimes, and that public-house beer, too. It must be very injurious" (No. 230). Beer, however, is better for glass makers than "hard whisky, which burns their insides out" in Scotland. On certain occasions, in the course of work, masters have to pay drink money, to which one of them attributes very bad effects on the boys.'

Shocking as are some of the disclosures made with respect to the employment of boys in glassworks (and we have not attempted above any adequate representation of them), matters are found to be still worse in the metal trades of Sheffield. At nine or ten years of age the children are set to work, and from that age upwards are kept at it wherever light work, and in some cases work which is not by any means light, can be found for them. It is common for children to enter upon one of the deadliest occupations known (fork-grinding) as young as nine; most begin at or before the age of ten; some as young as eight or seven. Mr. White found a child six years of age at a wheel, where he had worked for some months at other dry grinding for his father. The employment in which most of the young children are found is what is called cutlery—a word never applied in Sheffield to the forging or grinding of blades, but limited to the handling, making-up, and finishing of knives, razors, scissors, and kindred articles. Girls, as well as boys, sometimes begin this at seven, and even six years old; one boy, whom Mr. White found at work, had begun at five. A woman, who began cutlery at six years old, 'put her own lass, now dead, on at three weeks turned six.' The necessity for the employment of such young children arises commonly through the drinking habits of the parents. 'In most cases,' says Mr. White, 'the youngest children are employed by their own parents or relations; often in consequence of the intemperate or improvident habits of their parents.' Boys who grind sit astride, in most of the work, on

a broad, flat-topped horsing, too broad for young boys; they sit sometimes with the body thrown forward almost horizontally, but more often curved forward with the head down, and most so where the stone or wheel used is small, as it is in the work to which the youngest boys are first set. The workers understand by grinding the process of shaping and smoothing metal by cutting it on a revolving stone. But in most kinds of work there are one or more subsequent smoothing processes, such as glazing on a wheel covered with emery, 'lapping' on a wheel covered with lead, and polishing on a wheel with crocus powder, which form essential parts of the grinder's work, and are performed by him or his helpers in the same work-place as the grinding, and usually in the very same 'trough.' The various kinds of work differ in the kind and amount of dust thrown off from the wheel; it is in fork-grinding and needle-pointing that the amount is greatest and most injurious. The twenty-three stones of a needle and hackle pin manufacturer throw off in a day about seventy-five pounds of steel dust, and of stone dust a far larger amount. At least three pounds of fine dry steel dust, besides the larger quantity of dry stone dust, are produced beneath the face of each dry grinder daily; and where a fan is not employed to carry the dust off through pipes into the outer air, this flies all about, irritates the eyes, is drawn in with the breath, frets and corrodes the lungs, and brings on consumption and early death. Then, again, in all kinds of grinding, it is necessary to 'hew' and 'race' the stones, and this causes a great emission of dust, to such an extent as to affect injuriously all the workers in the place. In steel-melting, boys are occupied in the cellars beneath the furnaces, watching the bottom of the furnace, to give notice if any of the pots run; or treading clay there, and fashioning it into lids and stands for pots. Boys also go up into the furnace when the steel is poured out into moulds, to carry away waste, and in some cases to help the men in pouring. Other boys work at rollers, and sometimes have to strain their bodies considerably to enable them to heave up the weight of metal so as to pass it back over the roller; and, says Mr. White, 'I have seen a boy failing in his efforts, and dropping the red-hot iron or steel close by his legs.' Rolling is, indeed, often much too heavy for the age and strength of the lads engaged in it. Even in file-cutting, which, though rapid work, looks quiet, the amount of bodily force spent in the course of a day is considerable. One man calculated that in a day of ten working hours he makes 46,000 strokes, most of them with a 7½ lb. hammer, thus lifting a total weight of 142 tons. Boys, it is true, do not use such heavy hammers; but

but with lighter hammers the work is still more rapid. In forging, boys sometimes have to lift hammers decidedly too heavy; one boy fourteen years old has been seen using a 22lb. hammer, and others have been made to grow completely misshapen by the work. The hours of work are in some cases, Mr. White says, 'not only cruelly, but even incredibly long for children.' 'No wonder,' he adds, 'that boys sometimes fall asleep at their work, stumble, fall, when the metal flooring gets hot and slippery and work is pressing, get burned or perced with red-hot iron or steel, or otherwise suffer for there supposed negligence.' The evidence, he concludes, shows the existence of 'an amount of overwork of young boys which is truly fearful.'

The places they work in are often wretched in the extreme. Grinding, especially, requires the most ample ventilation, and rarely gets even a moderate amount of it. Ill-lighted, gloomy, with tattered ceilings, with wet dropping from the floor above, or slopping from the wheels on to the ground beneath; the work-rooms, or 'hulls,' are loathsome to the sight, and most injurious to the health. The mud thrown off from the stones in wet-grinding is often great, and whatever it splashes too often remains covered with the accumulating filth week after week. Worst of all are the cellars or vaulted passages beneath the steel-melting furnaces,—reached from the outside by descending stairs, through which, aided perhaps by a grating at the side, the only daylight is admitted. Overhead, along one side, is the row of steel-melting pots, with fire beneath, projecting no little heat. 'In one case,' says Mr. White, 'and that in works of about the highest standing in the trade, I found a young boy who works part of his time in one of these vaults and the remainder in a dark cellar beyond, lighted only by a dim oil lamp, and with no communication whatever with light or air, except through the vault. His health had suffered considerably.' Happily, the number of cellar-boys is not great.

The boys sometimes complain of ill-treatment from the men; and here again, as in the case of the glass makers, a connection between brutality and strong drink is plainly to be traced. Mr. White tells of one lad 'whom his master used to swear at and kick when he (the man) came back from the public;' and of another who spoke of different men who ill-used him, particularly 'a Brummagem chap,' who was always 'a-gate of hitting on us;'—'he used to get beer and was drunk.' 'One time when he was striking at me with his fist,' said the boy, 'I tried to get out of the way, and my shirt nearly caught the shafting. If it had, I should have been

been took round and killed.' Accidents, though not common, are sometimes very serious in these places. Revolving stones fly apart and smash all that is in the way of their fragments. Boys are drawn through rollers and squeezed flat; or their clothes are caught by rotating shafts, and their limbs broken; or a drum crushes them. Grinders are liable to frequent pain, and sometimes to serious injury or loss of sight, from sharp particles of hot steel which fly into their eyes in grinding. In such cases a fellow-worker takes out the mite with a lancet or sharp pin—'a very unpleasant sight.' Grinders are sometimes kept awake at night by the pain. Boys sometimes slit their fingers on circular saws, or lose them in rolling machinery, or are pierced by red-hot rods or wire, or otherwise burned. Grinders do not live out half their days. They say themselves that they "go off like dyke water, so quick;" they "go off like nothing;" "they seem to rot off at thirty-four or thirty-five, and some at twenty-three or twenty-four, according to their constitution." In dry grinding, very often before the age of twenty, grinders' disease is found to have been induced. A boy only eleven years old, who had been a grinder since the age of eight, had a fearful cough, and on examination, Dr. Hall, who has benevolently exerted himself for many years to expose the noxious nature of the trade, found the upper portion of both lungs extensively diseased. File-cutters are hurt by the confined stooping posture, and the absorption of lead, which causes colic. Other special liabilities of theirs are weakness and wasting of the thumb and wrist, and bow-legs and sundry malformations.

The evidence before us would enable us to fill pages with horrifying details, proving how often boys, who should be the intelligent and worthy men of the next generation, are rendered brutal and miserable whilst they live, mutilated in body and mind, and compelled, in fact, to kill themselves in order to be earning a living. It is consoling to know that, now that the benefits of factory legislation are so abundantly conspicuous, the thoughtlessness or rapacity of masters, the ignorance and selfishness of parents, may fight, but will fight in vain, to avert the further interposition of the Legislature.

It is consoling, too, to find, at any rate one town—Sheffield, really smarting under the allegations of the Commissioners. The town council of Sheffield have appointed a committee to examine into the ugly facts alleged in the report. The wincing proves the existence of feeling; and feeling, touched, may lead to salutary action prior to the inevitable interference of the Legislature.

#### ART. IV.—THE LIVERPOOL THEORY OF THE LICENSING SYSTEM.

1. *The Statutes of the Realm*. Edited by command of His Majesty George III. London: 1810.
2. *A Digest of the Laws of England*. By Rt. Hon. Sir John Comyns, Knt., late Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. 5th Edition. Corrected by Anthony Hammond, Esq., of the Inner Temple. Vols. I. to VIII. London: 1822.
3. *A Practical and Elementary Abridgment of the Cases Argued and Determined in the Courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, Exchequer, and at Nisi Prius, from 1660 to the Michaelmas Term, 4 George IV.* By Charles Petersdorff, Esq., of the Inner Temple. Vols. I. to XV. London: 1825.
4. *Report of the (Commons) Select Committee on the Sale of Beer*. Parliamentary Papers. 1830.
5. *Reports from the Lords' Select Committee on the Sale of Beer Act*. 1849-59.
6. *Reports from the (Commons) Select Committee on Public-Houses, with Minutes of Evidence*. 1853-54.
7. *A Bill for Altering and Regulating the Granting of Licenses in respect of Excisable Liquors, and the Sale by Retail of Beer and other Liquors, within the Borough of Liverpool; and for other purposes*. 1865.
8. *The Alliance News*, March 4th, 1865. *Debate in the House of Commons on the Liverpool Licensing Bill*. February 24th, 1865.
9. *The Slain in Liverpool, in 1864, by Drink*. By Rev. John Jones. London: Job Caudwell. 1865.

WHEN the Licensing system was definitively established in 1552, the banks of the Mersey gave little promise of that commercial greatness which now confronts the visitor on every hand. Liverpool had an existence as an obscure seaport even then, but absent were its miles of docks, its fleets of many nations, and its forty myriads of people; and absent, also, were the three thousand drinking-shops that now combine to enervate, impoverish, and destroy great masses of its inhabitants. In the Act of 1553, which limited the number of taverns (wine-shops) in cities and corporate towns, Liverpool is not mentioned, and not more than two such houses could

could then have been legally opened within its precincts. For some years past, however, Liverpool has been the subject of an experiment the reverse of that which, three centuries ago, was put into operation by legislative authority; and this experiment has extended not merely to houses for the sale of beer and wine, the only houses of the drink-traffic extant in the days of the young King Edward VI., but to shops for the sale of ardent spirits—apparitions of evils that had not begun at that time to haunt the places of entertainment and dissipation.

The licensing magistrates of Liverpool, or at least a majority of them at the licensing sessions, have entered upon a policy at variance with general usage; they have done so with an asserted, and we are willing to believe sincere, desire to abate the intemperance which is the canker-vice of their town; and as some men of high respectability are the active promoters of its policy, it is not premature to inquire into the theory on which the policy is based, and the reasons by which it is defended. All England is interested in the discussion thus invited, for next to the question whether it is proper to license the sale of intoxicating liquors at all, must follow in order of importance, the inquiry which has respect to the manner in which the Licensing system should be administered.

The rule that has obtained with successive generations of licensing magistrates, and in all parts of the kingdom, has been to grant new licences for the sale of alcoholic liquors when they are satisfied (1) that the wants of the neighbourhood justified the opening of new drink-shops; (2) that the applicants were respectable persons; (3) that the houses for which licences were asked were suited for the public accommodation. In other words, the magistrates have professed to take into their consideration place, person, and property; does the place need more licensed houses? is the person applying to be trusted with a licence? is the property suitable for a public-house? The Liverpool bench, who stand alone in their position, unless the Wolverhampton magistrates may be joined with them, have promulgated a rule, excluding from consideration the first of these conditions, and restricting their judicial decision to the two points of the applicant's respectability and the accommodation afforded by his premises. Their theory, therefore, is that the numerical element is not one which should enter into the deliberations or affect the action of licensing magistrates. They contend that the 'wants of a neighbourhood,' as to the number of public-houses, will be discovered by the number of houses that a neighbourhood



neighbourhood supports, any excess being sure to find its remedy in the necessity to close from the unremunerative business carried on. Otherwise expressed, their theory is, that assuming the right men and the right houses, the traffic in intoxicating liquors may be left to the same competition to which other trades are exposed. We have not been so fortunate as to meet with any comprehensive vindication of this theory; but its upholders will not complain if we state, in their behalf, all the reasons available for its defence. These may be enumerated in the following order:—1. The import and spirit of the licensing laws. 2. The principle of free trade. 3. The practical operation of the Beer Act. 4. The recommendations of the Select Committee of 1853-4. 5. The necessity of a change of system in the interests of public sobriety and morality.

When an appeal is made to legislation on the licensing of drinking-shops in favour of the Liverpool theory, there ought to be no difficulty in pronouncing upon the validity of the plea. If the argument has any meaning it must signify nothing short of this—that the licensing laws do not justify licensing magistrates in making the number of old licences a ground of refusing applications for new ones. Were this a sound view of the legal bearings of the case, we should expect to discover in the statutes some positive limit to the discretionary power of the magistrates upon licences;—nay, the denial of all discretionary power ought to be apparent, for the Liverpool theory reduces the magisterial prerogative to a single exercise of ministerial duty. It means that every citizen of good character and occupying suitable premises has a right under the statute to be licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquors. But it is next to morally impossible that such a conclusion should be formed by any candid inquirer into the licensing laws. Nothing can be more opposed to their origin, their language, and their spirit, or to the decisions of the highest courts of law upon reviewing this controverted point. Although it was not till the reign of Edward VI. that a distinct statute was passed for compelling alehouses to be licensed, the germ of this enactment is to be seen in the 7th clause of the 12th Henry VII. (1504) which empowered two justices of the peace to ‘rejecte and put away comen ale-sellyng in townes and places where they shall thynk convenient’—words which gave to the justices unlimited power, and clearly pointed to an excessive number of alehouses as a feature of the drink-traffic then existing. The great Act of Edward VI., by which the licensing system was first elaborated was confirmatory as to the discretionary powers given to justices

half

half a century before. This Act (5 & 6 Edward VI. c. 25) was passed by the Parliament which met January 30th, 1552, and is entitled 'An Acte for Kepers of Alehouses to be bound by Recognizaunces.' The preamble and first and second clauses were as follows (preserving the antique spelling) :—

'Forasmuche as intollerable hurtes and troubles to the Comon Wealthe of this Realme dothe daylie growe and encrease throughe such abuses and disorders as are had and used in common Alehouses and other houses called Tiplinge houses: It ys, therefore, enacted by the Kinge our Sovereigne Lorde, with the assent of the Lordes and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by th auctoritie of the same,

'That the Justices of Peace within everie shire, citie, boroughe, town corporate, fraunchesse, and libertie within this Realme, or two of them at the lest, whereof one of them to be of the quorum, shall have full power and auctoritie by vertue of this Acte, within every shire, citie, boroughe, town corporate, fraunchesse, and libertie, where they be Justices of Peace, to remove, discharge, and putt awaye common sellinge of ale and bere in the said common alehouses and tiplinge houses in such towne or townes, and places, where they shall think mete and convenient.

'And that none after the first daye (of Maye) next commynge, shall be admytted or suffred to kepe any common alehouse or tiplinge house but such as shall be hereunto admytted or allowed in the open Sessions of the Peace, or else by two Justices of the Peace whereof the one to be of the quorum.'

The rest of the Act provides for taking recognisances of all persons 'admitted and allowed' to keep alehouses, and names the penalties attached to selling without a licence. The portion we have quoted is conclusive on the main point raised by the Liverpool bench—for discretionary powers more unbounded can hardly be imagined. That the framers of this law, and the Parliament that enacted it, could not have intended to make the justices judges of character and premises only and not of the number of drinking-houses is abundantly clear. Such a bill would never have been drafted by the Liverpool bench. Next year (1553) a vigorous attack was made upon unlicensed taverns (wine-shops) by the 7th of Edward VI., c. 5, entitled 'An Acte to avoyde the great price and excesse of wyne,' the preamble to which read: 'For the avoyding of many inconveniences, muche eville rule, and common resorte of misruled persons used and frequented in many tavernes of late, newly sett uppe in very greate noubre, in backe lanes, corners and suspicious places within the Cytie of London, and in divers other townes and vyllages within this Realme;' and this Act, besides fixing the retail prices of wine, forbade persons worth less than 100 marks a year to have more than ten gallons in their houses for family use, and prohibited the sale of wines by retail except under the licence of the corporate magistrates or the justices of the peace at their general sessions; and as marking, beyond mistake, the sense of the Legislature, that number was to be a primary consideration, even the licensing authorities were restricted from granting  
more

more than two licences to any town except the twenty-two named.\* That the power of summary suppression conveyed by the first of these Acts was not a *brutum fulmen* may be inferred from the fact related by Maitland (vol. i., p. 158, edit. 1739), that in 1575, Sir Nicholas Bacon (great father of a greater son), acting in concurrence with the authorities in the City of London, Southwark, and Lambeth 'put down upwards of 200 alehouses in their several jurisdictions.' The historian of London adds: 'This example was followed in Westminster, the Duchy of Lancaster, the liberty of the Tower Hamlets, and other parts of Middlesex contiguous to London.' These measures, with some others directed against public licentiousness and disorder, were so successful, we are told, that at one assize for the city not a single criminal was tried.

If we proceed to the legislation on the liquor-traffic in the reign of King James I., all the indications run counter to the theory of the Liverpool justices; since the existing powers of magistrates were left intact, and tippling (*i.e.*, remaining to drink) in alehouses was made a legal offence. By the 1st of Charles I., c. 4, the penalty imposed on the guest for tippling was also extended to the alehouse or tavern keeper, who permitted it. Two years later, by the 3rd Charles I., c. 4, any person convicted of selling intoxicating liquors without a licence was to pay 20s. to the poor, and, in default of payment, to be committed to the House of Correction for a month; on a repetition of the offence, he was to remain in durance vile till released by an order from the justices in session assembled. Not a glimpse reaches us of the Liverpool notion that the law intended all men of good character, and suitable houses, to be licensed for the sale of any kind of intoxicating drinks, not even for the sale of the malt liquors, which, according to Stow, were 'so small' (weak) as greatly to qualify the drunkenness of the 'poorer sort.' The course of legislation on the sale of ardent spirits was described in a former number of this journal;† and we may, therefore, at once proceed to the Act by which the Licensing system was revised in 1753. This was

\* These twenty-two, with the number of taverns actually permitted was as under:—London (City), 40; York, 8; Bristol, 6; Norwich, 4; Kingston-on-Hull, 4; Exeter, 4; Glo'ster, 4; Winchester, 4; Canterbury, 4; Cambridge, 4; Newcastle-on-Tyne, 4; Westminster, 3; Lincoln, 3; Shrewsbury, 3; Salisbury, 3; Hereford, 3; Worcester, 3; Southampton, 3; Ipswich, 3; Winchester, 3; Oxford, 3; Colchester, 3. These were the principal towns of England three hundred years ago, and these their respective 'wants' in the way of taverns—so Parliament thought in the times of old.

† See 'Meliora,' No. 31 (for Oct., 1865), p.p. 196-206.

the 26th George II., c. 31. The 'Scot's Magazine' states:— 'March 5th a motion was made, and leave given, to bring in a bill, &c., and Mr. Betterton, Mr. Prowse, Mr. Wilkinson, and Mr. Nugent were ordered to prepare and bring in a bill which was passed in the ordinary manner without opposition.' It was signed by the King June 7th. The title of this Act would not indicate that the legislative mind had been drifting in the direction favoured by the Liverpool theory; for it was 'An Act for regulating the number of public-houses, and the more easy conviction of persons selling ale and strong liquors without a licence.' According to this Act, licences were only to be granted in future at a general meeting of justices meeting in the division where the applicants resided; the meetings were to be held between September 1st and 24th [since altered to the first ten days in March for Middlesex and Surrey, and from August 20th to September 14th for the rest of England]; all licences were to run but for a single year, and to commence on September 29th of each year. Applicants were to present certificates of good character, signed by the parish clergyman, and chief part of the churchwardens and overseers, or by four reputable and substantial householders of the place. If licensed, they were to enter into recognisances for good behaviour, &c.\* Seventy-five years passed before another revision of the licensing system took place; though, by the 48 George III., c. 143, a change of form was adopted, under which the licences were to be issued by the Excise, only, however, on the conditions of a previous certificate, or permit, granted by the justices in licensing session assembled. A movement was made in Parliament in 1819 which deserves special notice, as completely disproving the legal position of the Liverpool theorists. On the 5th of May of that year, Mr. Bennet presented a petition, signed by between two and three thousand publicans of London and Westminster, in which they acknowledged that one of the intentions of the licensing statutes was 'to guard against the setting-up of public-houses where the wants of the neighbourhood did not require them,' but charging the Middlesex

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\* The fourth section of this Act, confining the issue of licences to General Sessions of Justices, was a repetition of the 11th section of the second George II., c. 28— 'Whereas many inconveniences have arisen from persons being licensed to keep inns and common alehouses by Justices of the Peace, who, living remote from the places of abode of such persons, may not be truly informed as to the occasion or want of such inns or common alehouses, or the character of the persons applying for licences to keep the same, it is enacted that no licences shall be granted to any person to keep a common inn or alehouse, or to retail any brandy, or strong water, but at a general meeting of the Justices of the Peace acting in the division where the said person dwells; to be holden for that purpose on the first day of September yearly, or within twenty days afterwards.'

magistrates with unfair conduct in their official licensing capacity. Mr. Bennet followed up this petition by bringing in a Bill 'for the better regulation of the mode in which licences are granted to publicans;' and, in the course of his speech, he made the curious statement that 'in some places the magistrates would not licence without the signature of the (parish) minister, and as he, from conscientious motives, would not sanction these places of entertainment, no public-house at all existed. In the metropolis, the practice was quite the reverse; for there clergymen signed as a matter of course, and the beadle, for a fee of from half-a-crown to a guinea, procured the necessary names of the parish officers, or inhabitants.' Mr. Bennet's object was to limit the discretionary power of the magistrates; but, though he agreed to confine his measure to London, and got a second reading for it on the 21st of May, nothing is reported in 'Hansard' as to its further progress. The partiality charged against the licensing magistrates continued to form the burden of loud complaint in and out of Parliament; and Mr. T. Estcourt brought in a Bill in the session of 1828 to effect a revision, for the second time, of the licensing system. That his views were akin to those of the Liverpool bench seems very probable, but it is certain that the Bill which became law as the 9th George IV., c. 61, made no alteration in the jurisdiction of the magistracy over the sale of strong drink. On the 21st of May, 1828, when the Bill was under discussion, Sir R. Heron said 'he was of opinion that no benefit could arise from an increase of public-houses. They tended to promote vice of every description, and encouraged a wasteful expenditure of money among the poor. He had had in his employment a hundred labourers for several years, and he seldom knew of any drunkenness among them, in consequence of the neighbourhood being almost free from public-houses.' Mr. Secretary Peel 'considered the public owed a debt of gratitude to the hon. member for Oxford (Mr. Estcourt). Although the general principle of throwing open trade was good, it should, however, be controlled by forethought and caution as to the practically injurious effects likely to follow. If, as a matter of police, it was necessary to exert this control, it was the first duty of the Legislature to see that it should not be liable to abuse.' Mr. Estcourt confessed that 'it was his original intention to have proposed the doing away with the licensing system altogether, but he had received such accounts from those best acquainted with the mischief to which it would probably lead, that he was induced to alter his course.' That he did alter it the Act remains to prove, for the only relaxation of magisterial control effected by it was the right of  
appeal

appeal to Quarter Sessions given to disappointed applicants—the final decision still resting with a magisterial body, but one less qualified than the first to deal intelligently with the applications submitted.

Under the Act of 1828, licences for the sale of spirits are still granted or refused; the Beer Act of 1830 and the Wine Licences Act of 1860 restricting the jurisdiction of magistrates in regard to the sale of beer and wine only. Beer-shops are licensed without any reference to the justices, though, when licensed, magisterial power over them is far from inconsiderable. As to wine licences (retail), justices have no direct refusal, but a veto power is lodged with them that may be exercised when they see fit to employ it.

It now remains to consider, under this section, whether the courts of law, in deciding on the meaning of the various licensing acts, have given any countenance to the theory that, properly construed, they restrict the magistrates to the two points of the applicant's character and the adaptation of his premises for a public-house. The question in its simplest shape arose in 1730, when a mandamus was asked from the King's Bench in behalf of John Giles, calling upon the justices of the city of Worcester to compel them to grant him a licence. The court replied, 'There never was an instance of such a mandamus, and therefore we will not grant it.' In 1757, the case of *Rex v. Young and Potts* came before the King's Bench, on a motion against the defendants, for 'arbitrarily, obstinately, and unreasonably refusing to grant a licence to one Henry Day, to keep an inn at Eversley, Wilts.' Lord Mansfield, who delivered judgment as Chief Justice, said, 'The Court of King's Bench has no power or claim to review the reasons of the Justices of the Peace, upon which they form their judgments in granting licences, by way of appeal from their judgments, or overruling the discretion entrusted to them. But, if it clearly appears that the justices have been partially, maliciously, or corruptly influenced in the exercise of this discretion, and have consequently abused the trust reposed in them, they are liable to prosecution by indictment, or information, or even, possibly, by action, if the malice be very gross and injurious. If their judgment be wrong, yet their heart and intention pure, God forbid they should be punished.' 'And he declared that he should always lean towards favouring them, unless partiality, corruption, or malice clearly appeared; and having gone through all the particulars, both of the charge and of the defence, he concluded with declaring it, as his opinion, that there was not sufficient ground for a criminal charge against these justices.'

Denison,



Denison, Chief Justice, also said—‘It must be clear and apparent partiality, or wilful misbehaviour, to induce the court to grant an information—not a mere error of judgment.’ The court unanimously discharged the rule with costs. In 1769, the case of *Bassett v. Godschall* and others was brought before the Common Pleas, and the decision of the court concluded with these striking words: ‘The plaintiff in an action must have an antecedent right to bring it; the plaintiff here has no right to have a licence unless the justices think proper to grant it; therefore he can have no right of action against the justices for refusing it.’ For the last time the question was brought before a high legal tribunal by Mr. Barber Beaumont, a gentleman of great benevolence, who had erected an house for an inn, which he intended to be conducted with a strict regard to sobriety. The licensing magistrates chose to refuse a licence to these premises, and licensed two other houses, one of which had formerly been suppressed for its disorderly character. The decision of the justices in this case suggests grave suspicions of illicit influence, but when Mr. Barber Beaumont took his case into the King’s Bench, he was informed that he had no remedy at law against the magistrates, unless he could show them to have been actuated by corrupt motives. The present Attorney-General has joined his opinion to the unbroken *consensus* of these legal decisions, that the licensing magistrates are left entirely free by law to grant and refuse licences, provided they act on public grounds and not from private and corrupt motives. Regard to the wants of a neighbourhood is such a ground; and so would be a regard to the social and pecuniary interests of a locality. Considering that the earlier laws on licensing were framed expressly to diminish the number of drinking-shops, and were inspired by a moral sentiment and generous concern for the public good, it seems to us that magisterial benches are to be blamed, not for taking the ‘wants’ of neighbourhoods into account, but for so seldom inquiring how far the wants and woes of these neighbourhoods are related to the licences granted from year to year with routine carelessness and inattention.

The Liverpool theory driven from the cover of legislative precedent, takes refuge in the citadel of Free Trade. If licences are not free by law the law should make them so. The demand is a bold one, and in the mouths of them who put it forward is very inconsistent. Free trade is a very good thing and a great blessing, but like the law is only good when lawfully applied. Universal free trade is not yet, and never will be, an accepted principle in English legislation; and to  
assume

assume that free trade in corn and calico justifies free trade in gin and rum is a *petitio principii* too glaring to be accidental. At all events, restriction, not free trade, is the rule of the present system, and those who would make a change are bound by every rule of logic and politics to show cause for the proposal. Free trade is a spell, but there are spirits that will not, and ought not to, obey it. Let the freetraders in alcohol set to work as did the freetraders in agricultural produce to prove the public benefits that would follow the adoption of their scheme. Not to accept this challenge is to confess a difference of cases that justifies the widest difference in the practical conclusions. And further as we have observed, those who raise the outcry for free licensing are obviously inconsistent. Free trade is only a misnomer and delusion if legislative conditions are imposed that will actually restrict trade to a certain class. Yet such conditions are not ignored but desiderated by the Liverpool magistrates. They make character and quality of premises conditions of the licences they issue, and as a rule they would favour a higher licence fee and a higher rated rental in all new applications; but can these terms and qualifications be justified on any principle of free trade? Would they venture to propose them in regard to any other trade? The baker or butcher is presumed to be respectable until he is proved to be otherwise, and he is allowed to carry on his business in the house that suits him best. The claim that an applicant for a spirit licence should establish his respectability and give hostages for its continuance, may be a prudential arrangement, and is justifiable enough considering the known tendencies of the drink-traffic, but cannot be reconciled with ordinary conceptions of free trade. If it be rejoined that what is asked for is such a modified application of free trade principles as will abolish the brewers' monopoly fostered by the licensing system as generally administered, it would be a sufficient reply that if magistrates play into the hands of brewers, let their conduct be exposed and the restrictive law administered by a purer body. Let the men be changed and not the measure. But the argument for the Liverpool theory founded on the brewers' monopoly is rotten, not so much on one side as on every side. That brewers do monopolise by their agents the retail spirit trade is a fallacious assumption. It is also falsely assumed that brewers' houses are worse conducted and sell more adulterated articles than other houses; and the last assumption, as fallacious as the rest, consists in supposing that a system of free licensing would diminish the proportion of brewers' houses as compared with those held by independent

independent retailers. The beer trade was thrown open in order to abolish the 'brewers' monopoly,' and no sooner was this stroke of policy effected than the complaints were redoubled concerning the influence of brewers upon the beer trade in both its licensed branches. Under such a system as that contemplated by the Liverpool Licensing Bill the capital of the great brewers would successfully compete with the smaller capital of other persons. Those who make most out of the wholesale trade can afford to spend most upon its retail extension. But, as we have remarked, if the brewers are unduly favoured by licensing benches, the rational alternative is not to render licences freer, but to make the licensing boards more upright. If magistrates betray their trust, let their licensing functions be transferred to other men who will discharge it honestly and firmly.

But what shall be said of the practical operation of the Beer Act of 1830—does it justify that uniformity of system with which the Liverpool bench are smitten? It is not necessary to contend that, as a rule, beerhouses are worse conducted, or that they are greater nurseries of crime, and greater feeders of public debauchery, than public-houses. It is enough that by universal concession the objects for which the Beer Act was passed have not been secured by it, and that the drinking-shops opened under it are, at least, no better than the others they were designed to limit or supersede. The Select Committee of 1854 on public-houses—a high authority with the Liverpool theorists—say in their report: 'The beershop system has proved a failure. It was established under the belief that it would give the public their beer cheap and pure, would dissociate beer-drinking from drunkenness, and lead to the establishment throughout the country of a class of houses of refreshment altogether free from the disorders supposed to attend exclusively on the sale of spirits.' These roseate anticipations soon paled before a trial of the open-beer-trade system, and were succeeded by calamities predicted by the wiser few. But the Select Committee go on to quote with approval the language of the Lords' Select Committee of 1850: 'The multiplication of houses for the consumption of intoxicating liquors has been in itself an evil of the first magnitude, not only by increasing the temptations to excess which are thus presented at every step, but by driving houses—even those under the direct control of the magistrates, as well as others originally respectable—to practices for the purpose of attracting custom which are degrading to their own character and most injurious to morality and order.' The common magisterial complaint is that beershops are not under their licensing control, and that to the

absence of this control the evils of the system may be ascribed. Considering that the system originated in a revulsion against the evils of the public-house system licensed by the magistrates; also considering that beershops do not, according to the criminal returns, compare discredibly with public-houses; considering, further, that beerhouses are placed under restrictions as to the liquors sold and hours of sale from which public-houses are exempt; and considering, again, that the magistrates have extensive power of control over beershops when licensed—considering all these things, it is too strong a demand on our credence to have us attribute the evils of the beerhouse system to the absence of a magistrates' certificate. This is only credible on the supposition that the magistrates, if they had the power, would refuse to license these houses for the sale of beer. The fear of losing his licence is said to exercise a restraining influence over the publican; but to what extent the fear prevails, and the value of its restraining influence, may be seen in the state of hundreds of public-houses in London—in Liverpool itself. But were all that is required of us conceded, and were we to allow the pre-eminent value of a single licensing body, how does it appear from the premises that a single form of licence would be of public advantage? Even were it admitted that there should be a uniform licence, the Liverpool theorists have to show—which they have never attempted to do—that this uniform licence should be one entitling the holder to sell all kinds of intoxicating liquors. To exhibit the inconsequential logic of the Liverpool bench it is only necessary to throw their reasoning into the syllogistic shape:—

Magistrates' licences exercise a moral control;  
 Beersellers do not take out magistrates' licences;  
 Therefore, beersellers ought to be licensed to retail ardent spirits!

The absurdity of this process of argumentation is made the more apparent when it is remembered that the beersellers were called into existence to repair the mischiefs the spirit-dealers (publicans) had committed; yet the Liverpool theory would remedy the mischiefs perpetrated by the beersellers by turning them into spirit-dealers! Comment is superfluous. As the Lords' Committee observe, the Beer Act was specially mischievous by multiplying houses for the sale and consumption of intoxicating liquors, and it would be impossible to conceive of any nostrum more allied to quackery than the proposal to licence the same houses, or an equal number, for the sale and consumption of liquors more intoxicating than those they already retail. 'But the licence will be by the magistrates, not by the Excise.' And this provision is to convert bad  
 beershops

beershops into innocent ginshops! The British public, we trow, is not so credulous as to listen to the voice of the Liverpool charmers.

The Report and recommendations of the Select Committee of 1854 are, however, appealed to in defence of the Liverpool theory; nor is this surprising. This committee, which sat in the sessions of 1853 and '54, collected evidence that filled two Blue-books of comely proportions. It may not be known to all that this committee had its origin in the very same Liverpool feeling on the Licensing system to which the magistrates of that town have given practical expression for several years past. As early as January 24, 1853, the Liverpool bench adopted this resolution—'That all houses for the sale of ale, beer, spirits, and wine should be exposed to free competition in trade, imposing only those restrictions which may be deemed expedient for the purpose of police regulation.' Mr. Wm. Brown, the eminent Liverpool merchant, then M.P. for South Lancashire, was a supporter of these views, and mainly by his efforts the Select Committee of 1853 was appointed. The composition of the committee gave it from the first a bias in favour of the free licensing theory; but whoever takes the trouble to read the Blue-books carefully through will perceive a radical contrariety between the evidence presented and the recommendations of the committee. Even the committee's own summary, which is ably written, and their practical suggestions at the close of their report, have scarcely anything in common; the latter having all the appearance of being pieced on to rather than of growing out of the former. But favourable as were the committee to a system of free licensing, they did not forget to insist on two conditions to its safe embodiment—viz., a special and constant inspectorship of all licensed houses, and heavy pecuniary sureties for the good conduct of the licence-holders. They considered it established by the evidence 'that it is essential that the sale of intoxicating drinks should be under strict supervision.' Whatever utility would adhere in this 'strict supervision,' there is nothing in its necessity to justify a free licensing system; and in all the pages of which the two blue-books consist, there is not a line to show why this privilege of selling intoxicating liquors should be freer than at present. The chief reason alleged is the partial conduct of licensing magistrates—a malady which cannot reasonably call for unlimited competition in the sale of intoxicating liquors. For twelve years the Evidence and Report of 1853-4 have been before the country without any attempt at legislation in the direction of free licensing, except by its Liverpool supporters, whose efforts in 1863 and 1865 were  
signally

signally defeated. The latter of these defeats, when Mr. Lawson moved the rejection of their Bill, was so complete as to put an end to all hope of passing any private measure on the subject. Some leading men in the House of Commons have an unconcealed leaning towards a measure which should take from the licensing magistrates their absolute discretionary power; but whatever abuses are chargeable upon the exercise of this power, neither the House nor the country will accept the alternative of releasing the drink-traffic from the restraints of this magisterial jurisdiction, without a substitute better suited to the times and more conservative of the public good.

The Licensing system may be revised—and its revision is urgently called for—but the *sine quâ non* of any such revision is the adoption of some better securities than the Liverpool theorists have offered for the diminished and not the augmented consumption of intoxicating drinks. The Committee of 1853-4 appear to have thought that a higher licence fee, proportioned to population, heavy sureties, and strict inspection, would tend to limit the sale of liquors under the system they proposed—and such we believe is the conviction of some of the estimable men who sit on the Liverpool bench. Drunkenness they think will decline under free licensing; but are they prepared to show that free licensing will diminish the number of traffickers in strong drinks, or the temptations to their common use, or the meretricious attractions, which according to the Report cited, were increased by the beershop system? Is free trade found to diminish competition or consumption, even in the articles that satisfy a natural appetite? and can it be imagined that it will exert that effect in regard to articles that tend to create a craving the more insatiable the more it is indulged? Even common drunkenness might seem to decrease, and yet the crimes consequent on drunkenness or the poverty it engenders, might be greatly on the increase. In the Report of 1854, occur these warning words: ‘Your Committee do not feel it necessary to follow further the evidence upon the connection of intoxicating drinks with crime. It has directly or indirectly been the subject of inquiry at different times, and has been reported upon by numerous committees of your honourable House, who bear unvarying testimony both to the general intemperance of criminals and the increase and diminution of crime in direct ratio with the increased or diminished consumption of intoxicating drinks.’ Any revision of the Licensing system claiming support on public grounds must—if the words just quoted are as weighty as we believe them to be—make good its claims to that support



port by its tendency to diminish the consumption of intoxicating liquor. The question is a public one, and must be discussed upon public grounds; not as a question between bodies of magistrates and crowds of applicants for licences which magistrates may grant or refuse at their pleasure. Whatever the partiality of the justices—their indisposition or incompetency to act justly as between applicants for licences—the traffic in strong drink concerns the whole community, and is not to be legislated upon without a paramount regard to the rights and interests of the people. Is it fit that that traffic should be encouraged or discouraged? made freer or more restricted? Is it right that the people should be excluded from all share in determining upon the dimensions and continuance of a business that affects all classes, and, indirectly at least, every family in the land? These are fundamental questions, and on the answers they receive will ultimately depend the fate of all proposals such as those entertained by the Liverpool magistrates. The state of Liverpool since they used their magisterial discretion to put their theory into operation, does not recommend the theory to general adoption; and they may yet discover to their surprise that in aiming at a limitation of the magisterial prerogative, they have assisted to gain for the people that control over the licensing system, without which it will continue the instrument of magisterial caprice, or become the blind slave of individual greed. The Liverpool theorists in attacking the lesser evil overlook the other which is by far the more momentous. Against the latter, as well as the former, the public have a right to ask all the protection the law can afford them, and it will not long be denied them when they demand it with earnestness and vigour.

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#### ART. V.—MY HUSBAND'S PARTNER.

WHEN I was married (many years ago now), Walter Kinsman was partner with my husband in his business. They had a tanyard, and were justly considered to be thriving young men, likely to make their fortunes in good time.

The night after we reached home from our wedding tour, Mr. Kinsman was announced. I had heard so much of him that I was rather curious to make his acquaintance, and judge for myself as to his character and ability. My husband rose to receive him with much cordiality. 'Here, Catherine,' he said, taking my hand, 'this is Mr. Kinsman, of whom I have

so often spoke to you.' 'Good evening, Mrs. Fletcher; I am delighted to have the honour of making your acquaintance.' The words were simple and ordinary enough, but I glanced at the speaker as he uttered them, and disliked the face that met my sight. And yet, Walter Kinsman might almost have been called handsome; his bold black eyes, his clear dark complexion, his black curling hair, his well-formed profile, his slight athletic figure (a little under the average height of man), together with a deep masculine voice, musical and ringing in tone, were sufficient to render him admirable to most; but there was something so cynical in his handsome mouth, with its dazzling white teeth, which he showed a good deal in talking and laughing; something so uncongenial and insincere in every flattering speech he made to me, that I turned to the honest good-tempered face of my own dear husband with an added feeling of security and comfort. Perhaps few ladies would have called Charles as good-looking as Walter Kinsman; perhaps most would have criticised his heavier Saxon features; but I only know that his blue eyes, so full of truth, never seemed so welcome to me as when I contrasted them with the black, mischievous, incessantly-roving pair beside them. Mr. Kinsman stayed talking for about an hour, retailing the gossip of the place to us, and descanting on the characters, actions, and appearance of various people far more closely than I have done on his. Amongst other news, he told Charles that he had met a young lady several times, who was staying in the town, and who was, without exception, 'the sweetest little thing he had ever seen.' 'And more than that,' he added, with an oath, 'I am determined to have her.'

I had been carefully brought up, and his language shocked me. 'If I were that young lady, Mr. Kinsman,' I said, 'I should feel quite determined *not* to marry a man who would swear about me.'

'I swear?' he said, while his black eyes turned scornfully on me; 'I beg your pardon, madam, the lady I am speaking of is not a Methodist.'

'I hope all *ladies* (not only Methodists) object to oaths.' I laid an intentional stress on the word *ladies*, and he noticed it.

'I suppose, then,' he said, recovering his good temper, outwardly at least, 'Miss Morris will, for she is a complete lady, so thank you, Mrs. Fletcher, for the hint, and I must endeavour to profit by it.'

'My wife,' said Charles, smiling, 'is a very outspoken lady, but she bears no malice, Kinsman, and I hope you will understand each other all the better for this.'

Walter

Walter Kinsman assented, and rose to go. In order to bear out my husband's words, that I bore no malice, I cordially seconded the invitation Charles gave him to stay to supper; and over the parting glass of grog, Walter Kinsman, who was more quickly excited by alcohol than any other person I ever met with, became positively brilliant, laughed, joked, told tales, talked wittily, and when he once more offended in his language, begged my pardon with such charming humility, that I could scarcely suppress a smile. And then he rose to go with his handsome Spanish face, flushed into a deep glow on either cheek, and as he shook hands with me, said softly, 'Good night, Mrs. Fletcher; I shall put myself into your hands for education, and you will soon make me what I want to be just now, an attractive, wise, sober, gentlemanly companion for a lady.'

'You expect great things of me, Mr. Kinsman,' I answered; 'good night.'

'What do you think of him, Catherine?' said Charles, when he returned to the parlour from parting with his friend.

'I hardly know yet, Charlie,' I said, putting my hand in his, and giving it a tight squeeze; 'I think I should not like to be his wife.'

'Then you don't like him, dear?' There was a little disappointment in my husband's voice, so I hastened to answer:

'I don't know him half enough to judge, Charlie, but he seems very agreeable.' This answer did not satisfy Charles.

'Well, then, I will be honest; I don't think I shall ever *trust* Mr. Kinsman; he seems like a highly polished stone, cold, shining, brilliant, cutting.'

'And yet how well he bore your reproof. By the by, Catherine, it was rather a daring thing of you on so short an acquaintance.'

'You should have broken him of it before, dear husband, and then I need not have so employed myself.'

'I *have* tried once or twice,' replied Charles, 'but it will have a great deal more effect coming from a lady and a stranger.'

'At all events we must not allow swearing amongst our guests, Charlie. It is a most dreadful habit, and a terribly common one amongst young men.'

That was all we said that night about Mr. Kinsman. He was nearly out of my thoughts by the afternoon of the next day, when I sat at the open window of my pretty drawing-room, with a book in my hand, looking at some of my new neighbours as they walked up and down the street, and occasionally turning over a new leaf literally, not metaphorically.

cally. Presently, a couple on horseback attracted my notice. I looked first at the lady, who rode well on a handsome bay horse; she was young, very young apparently, and her light brown hair hung in graceful curls on her shoulders. She appeared to be of middle height, judging from her present exalted position, and under her hat I could see the fair complexion and pink cheeks of a sweet face. She wore a white feather in her hat, and a very dark blue riding habit; her rich silver-mounted whip, her small gloved hand, the handsome harness of her steed, all bespoke the lady of fortune, and I turned to look at her escort; to my great surprise, it was my husband's partner, Walter Kinsman. He looked up to the window, smiled, and bowed politely; then, turning to his fair companion, he seemed to explain this proceeding, and they rode on together up the hill.

That evening we were invited out, and amongst the company were Mr. Kinsman, his sisters, and Miss Morris. I was as much pleased with her as I had expected to be. She appeared simple, gentle, trustful, and affectionate. Her soft eyes of greyish blue were dovelike and beautiful. She was a woman to be worn as the chief ornament of a loving man's life. Was Walter Kinsman good and kind enough for this? Yet she seemed well pleased with him, and love likes contrasts; so I thought, as she sang a duet with him, her clear treble in harmony with his rich bass; and perhaps the haughty self-complacency of the man may be softened and humbled by the subduing holy influence of a true love.

We did not see much of Walter Kinsman for some weeks, excepting one evening which both he and Louie Morris spent at our house; but when she had returned home he took to coming in often in the evenings, finding in us more sympathetic and willing listeners to his love rhapsodies than at home. And I fancied my predictions were becoming verified, that he was more genial, more benevolent, less critical, since he had become so happy; for Louie Morris was now his affianced bride. It was at this time that I gained particulars of her history. She was the only child of a respectable and well-to-do farmer, who had been dead about two years; her fortune was considerable for those days, and in her father's will it had been expressly stated as his wish that her money, at her marriage, should be all settled upon herself.

'I am so annoyed, Mrs. Fletcher, it seems as if I had been too easy lately, and too happy, but the tables are turned for me now.'

It was Walter Kinsman who spoke, and it was now some months since his engagement. My husband had gone out of town,

town, so he had that evening brought in the keys of the office and yard, which were always left at our house.

'What is the matter now, Mr. Kinsman?'

I looked up at him, and saw a black frown on his brow; he was looking rather fierce, and his eyes flashed angrily.

'Matter enough, Mrs. Fletcher; I think a woman might be contented with having had one husband. Here's Louie's mother going to get married again.'

'Louie's mother! Mrs. Morris?' I queried in my astonishment.

'Yes; and the wedding is to come off in a few weeks. 'T won't add to Louie's happiness, I'll be bound; but I would have her all to myself in no time if it wasn't for that plaguey settlement. Louie can be a little obstinate, Mrs. Fletcher (I don't mind telling *you* so), and we've not been quite good friends about her money. I can't bear to see a girl holding her own, apart from her husband; not that I want her money, not a farthing of it. I don't care a fig for the whole sum, interest and all, but I *do* care for her confidence; and if she can't trust me with her money, she can't trust me with herself, that's all.'

I let Walter Kinsman talk on in his impetuosity, knowing or supposing his anger would be soon spent, and then I put in a word:—

'But she thinks she obeys her father most by strictly following his advice, Mr. Kinsman.'

Walter Kinsman only checked himself in the utterance of some improper expression, by a violent effort, and looked gloomily about him.

'I wish you took my part, Mrs. Fletcher, and would persuade Louie,' he said at last; 'she thinks a great deal of what you say.'

'I must counsel her to do what she felt to be right, Mr. Kinsman, whether it agreed with your wishes or not; that is the only way we can possibly decide, if we are Christians.'

'Christians!' he muttered, 'Christians? Well, good night, Mrs. Fletcher; Louie is coming to stay with us in a month or two after this abominable wedding affair is over, and I hope you will do your best for me.'

This I readily promised, and, with a few parting words, Walter Kinsman left.

Nearly three months had passed away since this conversation. Louie Morris had now been in the town some weeks, but I had not yet seen her, for the time had been an eventful one to us. Our little son was born, and the new feelings of joy and happiness we had experienced almost shut out from my  
mind

mind the lovers' quarrel in which I had undertaken to be peacemaker.

But when I was sitting up again, and Charlie told me that Miss Morris had called two or three times to inquire for me, I begged him to invite her to see me on the next visit, as I particularly wished to talk with her. I had only to wait a few days; I was in an easy chair one afternoon by the nursery fire, with baby in my arms, when a low tap at the door was followed by the entrance of Miss Morris.

'How are you, dear Mrs. Fletcher?' she said, coming behind me and stooping over the back of my chair to kiss me. Her voice was so different in tone, so sad and plaintive, that I should hardly have recognised it.

'I am very well, thank you, Louie; come round and look at baby.'

She did so slowly, almost reluctantly, and I saw her eyes were full of tears.

'Why, what is the matter, Louie?'

She only cried on for some minutes, and then said, 'I am so miserable, Mrs. Fletcher; I feel ready to kill myself.'

'Hush! hush! Louie, what is it all about? Come, do tell me.'

'Oh! Walter and I have had a dreadful quarrel, Mrs. Fletcher; he says he won't marry any woman who is afraid of his robbing her, and I tell him I'm not afraid of that, but I wish to do what poor papa would have liked.'

'You are in a great strait, I think, dear,' I said; 'but cheer up, better days are dawning. Walter really loves you.'

'Do you think he does, Mrs. Fletcher?'

'Of course I do; and you really love Walter?'

'You are right there, Mrs. Fletcher,' with another sob and squeeze of her little hands tight together.

'Well, when two people really love each other, and are willing to make up a quarrel again, it only remains for each to give way a little. Suppose you only have part of the money settled, and get Mr. Kinsman to agree to it.'

'I can't; it must be all. He says he doesn't want part of my trust, and I say papa wished all to be settled.'

It was a silly quarrel, and I told her so. I advised her to give way a little, and see if she could not win back Walter's good temper; but, as they were both strong-willed and determined, I feared mischief would ensue. I could only try to change the subject by talking about my boy, and getting her to feel an interest in him. She was fond of children, and would come in very often to nurse and play with baby Charlie.

When



When she returned home the breach had been healed, or rather patched over, and the settlement of the question deferred till the wedding was nearer. Meanwhile, Mr. Woodley, to whom Mrs. Morris had been married, was not a pleasant man, or a kind stepfather to Louie; he was jealous of her position and her money; and, failing to manage her father's farm, gave it up about a year after his marriage and came into the town to live, taking a large shop and commencing the business of a grocer. But his idle, drinking habits brought him no custom, and soon his wife's fortune was considerably lessened, and they sunk rapidly together; Mrs. Woodley also, occasionally, giving way to indulgence in strong drink. It was perfectly natural that Louie should long for another home, and only strange that Walter Kinsman seemed in no hurry to place her in one; but between them there arose a golden spectre, which threw dark shadows on them both.

'When are you going to get married, Kinsman?' asked my husband of his partner.

'When Louie will give in, Fletcher.'

'But, don't you think, Kinsman, the girl is about right? You see what an example she has before her eyes. Her stepfather has well nigh ruined her mother.'

'And you think I should do the same for her? I am much obliged to you, old fellow.'

'Not at all, Kinsman. You mistake me; but I think it is enough to make her more persuaded that she is right.'

In this uncomfortable manner affairs went on. Walter Kinsman's temper grew violent and irascible, he used hard language to Louie, and she spoke bitterly and reproachfully to him.

Near the town where we lived was a beautiful walk for a mile or two by the side of a rocky river. Here it was they (and many other happy pairs of lovers) had frequently loved to linger, and here it was they separated. The oak tree, gnarled and ancient and half decayed, that had heard for hundreds of years the false and true vows whispered with alike apparent truthfulness beneath its shade; the murmuring river that had for generations echoed the sweet voice of woman; the ivy-covered rustic bridge over which so many had crossed, in words and hopes at least, from single to married life, whilst they but spanned the river; all these were witnesses of that bitter, never to be forgotten moment in the lives of Walter Kinsman and Louie Morris. They went together, they returned alone. Joy and happiness, though shaded, had walked out with them; but they left these gay spirits by the river

river side, and at night a black figure of despair stood close to each.

'Never to be reconciled again ; remember that, Walter. I can never believe you love me now.'

'It is my greatest misfortune that I ever did love a woman in whose scales a purse would weigh me down.'

These were not pleasant words to listen to from lips that had once met in the loving kiss of a strong affection, yet these were the last they ever spoke to each other. Louie returned broken-hearted to her quarrelsome, unpeaceful home. Walter Kinsman stayed walking about restlessly all night in scenes that had once been fair and delightful to him, but now were for ever marred ; night hung her dark mantle over his outward form, a fit type of the utter misery that reigned within ; for he had loved Louie more fondly than it was possible to have thought his cold nature would have done, and it had for awhile melted his cynicism ; now, that his love was turned back upon himself, to make him only more bitter, and severe, and satirical than ever.

I know that my husband must have had much to endure from his partner just then, but his heart was so good, and kind, and true, that he bore most patiently the suspicious words and black looks of Walter Kinsman, and pitied, instead of blaming, him. Three or four months slowly passed since the engagement had been broken off. I saw little of either Walter or Louie. Perhaps they dreaded meeting at our house, knowing that it was open to both of them. I think, too, that Walter Kinsman could hardly bear the sweetness of the intercourse existing between Charlie and myself, for he often grew suddenly more gloomy and morose whilst he sat with us ; and to Louie the sight of me in my nursery, amongst my two happy little children, naturally brought many a bitter pang. I saw her one day straining my baby to her breast with an expression almost awful in her young face—so hopeless, and so wretched. After that visit I forbore to ask her into that room, and we talked painfully and constrainedly in the parlours. Once I ventured to mention Louie's name to Walter Kinsman, for I knew the young girl was secretly miserable ; but he would not listen to me. He stood up quivering, and pale with excitement : 'Mrs. Fletcher, if we are still to be friends, I forbid you ever to mention the name of that heartless young coquette, on whom I wasted the strong love of a man's heart and soul, which she did not value.' Then he left the room abruptly, and did not enter it again for weeks. But I heard through our friends that he and Louie were both quite recovering their spirits. She was gayer and  
brighter

brighter than ever, and had danced and sung at this and that party; and he had begun a flirtation with a young lady in the neighbourhood, and appeared likely to succeed in winning her. It was a new and painful idea to me thus to cast off the strong affection of a life, and to feed the poor breaking heart upon husks; but I soon learned, from sad experience, to what cause to attribute the gay spirits of Louie Morris. It was a dull afternoon in winter, just before tea-time, when I was summoned to the drawing room to see her; she jumped from her seat as I entered, and embraced me rather roughly, I thought, compared to her usual gentle, almost timid, caress.

'Dear Mrs. Fletcher,' she said, speaking loudly, 'I have come to take your house by storm. I am going to a party to-night; it will be a delightful time, only I could not get dressed properly at home, for mamma is, well —, I must not say it, you know, but she and the bottle are gone to sleep together; and as for her husband, he is out as usual, and I expect by this time drunk; and I wanted some one to advise me a little to-night. I wish mamma had kept awake till I left her. The servant is bringing a box for me; I hope you will not think me very rude.'

I felt annoyed, and was about to make a womanly answer, showing the disgust I felt at this revelation, but the chord of pity was happily touched, and I answered kindly, 'This way, Louie,' and led her to our spare bedroom. 'You seem too excited to-night, Miss Morris,' I added, as I followed her in, and shut the door.

'I will be honest, Mrs. Fletcher, with you, though no one else knows,' she replied. 'I have found out that wine will put me in capital spirits, and I *can't* stay at home mourning over the past; I should go mad. Mother often advises a little of her drink, but I don't like that much yet.' She saw my horrified look, and added, 'Oh! Mrs. Fletcher, if you had known what I have gone through you would pity me, and not look so angry. Wine has saved me from madness. I look upon it as my only friend, except mamma and you.'

'I should not blame you, Louie,' I replied, 'for taking a little when it is really needed, for of course wine is a most useful medicine [so I then thought]; but it does seem dreadful to go to a party and raise your spirits for the evening by drinking.'

'I have other news for you, Mrs. Fletcher, which you will disapprove of, I suppose; but I may as well tell you, I am going to be married.'

'Not to Wal——,' I began, but Louie shook my arm.

'Hush! hush! I *can't* bear his name.' She sat on a low chair,

chair, and wept hysterically. It was my turn to soothe, and she soon rallied. 'No, Mrs. Fletcher; I am to be married to a gentleman of good property, who lives at Clareport;' she named a large town about thirty miles distant, 'and it will be so good to get off from this dreadful place.' She shuddered.

'But, Louie,' I asked, 'do you *love* this gentleman? for without love, dear, there can be no true happiness in marriage.'

'I don't expect happiness,' she replied evasively; 'I shall be thankful for peace only.'

'Peace, Louie? We can only be peaceful when we do rightly. Is it right to marry a man and not give him your heart?'

'He seems very contented,' she answered, 'and is very kind to me.'

'But will he be so long if his wife does not love him?'

'You are cruel, Mrs. Fletcher; would you rather have me mad?'

I did not answer these passionate words, and Louie presently started up; 'I must make haste, or I shall not be in time. Mr. Hale expects to meet me to-night.'

I sat where Louie Morris had sat, and watched her attire herself before the glass, rendering the little aids one woman can to another. The box had already arrived, and she drew out the pretty white muslin robe and trimmings, and jewellery, and I wondered not at Mr. Hale's kindness and contentment when I saw her arrayed. The false lustre of her eyes, the brilliant hue of her cheeks, the ready witty answer of her tongue, for which she thanked the poison cup of wine, were sufficient to satisfy many men; and I could also imagine, that when Mr. Hale led her down the room, it would blight the pride as well as blanch the cheek of Walter Kinsman, to see and think of her as belonging to another.

Yet the modest tender sweetness of her youth was gone. She was a proud woman now, false to the purity of her nature and her own heart. Yet why should I judge her? Is not her history, like the history of all our erring sisters, more cause for womanly compassion than censorious judgment? How know we that, similarly tempted, we might have stood the storm more bravely? Let our indignation, our anger, be hurled against strong drink, that enemy of all things 'pure, and lovely, and honest, and of good report,' without which Louie Morris would never have fallen so low. In less than a month afterwards the wedding took place. Louie brought Mr. Hale to see me, when she bade me good bye. He was considerably older than herself, a kindly, self-possessed man,  
who

who probably, as a rule, contented himself with the surface of things, and dived but small distance below, but he seemed fond and proud of his betrothed bride, and very anxious to please her. His was not a nature to pour oil and wine into heart wounds, but he would never willingly offend or disturb the outside comfort of his wife. It was a better match than could have been expected, and he was too good a man to be married without love. *Too good*, I say advisedly, for there are a few male flirts who only deserve loveless wives and joyless homes.

Walter Kinsman took no notice to Charlie or myself of Louie's marriage. His time was chiefly passed out of our circle now, and it was whispered that he was a too frequent visitor at the public-houses. After a while, his growing inattention to business made it necessary that my husband should request a dissolution of partnership, as the habits and character of Walter Kinsman were bringing disrepute upon the firm, and it was undesirable that my husband's partner should be a man whom he could not allow to associate freely with his wife and family. A dreadful disturbance ensued, as I felt sure it would. Walter Kinsman abused my husband, swore at him, and threatened him, but Charles was as firm as he was kind when right and justice were at stake, and he pointed out to his partner, clearly and plainly, the loss of confidence in them which was daily becoming apparent, both from their customers and the firms with which they dealt. For some weeks Walter Kinsman obstinately refused to withdraw, and when at last he did so, it was with unkind words upon his lips, and a bitter feeling of enmity in his heart against my husband. So it came to pass that the friendly intercourse which had existed between us was entirely cut off, and the remaining facts of his history I only obtained from others. He possessed a small income inherited from his father, and with this and the capital withdrawn from the tanyard, he determined to get more for the satisfying of his naturally ambitious nature. He departed from the town with a wife whom he had married out of spite soon after Louie's marriage to Mr. Hale, a woman of low, degraded mind and manners, who could only be a companion to him in his worst pursuits, and of whom he had boasted to Charles that he married 'her to save the expense of a housekeeper.'

'But you will find that a wife justly expects many things a mere housekeeper would not,' said Charles, smiling.

'My wife needs not expect more, but less,' he answered savagely.

The pair went abroad, and in German watering-places and  
French

French cities, carried on a system of gambling that would have imprisoned or transported them in England. Two wretched children were born to be the companions of their parents in evil-doing. Has death met them there? and when he advanced, not as a white winged angel of hope, but as a black shrouded spectre of terror and despair, did conscience whisper to Walter Kinsman, the once gay, handsome, clever man, the once beloved object of a fond woman's heart, that life had been wasted, eternity darkened, and God dishonoured through his unbending pride?

I must return to the fate of poor Louie Hale. It was not long before her husband discovered the secret sin to which his wife was addicted, not long before he found her drunk, not long before he heard her confess in times of half-stupefied intoxication, her love for Walter Kinsman, and her carelessness in regard to himself. A more passionate man would have been excited to jealousy; a less kind man might have left her to herself; but he gravely reasoned with her in her sober senses, and tried to implant the love that had never existed in her heart for him. She was not thus to be won. Not even when innocent babyhood nestled in her bosom did the old tenderness revive. She never loved her children with more than mere animal affection, hardly with that. Once, when he brought her over to see her friends with their eldest child, a fine little boy of five years, Mr. and Mrs. Hale called upon us. It was pitiful to see the change in the man's honest face, as he looked at Louie, no longer with the kind, loving glance of old times, but sadly, as if he had never received and now did not expect consideration from her; and when I praised the boy to Louie and expected her words of interest about him, it was Mr. Hale who spoke. 'He is a very dear child, Mrs. Fletcher; but I don't think my wife is very proud of him.'

'I never did care about children,' said Mrs. Hale, and turned the subject.

Another five years passed, and Louie Hale had left her husband's home to become an abandoned wanderer in the streets of Clareport. The disappointed Mr. Hale, unable to bear the disgrace in his native town, sold his business at a great sacrifice, and went to live in London in seclusion, leaving a friend to dispense a weekly sum to his wife, which she generally sent a companion to receive. For a while Louie lived in guilty splendour, then she sank lower and lower, through every step of her downward path carrying in her tight embrace the instrument of her ruin—the bottle—till she came to a neglected death-bed, in a lonely garret, and a dishonoured grave.

Do



Do you wonder that whenever I think about my husband's partner and the sad love-story between himself and Louie Morris, I feel I can never do too much to root out the drinking customs from my country? Self-reproach lends me zeal. If I had only warned that young girl more earnestly against wine, if I had only known that it was wrong to take any, how much good I might have done to her. Oh! my sisters, you who understand these matters as I do now, on whom the glorious light of the great temperance reformation has shone, take heed that you use the influence it gives you to the well-being of your fellow-creatures and the glory of your God. There is no enemy so dangerous to a weak, a sorrowing, or a tempted woman as strong drink; no means so well adapted to bring her away from the path of holiness and purity, and lead her to the habitations of darkness and misery and death.

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### THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS, 1865.

**T**HE ninth, or 'Sheffield,' Congress of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, was opened on Wednesday, the 4th, and closed on Wednesday, the 11th of October. The Presidential Address, delivered by the Right Hon. Lord Brougham, ranged, as usual, over a universe of topics; not forgetting the Co-operative Movement, which his lordship reported to be still progressing at a rate limited, indeed, by the increased vigour of the rules agreed to, and the arrangements enforced with the view to profit, but therefore limited not altogether without advantage. His lordship remarked that the strong recommendations given at York to employ co-operation in agriculture, and the signal success of Mr. Gordon's experiments in Suffolk, had had their effect in Ireland, where, on the Vandaleur property, no doubt equal success would have followed, but for the unfortunate insolvency of the landlord. As far as it went, nothing could be more satisfactory. Mr. Craig, its able superintendent, had stated that when the co-operation had been continued some time, the greatest improvement had taken place, both in the comfort and the moral condition of the inhabitants, who had in the first instance felt very hostile, and had even carried their opposition to the length of actual breach of the peace. His lordship added, with justice, that the cause of co-operation in all its branches owed almost everything to Mr. Henry Pitman, whose constant exertions and self-sacrifice could not be too gratefully acknowledged by all co-operative societies, and who required their efforts to aid him in his great work, the conduct of 'The Co-operator.' Nothing could be more gratifying in all respects than the spread and success of co-operation, both as regarded the comfort and the improvement of the people; and if the middle classes had gained much, the working classes had had a larger share of the benefit. It must ever be kept in mind that the primary object of co-operation was self-help—the enabling the working man to obtain his goods of the best quality, and at the lowest price, to gain his fair wages, and to secure his share in the profits arising from his labour. The poor man's gains were as far as possible to be employed in the education of his children, and his own improvement. In this he might be assisted by his wealthier neighbours in providing for his relaxation and social intercourse during the hours of his rest. The want of room in his house often obliged him to attend a club; therefore the best assistance that could be rendered him was to facilitate the forming of clubs, which, among other advantages, had the great merit of coming in competition with the alehouse.

Sir R. J. Phillimore, D.C.L., President of the Department of Jurisprudence and the Amendment of the Law, opened the general business of that section by reading a paper on the Codification of the Laws of this Country. The

The Education Department was presided over by Thos. Chambers, Esq., Q.C., M.P., nominated to that function in the unavoidable absence of the Dean of Winchester, who was the President-elect.

In the Public Health Department, Dr. Edwin Lankester, M.D., F.R.S., the President, in the course of his opening address, spoke of the power and value of water. Without water, he said very truly, no chemical change can take place in a living body. A large number of animals have their existence determined by water. Water enters into the composition of all organic beings. A man weighing 154lbs. contains 111lbs. of water in his tissues, and the oxygen that vitalises these is conveyed by water. The starch, the fat, the protein necessary to the existence of animals, are all digested, absorbed, and conveyed to the tissues by water. These substances, through whose chemical change life is possible, are decomposed in the presence of water; and it is by the same vehicle that the products of this decomposition are carried off. All the higher animals drink water for this very purpose, and the adult human being, on an average, in one form or another, drinks from 70 to 80 ounces of water a day. Water is the most potent of chemical agents; its solvent powers are equal to those of aquafortis or oil of vitriol, and it associates itself in nature with a vast variety of compounds with which it comes into contact in the external world. It dissolves both organic and inorganic matters; hence it may become so contaminated as to be unfitted for the purposes of life. From the inorganic world it may take up the salts of lime, iron, lead, and other compounds, in such quantities that when received into the human body, it is not only unfit for healthy life, but it may become the source of immediate disease or death. Like the air, it may become the medium of introducing those definite organic poisons, which, kindling similar poisons in the living system, are at once the source of disease to others, and the death of the individual suffering from their action. Hence the inquiries of the Department embraced the means of supplying to every individual a sufficient quantity of pure water for his healthy existence. But water had other than this fundamental relation to the life of man. Man is a washing, cooking, and manufacturing animal; and wherever water is used in these relations, so as to affect his health, the question raised is one that belongs to the Department of Public Health.

With reference to 'nervous stimulants,' Dr. Lankester said, the extent to which substances that addressed the nervous system might be taken with impunity was a question occupying the attention of some of our most distinguished physiologists; and whilst at the present moment science could not be said to have pronounced on the question, there was no doubt of the fact that one of the most terrible scourges of the human race was the tendency to indulge 'to excess' in drinking alcoholic beverages. The vices of tobacco smoking, chewing, and snuffing, with opium and hemp eating, exerted but little evil as compared with the terrible vice of drunkenness. There were many there, Dr. Lankester said, who would feel that the interdiction of these beverages was not the sound conclusion of social science. Dr. Lankester did not add, as he might have done with truth, that not a few felt that it was. But all, he said, must acknowledge the value, in a scientific point of view, of the large body of facts which had been presented by total abstainers from alcohol, who had thus demonstrated that the consumption of fermented liquors is not necessary for the maintenance of health or strength.

In the Department of Economy and Trade, Edwin Chadwick, Esq., C.B., was President, and delivered a very interesting address on the Loss of Life and Property by Shipwrecks. The greater portion of this loss is preventible, and much of it would be precluded, but for the premium on carelessness and inefficiency held out by the system of insurance.

Coming now to the subsequent business of the Departments, and reverting to Department First, we note that a division was made here into three main sections, International Law, Municipal Law, and the Repression of Crime: and that in consequence of the large number of papers read, sub-sections were formed to discuss the Patent Law, the Licensing System, and other special questions. In the International Law Section, the question was discussed, 'Is it desirable to establish a uniform law of freight? and if so, on what principles?' A draft *projet de loi* with respect to freight, prepared by Messrs. Theodore Engels and Edward Van Pebarch, representing the Belgian Government at the York Congress, was considered, amended, and so carried. In the Municipal Law Section, three special

special questions were placed for discussion:—(1.) Upon what principle should the Bankrupt Law of England be amended? (2.) Is it expedient to remove any and what of the remaining restrictions on the admissibility of evidence in civil and criminal cases? (3.) Upon what principle should local courts be constituted with reference to extent of jurisdiction and system of procedure? The first of these questions was mooted by George Moffatt, Esq., M.P., chairman of the Select Parliamentary Committee on Bankruptcy Law. The discussion on his paper filled up the day, and was shared in by Lord Brougham, Mr. Hadfield, M.P., Mr. Hawes, Dr. Pankhurst, Mr. Cox (Recorder of Falmouth), and others, by whom great variety of view was manifested. The second question was opened up in a paper read by Alfred Waddilove, D.C.L., and was discussed in conjunction with another introduced by Mr. G. J. Holyoake, on Excluded Evidence. The third question was introduced in a paper by Mr. A. J. Williams. Mr. H. J. Leppos and Mr. James Hall afterwards read papers on Tribunals of Commerce, and Mr. Notley one on Bankrupt Law Amendment; which topics were all discussed together. Amongst other matters treated of were the enabling of Parliamentary electors voluntarily to withdraw their names from the local registry, and form unanimous constituencies, as discoursed upon by Mr. Thomas Hare; a plurality of votes, by Mr. Macfie; the affiliation of illegitimate children, by Mr. John Guest; the necessity for the inviolate preservation of trial by jury of all questions of fact involving the status of the subject, by Miss Sheddon; and the abolition of capital punishment, by Mr. William Tallack, who read a paper on the practical results of the total or partial abolition of death-punishment in various countries, founded on most recent and authentic information.

In the third section of the Department of Jurisprudence, the Rev. W. L. Clay and Mr. T. B. L. Baker read papers on the first special question previously laid out, regarding the desirability of establishing reformatories for adult criminals. Mr. Frederick Hill and Mr. Baker furnished papers on the second special question, 'Does the present administration of the Poor-law create any obstacles to the reform of criminals and the repression of crime; and, if so, how could such obstacles be removed?' Mr. F. Hill, Captain Cartwright, Mr. Grindley, Mr. A. O. Charles, and Mr. Hastings joined in discussion on this topic. Mr. Murray Brown and Mr. Baker contributed papers on the third special question, 'What means is it desirable to adopt to prevent the passing of sentences inadequate to the proper repression of crime?' This matter, too, was discussed largely. Amongst the other papers read was one by Miss Carpenter, on the Consolidation of the Reformatory Schools' Acts, and also of the Industrial Schools' Acts.

In the second, or Educational Department also, three special questions came up for discussion:—(1.) What better provision ought to be made for the education of girls of the upper and middle classes? (2.) What further regulations of the labour of children are required to promote their education? (3.) Does or does not the present mode of Government payment for particular subjects promote the efficiency of education in primary schools? The first of these was opened in a paper written by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, followed by others by Miss D. Beale and Miss M. Wolstenholme. The discussion which ensued seemed to end in affirming that girls should be admitted to the University local examinations; that certificates of competency should be granted to such as purposed to become teachers; that endowed schools for girls should be founded throughout the country; and that there should be a greater assimilation of the girls' course of instruction to that of boys, and an examination by public examiners. On the second special question papers were put in by Mr. Tuffnell, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Craig. Mr. Wilson sought to show the inapplicability of protective legislation to the juvenile labour of Sheffield, but was stoutly combated by Professor Hancock, Mr. E. Chadwick, and others. At the end of the discussion, the Department unanimously agreed to recommend to the Standing Committee of the Association:—(1.) That the most practicable way of carrying out the recommendations of the Children's Employment Commissioners would be to enable the Privy Council to extend the factory legislation to different trades where women and young persons are employed, with such appropriate regulations as may be suited to each trade. (2.) That the rate of mortality in every trade, where there is alleged excessive mortality, should be calculated for each large town and district by the Registrar-General, and published. The Rev. G. H. Fagan read a paper on Rural Schools, and Mr.

Mr. John Paton another on the teachers' view of payment by results; and there was a concurrence of opinion that the Revised Code was injurious, as tending to impair the education of the working classes, in discouraging all its branches except mere reading, writing, and arithmetic. The claims of ragged schools on Government for pecuniary aid, without the enforcement of the educational tests of the Revised Code, occupied the Education Department a whole day. Miss Carpenter, in an interesting paper, contended that one-half of the cost of ragged schools should be cheerfully, because it would be profitably, borne by the State; but this view was combated by the Rev. W. L. Clay, on the ground that it would be unjust for the State to afford advantages to the semi-criminal which it did not give to the honest and industrious; that ragged schools induced parents to evade responsibilities; and that Government ought to compel school attendance in the case of unemployed children. Mr. E. Brotherton, of Manchester, explained the excellent method of the Manchester Education Aid Society, which pays school fees for children of families not earning more than 3s. per head per week, but finds that one-third of the eligible class decline the proffered aid through sheer apathy. After a discussion, it was unanimously agreed 'That this section, being convinced of the existence of a large and growing number of children who are unable, from very varied reasons, to enter any schools at present existing, and who are, therefore, constantly increasing the pauper and criminal classes of the community, would earnestly request the Council of the Association to press upon the Government the need of full inquiry being made into the extent of this class and their circumstances, and also of the amount of pecuniary aid needed to give efficiency to such schools as are intended to meet the wants of those for whom no provision is at present made by any of the educational appliances receiving Government help, and of prompt action being taken in accordance with the conditions thus ascertained.'

In the third Department, also, that of Health,—three special questions, according to programme, were submitted for discussion:—(1.) In what way can the unnecessary exposure of workmen to dangers of life or health be best avoided, especially in collieries, mines, and manufactories? (2.) What are the best means of preventing the spread of contagious diseases? (3.) To what extent can the contamination of air in towns be diminished? Amongst the papers read were those by Mr. P. H. Holland (who opened the first special question), Dr. Lankester (who opened the second), and Dr. Angus Smith and Dr. Stevenson McAdam (who read papers on the third); by Dr. J. C. Hall, on the effect of certain Sheffield trades on life and health; by Mr. W. P. Maddison, on the prevention of colliery accidents; by Dr. O'Callaghan, Mr. H. Jackson, and Dr. G. Milroy, on cholera; by Professor Gamgee, on the cattle disease; by the Rev. H. Moule, on dry surface earth as a deodorizer, and on the removal of excrementitious matter; by Rev. W. H. Channing, on operations of the United States Sanitary Commission; on death-rates of rural and urban districts contrasted, by Alderman G. L. Saunders, of Sheffield; on the Local Government Act of 1858, by Mr. J. Jones; on infanticide, by Mrs. M. A. Baines; on the danger of deterioration of race from the too rapid increase of great cities, by Dr. J. C. Morgan; and on the moral treatment of insanity, by Mr. J. A. Blake, M.P. The discussion on the cattle murrain was particularly lively.

Three special questions were prescribed, also, for the fourth, or Economy and Trade, Department:—(1.) What are the best means of establishing a system of authoritative arbitration between employers and employed in cases of strikes and lock-outs? (2.) Can the principles of co-operation be profitably applied to production; and, if so, under what conditions? (3.) Is it desirable to consolidate the existing railways of the United Kingdom into one system under Government control? On the first question, no formal resolutions were passed; but the most approved opinion seemed to be against the possibility of establishing any authoritative arbitration between employers and employed. On the second, a long discussion followed the reading of a paper by Mr. J. G. Holyoake, on the New Partnership of Industry; Rev. H. Solly, Rev. S. A. Steinthal, Mr. E. O. Greening, Mr. T. Webster, Q.C., and others took part in this. On the third special question, papers were supplied by Mr. Edwin Hill and Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, and much discussion ensued. Amongst other papers read in this section, were those on the game laws, by Mr. G. Hope; on road locomotives, by Mr. T. Areling; on working men's clubs, by the Rev. H. Solly; on municipal savings' banks, by Mr. J. Raynor;

Rayner; on the evil effects of the modern system of usury, by Mr. G. Hurst; on benefit societies, by Mr. H. W. Ibbotson; on chambers of commerce, by Mr. P. R. Rathbone; and on free trade and customs and excise duties, by Mr. C. E. Macqueen, of the Financial Reform Association.

If our summary of the Congress ended here, it might be supposed that the liquor-traffic question received no attention from the Congress at Sheffield; and this would be a very erroneous supposition. Six papers bore directly on this question. The Rev. T. Hutton, of Stilton, had one on 'Some Prison Statistics, with Notes and Observations on the Causes of Crime.' Mr. Councillor Tatham, of Leeds, had another on 'Local Taxation, its Causes, and Suggested Means for its Diminution.' The Rev. Dawson Burns supplied a paper on 'The Licensing System and the Permissive Veto,' and the Rev. T. Hutton another on 'The Licensing System.' There were, moreover, two papers by Dr. Martin, of Warrington, on 'The Amendment of the Licensing System,' and the Sunday Closing of Public-houses.' Of the six, the first was read in the Repression of Crime Section of the Jurisprudence Department. The second was discussed in the Department of Economy and Trade. For the remainder, a special section was provided, over which E. Chadwick, Esq., C.B., presided. The Rev. D. Burns's paper on the Permissive Veto was read for him by Mr. J. H. Raper; and the Rev. Mr. Hutton's second paper by the Rev. S. A. Steinthal. After Dr. Martin had read his on the Amendment of the Licensing System, a discussion was joined in by the Rev. H. Solly, of London; Mr. Teulon, J.P., of London; Mr. J. W. Clegg, of Sheffield; Mr. E. Chadwick; Rev. S. A. Steinthal, of Manchester; Rev. Dr. Gale, of Treborough; Mr. J. H. Raper, of Manchester; Rev. J. Clark, of Salford; Mr. E. Whitwell, of Kendal; and Dr. Martin, of Warrington. Lord Brougham was present during part of the time.

The evils of the drinking customs were of necessity made prominent in all the discussions affecting the masses of the people. In the second and third Departments, and in the Repression of Crime Section of the first, repeated references were made to them, and openings as they occurred were availed of by Mr. Smith (of Sheffield), Rev. J. Clark, Mr. E. O. Greening, and others. A great public meeting, under the auspices of the United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic, was held on Monday evening, October 9th, in the Temperance Hall at Sheffield, and was largely and respectably attended. Mr. G. W. Hastings, the general secretary of the Social Science Association, was voted into the chair, and speeches were delivered by him and others, including the Rev. S. A. Steinthal, Dr. F. R. Lees, Mr. Whitwell, Rev. Dr. Gale, Mr. J. H. Raper, and Miss Carpenter. This excellent lady's address was listened to with almost breathless interest, partly because the opportunity of hearing her on such an occasion has very seldom been afforded, but chiefly because of the weight attaching to the conclusions of so observant, so painstaking, and so conscientious a philanthropist. She said:—

'I have come to Sheffield to endeavour to excite the association to urge upon the Government more provision for the education of the miserable children who swarm about in my city of Bristol, needy, naked, miserable, dirty, ragged children. They swarm also in Manchester and Liverpool, and I have no doubt that you have them also in Sheffield. I have come earnestly to entreat the association to endeavour to do something for the education of these children. I have been working now for more than nineteen years for these children—(loud cheers)—and I have felt myself more glad than I can express when I have seen some of them brought up to be respectable members of society. (Cheers.) Why were these children brought into a position in which they required to be taken into ragged schools? I have in my mind five children whom I saw fifteen years ago in that wretched state. Why were they so? Was it because their father could not get any work? or because he was so low and ignorant, or because he had a bad wife that would not endeavour to do her duty? I went to visit them; and there was not a single article of furniture in their house—not a chair to sit upon, or a table upon which to place any meat. Why was this? It was because the father, who was a clever tradesman, and could make good wages, was a drunkard. (Hear, hear.) It has been said by some that if the fathers are bad it is wrong to encourage them by educating the children. That is not my doctrine. I think if the fathers and mothers are bad, we have a double interest in trying to help the poor children. (Cheers.) It is a fact that if temperance were more prevalent in our midst, working men and

women

women would strive to abstain themselves from intoxication; and if they were to do more to endeavour to spread temperance around them—if they were to try with one voice to get this Permissive Bill through Parliament—(loud cheers)—I believe there would be no need for these ragged schools. (Cheers.) I will only add this small testimony to the very strong ones which have been given you, that I positively know, by the experience of nineteen years, that a very large proportion of the misery that is endured in this country is owing to intemperance; and, therefore, I have been a pledged teetotaler for I cannot tell how long—(loud cheers)—and I have also joined the Alliance. (Renewed cheers.)

The statements of Miss Carpenter were given with such clearness and earnestness that some of her friends, surrounding her at the close of the meeting, secured the promise of an address to ladies, which was fulfilled subsequently in the Mechanics' Hall, before a very numerous female auditory, to whom she spoke on 'The Importance of Female Influence in support of Temperance and the Band of Hope Movement.' The Executive Council of the Alliance endeavoured to reach all the members and associates by causing to be presented to each, on entering the Music Hall, at the general meeting of the association held on Tuesday morning, October 10th, a packet of documents full of information on the liquor-traffic question.

The working men's meeting, in connection with the Congress, was held on Thursday evening, October 5th; it was densely crowded. Lord Brougham, Mr. G. W. Hastings, Mr. T. Chambers, C.C., M.P.; Dr. Lankester, Mr. G. Godwin, Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P.; Professor Fawcett, M.P., and others, took prominent parts in the proceedings. The concluding meeting of members and associates was held in the Music Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, October 11th. The report of the Council and the sectional reports were read, the usual votes of thanks were distributed, and the Congress adjourned for twelve months, to reassemble in Manchester.

## THE INDIA-RUBBER MAN.

(From the 'North American Review'.)

Some of our readers may have heard Daniel Webster relate the story of the India-rubber cloak and hat which one of his New York friends sent him at Marshfield in the infancy of the manufacture. He took the cloak to the piazza one cold morning, when it instantly became as rigid as sheet-iron. Finding that it stood alone, he placed the hat upon it, and left the articles standing near the front door. Several of his neighbours who passed, seeing a dark and portly figure there, took it for the lord of the mansion, and gave it a respectful salutation. The same articles were liable to an objection still more serious. In the sun, even in cool weather, they became sticky, while on a hot day they would melt entirely away to the consistency of molasses. Every one remembers the thick and ill-shaped India-rubber shoes of twenty years ago, which had to be thawed out under the stove before they could be put on, and which, if left under the stove too long, would dissolve into gum that no household art could ever harden again. Some decorous gentlemen among us can also remember that, in the nocturnal combats of their college days, a flinty India-rubber shoe, in cold weather, was a missive weapon of a highly effective character.

Who would have thought to find a romance in the history of India-rubber? We are familiar with the stories of poor and friendless men, possessed with an idea and pursuing their object, amid obloquy, neglect, and suffering, to the final triumph, of which final triumph other men reaped the substantial reward, leaving to the discoverer the barren glory of his achievement,—and that glory obscured by detraction. Columbus is the representative man of that illustrious order. We trust to be able to show that Charles Goodyear is entitled to a place in it. Whether we consider the prodigious and unforeseen importance of his discovery, or his scarcely paralleled devotion to his object, in the face of the most disheartening obstacles, we feel it to be due to his memory, to his descendants, and to the public, that his story should be told.

Patent leather suggested the first American attempt to turn India-rubber to  
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account. Mr. E. M. Chaffee, foreman of a Boston patent leather factory, conceived the idea, in 1830, of spreading India-rubber upon cloth, hoping to produce an article which should possess the good qualities of patent leather, with the additional one of being waterproof. In the deepest secrecy he experimented for several months. By dissolving a pound of India-rubber in three quarts of spirits of turpentine, and adding lampblack enough to give it the desired colour, he produced a composition which he supposed would perfectly answer the purpose. He invented a machine for spreading it, and made some specimens of cloth, which had every appearance of being a very useful article. The surface, after being dried in the sun was firm and smooth; and Mr. Chaffee supposed, and his friends agreed with him, that he had made an invention of the utmost value. At this point he invited a few of the solid men of Roxbury to look at his specimens and listen to his statements. He convinced them. The result of the conference was the Roxbury India-rubber Company, incorporated in February, 1833, with a capital of thirty thousand dollars.

The progress of this company was amazing. Within a year its capital was increased to two hundred and forty thousand dollars. Before another year had expired, this was increased to three hundred thousand; and in the year following, to four hundred thousand. The company manufactured the cloth invented by Mr. Chaffee, and many articles made of that cloth, such as coats, caps, wagon curtains and coverings. Shoes, made without fibre, were soon introduced. Nothing could be better than the appearance of these articles when they were new. They were in the highest favour, and were sold more rapidly than the company could manufacture them. The astonishing prosperity of the Roxbury Company had its natural effect in calling into existence similar establishments in other towns.

It was when the business had reached this flourishing stage that Charles Goodyear, a bankrupt hardware merchant of Philadelphia, first had his attention directed to the material upon which it was founded. In 1834, being in New York on business, he chanced to observe the sign of the Roxbury Company, which then had a depot in that city. He had been reading in the newspapers, not long before, descriptions of the new life-preservers made of India-rubber, an application of the gum that was much extolled. Curiosity induced him to enter the store to examine the life-preservers. He bought one and took it home with him.

Upon examining his life-preserver, an improvement in the inflating apparatus occurred to him. When he was next in New York he explained his improvement to the agent of the Roxbury Company, and offered to sell it. The agent, struck with the ingenuity displayed in the new contrivance, took the inventor into his confidence, partly by way of explaining why the company could not then buy the improved tube, but principally with a view to enlist the aid of an ingenious mind in overcoming a difficulty that threatened the company with ruin. He told him that the prosperity of the India-rubber companies in the United States was wholly fallacious. The Roxbury Company had manufactured vast quantities of shoes and fabrics in the cool months of 1833 and 1834, which had been readily sold at high prices; but during the following summer, the greater part of them had melted. Twenty thousand dollars' worth had been returned, reduced to the consistency of common gum, and emitting an odour so offensive that they had been obliged to bury it. New ingredients had been employed, new machinery applied, but still the articles would dissolve. In some cases shoes had borne the heat of one summer, and melted the next. The wagon covers became sticky in the sun, and rigid in the cold. The directors were at their wits' end;—since it required two years to test a new process, and meanwhile they knew not whether the articles made by it were valuable or worthless. If they stopped manufacturing, that was certain ruin. If they went on, they might find the product of a whole winter dissolving on their hands. The capital of the company was already so far exhausted, that, unless the true method were speedily discovered, it would be compelled to wind up its affairs. The agent urged Mr. Goodyear not to waste time upon minor improvements, but to direct all his efforts to finding out the secret of successfully working the material itself. The company could not buy his improved inflator; but let him learn how to make an India-rubber that would stand the summer's heat, and there was scarcely any price which it would not gladly give for the secret.

The two millions of dollars lost by these companies had one result which has proved to be worth many times that sum; it led Charles Goodyear to undertake  
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the investigation of India-rubber. That chance conversation with the agent of the Roxbury Company fixed his destiny. If he were alive to read these lines, he would, however, protest against the use of such a word as *chance* in this connection. He really appears to have felt himself 'called' to study India-rubber. He says himself:—

'From the time that his attention was first given to the subject, a strong and abiding impression was made upon his mind, that an object so desirable and important, and so necessary to man's comfort, as the making of gum-elastic available to his use, was most certainly placed within his reach. Having this presentiment, of which he could not divest himself under the most trying adversity, he was stimulated with the hope of ultimately attaining this object.

'Beyond this he would refer the whole to the great Creator, who directs the operations of mind to the development of the properties of matter, in His own way, at the time when they are specially needed, influencing some mind for every work or calling. . . . Were he to refrain from expressing his views thus briefly, he would ever feel that he had done violence to his sentiments.'

This is modestly said, but his friends assure us that he felt it earnestly and habitually. It was, indeed, this steadfast conviction of the possibility of attaining his object, and his religious devotion to it, that constituted his capital in his new business. He had little knowledge of chemistry, and an aversion to complicated calculations. He was a ruined man; for after a long struggle with misfortune the firm of A. Goodyear and Sons had surrendered their all to their creditors, and still owed thirty thousand dollars. He had a family, and his health was not robust. Upon returning home after conversing with the agent of the Roxbury Company, he was arrested for debt, and compelled to reside within the prison limits. He melted his first pound of India-rubber while he was living within those limits, and struggling to keep out of the gaol itself. Thus he began his experiments in circumstances as little favourable as can be imagined. There were only two things in his favour. One was his conviction that India-rubber *could* be subjugated, and that he was the man destined to subjugate it. The other was, that, India-rubber having fallen to its old price, he could continue his labours as long as he could raise five cents and procure access to a fire. The very odium in which business men held India-rubber, though it long retarded his final triumph, placed an abundance of the native gum within the means even of an inmate of the debtors' prison, in which he often was during the whole period of his experimenting. He was seldom out of gaol a whole year from 1835 to 1841, and never out of danger of arrest.

In a small house in Philadelphia, in the winter of 1834-35, he began his investigations. He melted his gum by the domestic fire, kneaded it with his own hands, spread it upon a marble slab, and rolled it with a rolling-pin. A prospect of success flattered him from the first and lured him on. He was soon able to produce sheets of India-rubber which appeared as firm as those imported, and which tempted a friend to advance him a sum of money sufficient to enable him to manufacture several hundred pairs of shoes. He succeeded in embossing his shoes in various patterns, which gave them a novel and elegant appearance. Mindful, however, of the disasters of the Roxbury Company, he had the prudence to store his shoes until the summer. The hot days of June reduced them all to soft and stinking paste. His friend was discouraged, and refused him further aid. For his own part, such experiences as this, though they dashed his spirits for a while, stimulated him to new efforts.

It now occurred to him, that perhaps it was the turpentine used in dissolving the gum, or the lampblack employed to colour it, that spoiled his product. He esteemed it a rare piece of luck to procure some barrels of the sap, not smoked, and still liquid. On going to the shed where the precious sap was deposited, he was accosted by an Irishman in his employ, who, in high glee, informed him that he had discovered the secret, pointing to his overalls, which he had dipped into the sap, and which were nicely coated with firm India-rubber. For a moment he thought that Jerry might have blundered into the secret. The man, however, sat down on a barrel near the fire, and, on attempting to rise, found himself glued to his seat and his legs stuck together. He had to be cut out of his overalls. The master proceeded to experiment with the sap, but soon discovered that the handsome white cloth made of it bore the heat no better than that which was produced in the usual manner.

Philadelphia

Philadelphia has always been noted for its chemists and its chemical works, and that city still supplies the greater part of the country with manufactured drugs and chemists' materials. Nevertheless, though Goodyear explained his difficulties to professors, physicians, and chemists, none of them could give him valuable information: none suggested an experiment that produced a useful result. We know not, indeed, whether science has ever explained his final success.

Satisfied that nothing could be done with India-rubber pure and simple, he concluded that a compound of some substance with India-rubber could alone render the gum available. He was correct in this conjecture, but it remained to be discovered whether there was such a substance in nature. He tried everything he could think of. For a short time he was elated with the result of his experiments with magnesia, mixing half a pound of magnesia with a pound of gum. This compound had the advantage of being whiter than the pure sap. It was so firm that he used it as leather in the binding of a book. In a few weeks, however, he had the mortification of seeing his elegant book-covers fermenting and softening. Afterwards, they grew as hard and brittle as shell, and so they remain to this day.

By this time, the patience of his friends and his own little fund of money were both exhausted; and, one by one, the relics of his former prosperity, even to his wife's trinkets, found their way to the pawnbroker. He was a sanguine man, as inventors need to be, always feeling that he was on the point of succeeding. The very confidence with which he announced a new conception served at length to close all ears to his solicitations. In the second year of his investigation he removed his family to the country, and went to New York, in quest of some one who had still a little faith in India-rubber. His credit was then at so low an ebb that he was obliged to deposit with the landlord a quantity of linen, spun by his excellent wife. It was never redeemed. It was sold at auction to pay the first quarter's rent; and his furniture also would have been seized, but that he had taken the precaution to sell it himself in Philadelphia, and had placed in his cottage articles of too little value to tempt the hardest creditor.

In New York,—the first resort of the enterprising and the last refuge of the unfortunate,—he found two old friends; one of whom lent him a room in Gold-street, for a laboratory, and the other, a druggist, supplied him with materials on credit. Again his hopes were flattered by an apparent success. By boiling his compound of gum and magnesia in quicklime and water, an article was produced which seemed to be all that he could desire. Some sheets of India-rubber made by this process drew a medal at the fair of the American Institute, in 1835, and were much commended in the newspapers. Nothing could exceed the smoothness and firmness of the surface of these sheets; nor have they to this day been surpassed in these particulars. He obtained a patent for the process, manufactured a considerable quantity, sold his product readily, and thought his difficulties were at an end. In a few weeks his hopes were dashed to the ground. He found that a drop of weak acid, such as apple juice or vinegar and water, instantly annihilated the effect of the lime, and made the beautiful surface of his cloth sticky.

Undaunted, he next tried the experiment of mixing quicklime with pure gum. He tells us that, at this time, he used to prepare a gallon jug of quicklime at his room in Gold-street, and carry it on his shoulder to Greenwich Village, distant three miles, where he had access to horse-power for working his compound. This experiment, too, was a failure. The lime in a short time appeared to consume the gum with which it was mixed, leaving a substance that crumbled to pieces.

Accident suggested his next process, which, though he knew it not, was a step towards his final success. Except his almost unparalleled perseverance, the most marked trait in the character of this singular man was his love for beautiful forms and colours. An incongruous garment or decoration upon a member of his family, or anything tawdry or ill-arranged in a room, gave him positive distress. Accordingly, we always find him endeavouring to decorate his India-rubber fabrics. It was in bronzing the surface of some India-rubber drapery that the accident happened to which we have referred. Desiring to remove the bronze from a piece of the drapery, he applied aquafortis for the purpose, which did indeed have the effect desired, but it also discoloured the fabric and appeared to spoil it. He threw away the piece as useless. Several days after, it occurred to him that he had not sufficiently examined the effect of the aquafortis, and, hurrying to his room, he was fortunate enough to find it again. A remarkable change appeared to have been made

made in the India-rubber. He does not seem to have been aware that aquafortis is two-fifths sulphuric acid. Still less did he ever suspect that the surface of his drapery had really been 'vulcanised.' All he knew was, that India-rubber cloth 'cured,' as he termed it, by aquafortis, was incomparably superior to any previously made, and bore a degree of heat that rendered it available for many valuable purposes.

He was again a happy man. A partner, with ample capital, joined him. He went to Washington and patented his process. He showed his specimens to President Jackson, who expressed in writing his approval of them. Returning to New York, he prepared to manufacture on a great scale, hired the abandoned India-rubber works on Staten Island, and engaged a store in Broadway for the sale of his fabrics. In the midst of these grand preparations, his zeal in experimenting almost cost him his life. Having generated a large quantity of poisonous gas in his close room, he was so nearly suffocated that it was six weeks before he recovered his health. Before he had begun to produce his fabrics in any considerable quantity, the commercial storm of 1836 swept away the entire property of his partner, which put a complete stop to the operations in India-rubber, and reduced poor Goodyear to his normal condition of beggary. Beggary it literally was; for he was absolutely dependent upon others for the means of sustaining life. He mentions that, soon after this crushing blow, his family having previously joined him in New York, he awoke one morning to discover that he had neither an atom of food for them, nor a cent to buy it with. Putting in his pocket an article that he supposed a pawnbroker would value, he set out in the hope of procuring enough money to sustain them for one day. Before reaching the sign, so familiar to him, of the three golden balls, he met a terrible being to a man in his situation,—a creditor! Hungry and dejected, he prepared his mind for a torrent of bitter reproaches; for this gentleman was one whose patience he felt he had abused. What was his relief when his creditor accosted him gaily with 'Well, Mr. Goodyear, what can I do for you to-day?' His first thought was, that an insult was intended, so preposterous did it seem that this man could really desire to aid him further. Satisfied that the offer was well meant, he told his friend that he had come out that morning in search of food for his family, and that the loan of fifteen dollars would greatly oblige him. The money was instantly produced, which enabled him to postpone his visit to the pawnbroker for several days. The pawnbroker was still, however, his frequent resource all that year, until the few remains of his late brief prosperity had all disappeared.

But he never for a moment let go his hold upon India-rubber. A timely loan of a hundred dollars from an old friend enabled him to remove his family to Staten Island, near the abandoned India-rubber factory. Having free access to the works, he and his wife contrived to manufacture a few articles of his improved cloth, and to sell enough to provide daily bread. His great object there was to induce the directors of the suspended company to recommence operations upon his new process. But so completely sickened were they of the very name of a material which had involved them in so much loss and discredit, that during the six months of his residence on the island he never succeeded in persuading one man to do so much as come to the factory and look at his specimens. There were thousands of dollars' worth of machinery there, but not a single shareholder cared even to know the condition of the property. This was the more remarkable, since he was unusually endowed by nature with the power to inspire other men with his own confidence. The magnates of Staten Island, however, involved as they were in the general shipwreck of property and credit, were inexorably deaf to his eloquence.

As he had formerly exhausted Philadelphia, so now New York seemed exhausted. He became even an object of ridicule. He was regarded as an India-rubber monomaniac. One of his New York friends having been asked how Mr. Goodyear could be recognised in the street, replied: 'If you see a man with an India-rubber coat on, India-rubber shoes, an India-rubber cap, and in his pocket an India-rubber purse with not a cent in it, that is he.' He was in the habit of wearing his material in every form, with the twofold view of testing and advertising it.

In September, 1836, aided again by a small loan, he packed a few of his best specimens in his carpet-bag, and set out alone for the cradle of the India-rubber manufacture,—Roxbury. The ruin of the great company there was then complete, and

and the factory was abandoned. All that part of Massachusetts was suffering from the total depreciation of the India-rubber stocks. There were still, however, two or three persons who could not quite give up India-rubber. Mr. Chaffee, the originator of the manufacture in America, welcomed warmly a brother experimenter, admired his specimens, encouraged him to persevere, procured him friends, and, what was more important, gave him the use of the enormous machinery standing idle in the factory. A brief, delusive prosperity again relieved the monotony of misfortune. By his new process, he made shoes, piano-covers, and carriage-cloths, so superior to any previously produced in the United States as to cause a temporary revival of the business, which enabled him to sell rights to manufacture under his patents. His profits in a single year amounted to four or five thousand dollars. Again he had his family around him, and felt a boundless confidence in the future.

An event upon which he had depended for the completeness of his triumph plunged him again into ruin. He received an order from the Government for a hundred and fifty India-rubber mail bags. Having perfect confidence in his ability to execute this order, he gave the greatest possible publicity to it. All the world should now see that Goodyear's India-rubber was all that Goodyear had represented it. The bags were finished, and beautiful bags they were,—smooth, firm, highly polished, well-shaped, and indubitably waterproof. He had them hung up all round the factory, and invited every one to come and inspect them. They were universally admired, and the maker was congratulated upon his success. It was in the summer that these fatal bags were finished. Having occasion to be absent for a month, he left them hanging in the factory. Judge of his consternation when, on his return, he found them softening, fermenting, and dropping off their handles. The aquafortis did indeed 'cure' the surface of his India-rubber, but only the surface. Very thin cloth made by this process was a useful and somewhat durable article; but for any other purpose it was valueless. The public and signal failure of the mail bags, together with the imperfection of all his products except his thinnest cloth, suddenly and totally destroyed his rising business. Everything he possessed that was saleable was sold at auction to pay his debts. He was again penniless and destitute, with an increasing family, and an aged father dependent upon him.

His friends, his brothers, and his wife now joined in dissuading him from further experiments. Were not four years of such vicissitude enough? Who had ever touched India-rubber without loss? Could he hope to succeed, when so many able and enterprising men had failed? Had he a right to keep his family in a condition so humiliating and painful? He had succeeded in the hardware business; why not return to it? There were those who would join him in any rational undertaking; but how could he expect that any one would be willing to throw more money into a bottomless pit that had already engulfed millions without result? These arguments he could not answer, and we cannot; the friends of all the great inventors have had occasion to use the same. It seemed highly absurd to the friends of Fitch, Watt, Fulton, Wedgwood, Whitney, Arkwright, that they should forsake the beaten track of business to pursue a path that led through the wilderness to nothing but wilderness. Not one of these men, perhaps, could have made a reasonable reply to the remonstrances of their friends. They only felt, as poor Goodyear felt, that the steep and thorny path which they were treading was the path they *must* pursue. A power of which they could give no satisfactory account urged them on. And when we look closely into the lives of such men, we observe that, in their dark days, some trifling circumstance was always occurring that set them upon new inquiries and gave them new hopes. It might be an *ignis fatuus* that led them farther astray, or it might be genuine light which brought them into the true path.

Goodyear might have yielded to his friends on this occasion, for he was an affectionate man, devoted to his family, had not one of those trifling events occurred which inflamed his curiosity anew. During his late transient prosperity, he had employed a man, Nathaniel Hayward by name, who had been foreman of one of the extinct India-rubber companies. He found him in charge of the abandoned factory, and still making a few articles on his own account by a new process. To harden his India-rubber, he put a very small quantity of sulphur into it, or sprinkled sulphur upon the surface and dried it in the sun. Mr. Good-

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year was surprised to observe that this process seemed to produce the same effect as the application of aquafortis. It does not appear to have occurred to him that Hayward's process and his own were essentially the same. A chemical dictionary would have informed him that sulphuric acid enters largely into the composition of aquafortis, from which he might have inferred that the only difference between the two methods was, that Hayward employed the sun, and Goodyear nitric acid, to give the sulphur effect. Hayward's goods, however, were liable to a serious objection: the smell of the sulphur, in warm weather, was intolerable. Hayward, it appears, was a very illiterate man; and the only account he could give of his invention was, that it was revealed to him in a dream. His process was of so little use to him, that Goodyear bought his patent for a small sum, and gave him employment at monthly wages until the mail bag disaster deprived him of the means of doing so.

In combining sulphur with India-rubber, Goodyear had approached so near his final success that one step more brought him to it. He was certain that he was very close to the secret. He saw that sulphur had a mysterious power over India-rubber when a union could be effected between the two substances. True, there was an infinitesimal quantity of sulphur in his mail bags, and they had melted in the shade; but the surface of his cloth, powdered with the sulphur and dried in the sun, bore the sun's heat. Here was a mystery. The problem was, how to produce in a mass of India-rubber the change effected on the surface by sulphur and sun? He made numberless experiments. He mixed with the gum large quantities of sulphur, and small quantities. He exposed his compound to the sun, and held it near a fire. He felt that he had the secret in his hands; but for many weary months it eluded him.

And, after all, it was an accident that revealed it; but an accident that no man in the world but Charles Goodyear could have interpreted, nor he, but for his five years' previous investigation. At Woburn one day, in the spring of 1839, he was standing with his brother and several other persons near a very hot stove. He held in his hand a mass of his compound of sulphur and gum, upon which he was expatiating in his usual vehement manner,—the company exhibiting the indifference to which he was accustomed. In the crisis of his argument he made a violent gesture, which brought the mass in contact with the stove, which was hot enough to melt India-rubber instantly; upon looking at it a moment after, he perceived that his compound had not melted in the least degree! It had charred as leather chars, but no part of the surface had dissolved. There was not a sticky place upon it. To say that he was astonished at this would but faintly express his ecstasy of amazement. The result was absolutely new to all experience,—India-rubber not melting in contact with red-hot iron! A man must have been five years absorbed in the pursuit of an object to comprehend his emotions. He felt as Columbus felt when he saw the land-bird alighting upon his ship, and the drift-wood floating by. But, like Columbus, he was surrounded by an unbelieving crew. Eagerly he showed his charred India-rubber to his brother, and to the other bystanders, and dwelt upon the novelty and marvellousness of his fact. They regarded it with complete indifference. The good man had worn them all out. Fifty times before he had run to them, exulting in some new discovery, and they supposed, of course, that this was another of his chimeras.

He followed the new clue with an enthusiasm which his friends would have been justified in calling frenzy, if success had not finally vindicated him. He soon discovered that his compound would not melt at any degree of heat. It next occurred to him to ascertain at how low a temperature it would char, and whether it was not possible to arrest the combustion at a point that would leave the India-rubber elastic, but deprived of its adhesiveness. A single experiment proved that this was possible. After toasting a piece of his compound before an open fire, he found that, while part of it was charred, a rim of India-rubber round the charred portion was elastic still, and even more elastic than pure gum. In a few days he had established three facts;—first, that this rim of India-rubber would bear a temperature of two hundred and seventy-eight degrees without charring; second, that it would not melt or soften at any heat; third, that, placed between blocks of ice and left out of doors all night, it would not stiffen in the least degree. He had triumphed, and he knew it. He tells us that he now 'felt himself amply repaid for the past, and quite indifferent as to the trials of the future.' It was well he

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was so, for his darkest days were before him, and he was still six years from a practical success. He had, indeed, proved that a compound of sulphur and India-rubber, in proper proportions and in certain conditions, being subjected for a certain time to a certain degree of heat, undergoes a change which renders it perfectly available for all the uses to which he had before attempted in vain to apply it. But it remained to be ascertained what were those proper proportions, what were those conditions, what was that degree of heat, what was that certain time, and by what means the heat could be best applied.

The difficulty of all this may be inferred when we state that at the present time it takes an intelligent man a year to learn how to conduct the process with certainty, though he is provided, from the start, with the best implements and appliances which twenty years' experience has suggested. And poor Goodyear had now reduced himself, not merely to poverty, but to isolation. No friend of his could conceal his impatience when he heard him pronounce the word India-rubber. Business men recoiled from the name of it. He tells us that two entire years passed, after he had made his discovery, before he had convinced one human being of its value. Now, too, his experiments could no longer be carried on with a few pounds of India-rubber, a quart of turpentine, a phial of aquafortis, and a little lampblack. He wanted the means of producing a high, uniform, and controllable degree of heat,—a matter of much greater difficulty than he anticipated. We catch brief glimpses of him at this time in the volumes of testimony. We see him waiting for his wife to draw the loaves from her oven, that he might put into it a batch of India-rubber to bake, and watching it all the evening, far into the night, to see what effect was produced by one hour's, two hours', three hours', six hours' baking. We see him boiling it in his wife's saucepans, suspending it before the nose of her teakettle, and hanging it from the handle of that vessel to within an inch of the boiling water. We see him roasting it in the ashes and in hot sand, toasting it before a slow fire and before a quick fire, cooking it for one hour and for twenty-four hours, changing the proportions of his compound and mixing them in different ways. No success rewarded him while he employed only domestic utensils. Occasionally, it is true, he produced a small piece of perfectly vulcanised India-rubber; but upon subjecting other pieces to precisely the same process, they would blister or char.

Then we see him resorting to the shops and factories in the neighbourhood of Woburn, asking the privilege of using an oven after working hours, or of hanging a piece of India-rubber in the 'manhole' of the boiler. The foremen testify that he was a great plague to them, and smeared their works with his sticky compound; but, though they regarded him as little better than a troublesome lunatic, they all appear to have helped him very willingly. He frankly confesses that he lived at this time on charity; for, although he felt confident of being able to repay the small sums which pity for his family enabled him to borrow, his neighbours who lent him the money were as far as possible from expecting payment. Pretending to lend, they meant to give. One would pay his butcher's bill or his milk bill; another would send in a barrel of flour; another would take in payment some articles of the old stock of India-rubber; and some of the farmers allowed his children to gather sticks in their fields to heat his hillocks of sand containing masses of sulphurised India-rubber. If the people of New England were not the most "neighbourly" people in the world, his family must have starved, or he must have given up his experiments. But, with all the generosity of his neighbours, his children were often sick, hungry, and cold, without medicine, food, or fuel. One witness testifies: 'I found (in 1839) that they had not fuel to burn nor food to eat, and did not know where to get a morsel of food from one day to another, unless it was sent in to them.' We can neither justify nor condemn their father. Imagine Columbus within sight of the new world, and his obstinate crew declaring it was only a mirage, and refusing to row him ashore! Never was mortal man surer that he had a fortune in his hand, than Charles Goodyear was when he would take a piece of scorched and dingy India-rubber from his pocket and expound its marvellous properties to a group of incredulous villagers. Sure also was he that he was just upon the point of a practical success. Give him but an oven, and would he not turn you out fire-proof and cold-proof India-rubber, as fast as a baker can produce loaves of bread? Nor was it merely the hope of deliverance from his pecuniary straits that urged him on. In all the records of his

his career, we perceive traces of something nobler than this. His health being always infirm, he was haunted with the dread of dying before he had reached a point in his discoveries where other men, influenced by ordinary motives, could render them available.

By the time that he had exhausted the patience of the foremen of the works near Woburn, he had come to the conclusion that an oven was the proper means of applying heat to his compound. An oven he forthwith determined to build. Having obtained the use of a corner of a factory yard, his aged father, two of his brothers, his little son, and himself sallied forth, with pickaxe and shovels, to begin the work; and when they had done all that unskilled labour could effect towards it, he induced a mason to complete it, and paid him in bricklayer's aprons made of aquafortis India-rubber. This first oven was a tantalising failure. The heat was neither uniform nor controllable. Some of the pieces of India-rubber would come out so perfectly "cured" as to demonstrate the utility of his discovery; but others, prepared in precisely the same manner, as far as he could discern, were spoiled, either by blistering or charring. He was puzzled and distressed beyond description; and no single voice consoled or encouraged him. Out of the first piece of cloth which he succeeded in vulcanising he had a coat made for himself, which was not an ornamental garment in its best estate; but, to prove to the unbelievers that it would stand fire, he brought it so often in contact with hot stoves, that at last it presented an exceedingly dingy appearance. His coat did not impress the public favourably, and it served to confirm the opinion that he was labouring under a mania.

In the midst of his first disheartening experiments with sulphur, he had an opportunity of escaping at once from his troubles. A house in Paris made him an advantageous offer for the use of his aquafortis process. From the abyss of his misery the honest man promptly replied, that that process, valuable as it was, was about to be superseded by a new method, which he was then perfecting, and as soon as he had developed it sufficiently he should be glad to close with their offers. Can we wonder that his neighbours thought him mad?

It was just after declining the French proposal that he endured his worst extremity of want and humiliation. It was in the winter of 1839-40. One of those long and terrible snowstorms for which New England is noted had been raging for many hours, and he awoke one morning to find his little cottage half buried in snow, the storm still continuing, and in his house not an atom of fuel nor a morsel of food. His children were very young, and he was himself sick and feeble. The charity of his neighbours was exhausted, and he had not the courage to face their reproaches. As he looked out of the window upon the dreary and tumultuous scene, 'fit emblem of his condition,' he remarks, he called to mind that, a few days before, an acquaintance, a mere acquaintance, who lived some miles off, had given him upon the road a more friendly greeting than he was then accustomed to receive. It had cheered his heart as he trudged sadly by, and it now returned vividly to his mind. To this gentleman he determined to apply for relief, if he could reach his house. Terrible was his struggle with the wind and the deep drifts. Often he was ready to faint with fatigue, sickness, and hunger, and he would be obliged to sit down upon a bank of snow to rest. He reached the house and told his story, not omitting the oft-told tale of his new discovery,—that mine of wealth, if only he could procure the means of working it! The eager eloquence of the inventor was seconded by the gaunt and yellow face of the man. His generous acquaintance entertained him cordially, and lent him a sum of money, which not only carried his family through the worst of the winter, but enabled him to continue his experiments on a small scale. O. B. Coolidge, of Woburn, was the name of this benefactor.

On another occasion, when he was in the most urgent need of materials, he looked about his house to see if there was left one relic of better days upon which a little money could be borrowed. There was nothing except his children's school books,—the last things from which a New-Englander is willing to part. There was no other resource. He gathered them up and sold them for five dollars, with which he laid in a fresh stock of gum and sulphur, and kept on experimenting.

Seeing no prospect of success in Massachusetts, he now resolved to make a desperate effort to get to New York, feeling confident that the specimens he could take with him would convince some one of the superiority of his new method.

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To New York, then, he directed his thoughts. Merely to get there cost him a severer and a longer effort than men in general are capable of making. First he walked to Boston, ten miles distant, where he hoped to be able to borrow from an old acquaintance fifty dollars, with which to provide for his family and pay his fare to New York. He not only failed in this, but he was arrested for debt and thrown into prison. Even in prison, while his father was negotiating to secure his release, he laboured to interest men of capital in his discovery, and made proposals for founding a factory in Boston. Having obtained his liberty, he went to a hotel, and spent a week in vain efforts to effect a small loan. Saturday night came, and with it his hotel bill, which he had no means of discharging. In an agony of shame and anxiety, he went to a friend, and entreated the sum of five dollars to enable him to return home. He was met with a point-blank refusal. In the deepest dejection he walked the streets till late in the night, and strayed at length, almost beside himself, to Cambridge, where he ventured to call upon a friend and ask shelter for the night. He was hospitably entertained, and the next morning walked wearily home, penniless and despairing. At the door of his house a member of his family met him with the news that his youngest child, two years of age, whom he had left in perfect health, was dying. In a few hours he had in his house a dead child, but not the means of burying it, and five living dependents without a morsel of food to give them. A storekeeper near by had promised to supply the family, but, discouraged by the unforeseen length of the father's absence, he had that day refused to trust them further. In these terrible circumstances, he applied to a friend upon whose generosity he knew he could rely, one who had never failed him. He received in reply a letter of severe and cutting reproach, enclosing seven dollars, which his friend explained was given only out of pity for his innocent and suffering family. A stranger, who chanced to be present when this letter arrived, sent them a barrel of flour,—a timely and blessed relief. The next day the family followed on foot the remains of the little child to the grave.

A relation in a distant part of the country, to whom Goodyear revealed his condition, sent him fifty dollars, which enabled him to get to New York. He had touched bottom. The worst of his trials were over. In New York, he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of two brothers, William Rider and Emory Rider, men of some property and great intelligence, who examined his specimens, listened to his story, believed in him, and agreed to aid him to continue his experiments, and to supply his family until he had rendered his discovery available. From that time, though he was generally embarrassed in his circumstances, his family never wanted bread, and he was never obliged to suspend his experiments. Aided by the capital, the sympathy, the ingenuity of the brothers Rider, he spent a year in New York in the most patient endeavours to overcome the difficulties in heating his compound. Before he had succeeded, their resources failed. But he had made such progress in demonstrating the practicability of his process, that his brother-in-law, William De Forrest, a noted woollen manufacturer, took hold of the project in earnest, and aided him to bring it to perfection. Once more, however, he was imprisoned for debt. This event conquered his scruples against availing himself of the benefit of the bankrupt act, which finally delivered him from the danger of arrest. We should add, however, that, as soon as he began to derive income from his invention, he reassumed his obligations to his old creditors, and discharged them gradually.

It was not till the year 1844, more than ten years after he began to experiment, and more than five years after discovering the secret of vulcanisation, that he was able to conduct his process with absolute certainty, and to produce vulcanised India-rubber with the requisite expedition and economy. We can form some conception of the difficulties overcome by the fact, that the advances of Mr. De Forrest in aid of the experiments reached the sum of forty-six thousand dollars,—an amount the inventor did not live long enough to repay.

His triumph had been long deferred, and we have seen in part how much it had cost him. But his success proved to be richly worth its cost. He had added to the arts, not a new material merely, but a new class of materials, applicable to a thousand divers uses. His product had more than the elasticity of India-rubber, while it was divested of all those properties which had lessened its utility. It was still India-rubber, but its surfaces would not adhere, nor would it harden at any degree of cold, nor soften at any degree  
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of heat. It was a cloth impervious to water. It was paper that would not tear. It was parchment that would not crease. It was leather which neither rain nor sun would injure. It was ebony that could be run into a mould. It was ivory that could be worked like wax. It was wood that never cracked, shrunk, nor decayed. It was metal, 'elastic metal,' as Daniel Webster termed it, that could be wound round the finger or tied into a knot, and which preserved its elasticity almost like steel. Trifling variations in the ingredients, in the proportions, and in the heating, made it either as pliable as kid, tougher than oxide, as elastic as whalebone, or as rigid as flint.

All this is stated in a moment, but each of these variations in the material, as well as every article made from them, cost this indefatigable man days, weeks, months, or years of experiment. It cost him, for example, several years of most expensive trial to obviate the objection to India-rubber fabrics caused by the liability of the gum to peel from the cloth. He tried every known textile fabric and every conceivable process before arriving at the simple expedient of mixing fibre with the gum, by which, at length, the perfect India-rubber cloth was produced. This invention he considered only second in value to the discovery of vulcanisation. The India-rubber shoe, as we now have it, is an admirable article, light, strong, elegant in shape, with a fibrous sole that does not readily wear, cut, or slip. As the shoe is made and joined before vulcanisation, a girl can make twenty-five pairs in a day. They are cut from the soft sheets of gum and joined by a slight pressure of the hand. But almost every step of this process, now so simple and easy, was patiently elaborated by Charles Goodyear. A million and a half of pairs per annum is now the average number made in the United States by his process, though the business languishes somewhat from the high price of the raw materials. The gum, which, when Goodyear began his experiments, was a drug at five cents a pound, has recently been sold at one dollar and twenty cents a pound, with all its impurities. Even at this high price the annual import ranges at from four to five millions of pounds.

Poor Richard informs us that necessity never makes a good bargain. Mr. Goodyear was always a prey to necessity. Nor was he ever a good man of business. He was too entirely an inventor to know how to dispose of his inventions to advantage; and he could never feel that he had accomplished his mission with regard to India-rubber. As soon as he had brought his shoemaking process to the point where other men could make it profitable, he withdrew from manufacturing, and sold rights to manufacture for the consideration of half a cent per pair. Five cents had been reasonable enough, and would have given him ample means to continue his labours. Half a cent kept him subject to necessity, which seemed to compel him to dispose of other rights at rates equally low. Thus it happened that, when the whole India-rubber business of the country paid him tribute, or ought to have paid it, he remained an embarrassed man. He had, too, the usual fate of inventors, in having to contend with the infringers of his rights,—men who owed their all to his ingenuity and perseverance. We may judge, however, of the rapidity with which the business grew, by the fact that, six years after the completion of his vulcanising process, the holders of rights to manufacture shoes by that process deemed it worth while to employ Daniel Webster to plead their cause, and to stimulate his mind by a fee of twenty-five thousand dollars. It is questionable if Charles Goodyear ever derived that amount from his patents, if we deduct from his receipts the money spent in further developing his discovery. His ill-health obliged him to be abstemious, and he had no expensive tastes. It was only in his laboratory that he was lavish, and there he was lavish indeed.

His friends still smiled at his zeal, or reproached him for it. It has been only since the mighty growth of the business in his products that they have acknowledged that he was right and that they were wrong. They remember him, sick, meagre, and yellow, now coming to them with a walking-stick of India-rubber, exulting in the new application of his material, and predicting its general use, while they objected that his stick had cost him fifty dollars; now running about among the comb factories, trying to get reluctant men to try their tools upon hard India-rubber, and producing at length a set of combs that cost twenty times the price of ivory ones; now shutting himself up for months, endeavouring to make a sail of India-rubber fabric, impervious to water, that should never freeze, and to which no sleet or ice should ever cling; now exhibiting a set of cutlery with  
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India-rubber handles, or a picture set in an India-rubber frame, or a book with India-rubber covers, or a watch with an India-rubber case; now experimenting with India-rubber tiles for floors, which he hoped to make as brilliant in colour as those of mineral, as agreeable to the tread as carpet, and as durable as an ancient floor of oak. There is nothing in the history of invention more remarkable than the devotion of this man to his object. No crusader was ever so devoted to his vow, no lover to his mistress, as he was to his purpose of showing mankind what to do with India-rubber. The door-plate of his office was made of it; his portrait was painted upon and framed with it; his book, as we have seen, was wholly composed of it; and his mind, by night and day, was surcharged with it. He never went to sleep without having within reach writing materials and the means of making a light, so that, if he should have an idea in the night, he might be able to secure it. Some of his best ideas, he used to say, were saved to mankind by this precaution.

It is not well for any man to be thus absorbed in his object. To Goodyear, whose infirm constitution peculiarly needed repose and recreation, it was disastrous and at length fatal. It is well with no man who does not play as well as work. Fortunately, we are all beginning to understand this. We are beginning to see that a devotion to the business of life which leaves no reserve of force and time for social pleasures and the pursuit of knowledge, diminishes even our power to conduct business with the sustained and intelligent energy requisite for a safe success. That is a melancholy passage in one of Theodore Parker's letters, written in the premature decline of his powers, in which he laments that he had not, like Franklin joined a club, and taken an occasional ramble with young companions in the country, and played billiards with them in the evening. He added, that he intended to lead a better life in these particulars for the future; but who can reform at forty-seven? And the worst of it is, that ill-health, the natural ally of all evil, favours intensity, lessening both our power and our inclination to get out of the routine that is destroying us. Goodyear, always sick, had been for so many years the slave of his pursuit, he had been so spurred on by necessity, and lured by partial success, that, when at last he might have rested, he could not.

The catalogue of his successful efforts is long and striking. The second volume of his book is wholly occupied with that catalogue. He lived to see his material applied to nearly five hundred uses, to give employment in England, France, Germany, and the United States to sixty thousand persons, who annually produced merchandise of the value of eight millions of dollars. A man does much who only founds a new kind of industry; and he does more when that industry gives value to a commodity that before was nearly valueless. But we should greatly undervalue the labours of Charles Goodyear if we regarded them only as opening a new source of wealth; for there have been found many uses of India-rubber, as prepared by him, which have an importance far superior to their commercial value. Art, science, and humanity are indebted to him for a material which serves the purposes of them all, and serves them as no other known material could.

When Mr. Goodyear had seen the manufacture of shoes and fabrics well established in the United States, and when his rights appeared to have been placed beyond controversy by the Trenton decision of 1852, being still oppressed with debt, he went to Europe to introduce his material to the notice of capitalists there. The great manufactories of vulcanised India-rubber in England, Scotland, France, and Germany are the result of his labours; but the peculiarities of the patent laws of those countries, or else his own want of skill in contending for his rights, prevented him from reaping the reward of his labours. He spent six laborious years abroad. At the Great Exhibitions of London and Paris, he made brilliant displays of his wares, which did honour to his country and himself, and gave an impetus to the prosperity of the men who have grown rich upon his discoveries. At the London Exhibition, he had a suite of three apartments, carpeted, furnished, and decorated only with India-rubber. At Paris, he made a lavish display of India-rubber jewellery, dressing-cases, work-boxes, picture-frames, which attracted great attention. His reward was, a four days' sojourn in the debtors' prison, and the cross of the Legion of Honour. The delinquency of his American licensees procured him the former, and the favour of the Emperor the latter.

We have seen that his introduction to India-rubber was through the medium of a life-preserver. His last labours, also, were consecrated to life-saving apparatus,

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of which he invented or suggested a great variety. His excellent wife was reading to him one evening, in London, an article from a review, in which it was stated that twenty persons perished by drowning every hour. The company, startled at a statement so unexpected, conversed upon it for some time, while Mr. Goodyear himself remained silent and thoughtful. For several nights he was restless, as was usually the case with him when he was meditating a new application of his material. As these periods of incubation were usually followed by a prostrating sickness, his wife urged him to forbear, and endeavour to compose his mind to sleep. 'Sleep!' said he, 'how can I sleep while twenty human beings are drowning every hour, and I am the man who can save them?' It was long his endeavour to invent some article which every man, woman, and child would necessarily wear, and which would make it impossible for them to sink. He experimented with hats, cravats, jackets, and petticoats; and, though he left his principal object incomplete, he contrived many of those means of saving life which now puzzled the occupants of state-rooms. He had the idea that every article on board a vessel seizable in the moment of danger, every chair, table, sofa, and stool, should be a life-preserver.

### BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Cholera: Its Pathology, Diagnosis, and Treatment.* By William Story, Licentiate of the King and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, &c. &c. London: E. and F. N. Spon, 16, Bucklersbury.

THE author's hypothesis would appear to be this:—That cholera commences in the lungs, and that the loss of the natural heat of the breath is most probably caused by 'the generation of a gas capable of destroying, neutralising, or absorbing the rays of heat transmitted with the air we breathe, and thus leaving the lungs unable to resist the dynamic effects of cold.' As to the supposed cause of this mischief in the lungs, he says, 'It is probable enough that some peculiar telluric principle or agent radiates from its (the earth's) depths, and produces not only this disease, but others, where great masses of people are congregated together.' 'Congregated together,' by the by, is not very elegant English, since, if congregated, the being together must follow as a matter of course; but Mr. Story is peculiar in his style. The following is one of his very original sentences:—'I am inclined to regard telluric influence having as much to do with these epidemics as the more generally received notion, atmospheric.' Having suggested some telluric cause of cholera, the author hazards another guess:—'In the absorption or non-absorption of the sun's heat by the earth, and radiation or non-radiation of

earth's heat, may be found a cause of cholera.' Afterwards he says, in another of his remarkably constructed sentences:—'Of all the causes advanced, negative as well as positive, accounting for cholera visitations, not one is satisfactory. I cannot see that the fungoid, or the animalcula [*sic*] are to be regarded with greater favour than the changes in the condition of the elements of the blood, by the theory of Tyndall, poisonous gas, or of Brücke, electro-magnetism.' Dissatisfied as he is with all other hypotheses, he affords nothing amounting to likelihood of the correctness of his own. We see nothing in the treatment he recommends for cholera that promises special success. The writer who asks that 'if so much brandy or wine in health causes an increase of force, which we know by the muscular contraction and excitement produced [?], why should it not do so when the force is departing?' is hardly the man to turn to for new light in pathology or therapeutics.

*The Night-Side of Newcastle; or, a Saturday Night's Ramble in some of the Back Streets and Lodging-houses of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. A Lecture.* By James C. Street. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Joseph Barlow, Grainger-street.

THE writer says:—'Ever since I came to Newcastle I have been a keen observer of its moral and physical condition; and I have felt it to be right, at different times, to draw attention to what I have



have seen and to what I have thought. I make no apology for doing this again; for while I hold it to be my duty to acquaint myself with all that affects the welfare of the community in which I am called to labour as a minister of Jesus Christ, I also deem it right that you, as a Christian people, should be equally well apprised of the facts, that we may all take counsel together as to what we can do to remedy the evils we see, and to bring about a moral and spiritual change among those whose needs find fitting expression in dirt and rags, in drunkenness and depravity.

'It is our own business to know these things. If Christians neglect this work, who will attend to it? If those who make professions of religion stand idly by, and let the great evils multiply themselves in festering fecundity, whose hands can we expect to be raised to help—whose hearts are likely to be touched with supreme compassion?'

Of the things that Mr. Street sees, the following will serve as samples:—'We entered a great street' which stretches away at one end until it touches the open country, and looks upon trees, and grass, and peaceful cattle, and has clustered near to it the pretty homes of comfortable and happy citizens, who, when business hours are over, can breathe the fresh, exhilarating air, and from their windows look out on blooming flowers and spreading lawns—and which burrows away at the other end down steep inclines, drawing its sides more closely together as it goes, until down many steps it touches the banks of the deep and hurrying river. All along the lower part of this street, which gradually grew darker as we went on, there were passages on either side, dark as midnight, stretching I know not whither, but out of which there seemed ever to come processions of miserably-clad men, and women, and children, whose wretchedness was all the more conspicuous when they emerged into the light that streamed from brokers' and publicans' windows. In one of these, as we passed, there were sounds of strife; but all was darkness, and who were the combatants, and why they fought—what blows were given, and how much harm was done—we knew not. We were going among too many such scenes, and our dangers would be sufficiently great for us to plunge into the darkness of this place, and interfere in what we could not see.

'Turning aside from this long and busy street, we plunged into a narrower street, where darkness seemed to be regnant. But as our eyes got accustomed to what was required from them, we saw indistinctly the road along which we went. A great church—with a style of architecture almost peculiar to itself—with its thickly-peopled graveyard, occupied one side; and close up to it—so near that a man's arm would reach across—houses were built for the living, who are thus companioned close with the dead. On the other side of the steep and narrow gully were other houses, where the poor do congregate. I peeped in at some, and wondered at the sights I saw. I asked if the large church, hemmed in as it was, got filled with worshippers; but I was told that its seats were comparatively empty, and that its influence was very slight upon the mass of human life about it. "And yet," said my informant, "the minister is kind and assiduous, and always ready to go among the poorest of the poor."'

'At the foot of the steep and dirty street I have described, we came to one of the smallest—perhaps the smallest—of the common lodging-houses. Stumbling through the darkness until we came to the door, we entered. The door opened at once upon the kitchen, where a great fire was blazing; by the side of it were three children—girls, I think—huddling close together. In front was a rather good-looking and tolerably well-dressed young woman, frying a herring; by her side was the good woman of the house; and at a table—a small one—in a corner, and on a little stool, was a man without coat or shoes, with dirty shirt, and unkempt and matted hair, and a look that was almost wild, though certainly intelligent, sitting pouring out some tea. The young woman, I was told, was married; and when I was taken through the bedrooms, I found that she and her husband, with two other married couples, occupied the same room—a small, confined place, with a window looking out upon eaves and chimneys, containing three beds. This plan of putting several married people into one room is adopted in all the lodging-houses I saw. In some places there were three, in some four, beds, for three or four couples, with perhaps several children. It is true, the beds and bedding were kept tolerably clean; the walls were well whitewashed, and the places were, of course, under regular

regular police inspection; but a plan like this is altogether bad and vicious, and productive of callousness and indifference, leading, I need not say, to every vice and to all immorality. It is not enough to regulate a state of things like this: it needs to be revolutionised.

Our steps were next turned to a place well known to the police here—a narrow, steep, and dirty “bank.” It was crowded with people. Men and women were sitting upon the floor of the street, “getting the air,” as my conductor said; but the air was so vicious and noxious that the less they got of it the better. The refuse of the houses was thrown into the streets, and we were compelled to pick our way. Here were little, dirty shops, choked with a perfect medley of things; public-houses and beershops, full to overflowing with tipplers; girls and women standing at the doors of many of them, acting as lures to youths and men. Out of these public-houses men and women were coming drunk and incapable. Here a husband was remonstrating with a drunken wife; there a wife and daughter, or friend, were trying to persuade a drunken man to go home; while, in another place, a crew of them were laughing, swearing, and blaspheming together. It was a sort of Pandemonium. It seemed as though night had yielded up its dark and awful creatures, and let them disport themselves for a while in the gaslight. Out of the grim passages on either side of the street came the customers of the public-houses; and back again they went seven-fold worse and more demonish than when they came. I held my breath sometimes, for the horrid sights distressed me deeply. At times I put my hat over my eyes, not to see, though I had come to see. It was a positive relief to get out of this busy scene of filth and drunkenness and defilement, into a more quiet but not less sinful region.

Now we went into a court, well macadamised, and clean, so far as I could tell in the almost thick darkness, and found two other common lodging-houses. They were filled with motley groups of foreigners. The kitchens of both places were crowded. In one there were about twenty persons, men, women, and children, of different nationalities. Many of them were there just for a night or two, while others had been staying there for months. Some of the faces were quite a study. There were

three children whose singular beauty arrested attention. They looked strangely out of place in that crowded kitchen. The mother of these children—or she who seemed to be their mother—had a fine and striking face; not beautiful, though it must have been beautiful at one time, but full of such a melancholy sadness as pained one to see it. She never looked up when we entered, spoke to nobody while we stayed, but sat looking at the children, and thinking. There was a history, a sad history, in that face and manner; it told of disappointed hope, of struggle, of despair. I am sure there had been a time when no dream even had prophesied that she and her children would be in a common lodging-house, surrounded with dirt and rags, and familiarised with coarseness and crime. But, oh! there were many histories cooped up in these two houses. Many faces told tales to make the heart ache; tales of neglected youth, of perverted man and womanhood, of debauchery, of degradation, and of crime. Here, as in all the lodging-houses I saw, there were the same indecent arrangements for sleeping, and the same want of proper means for personal cleanliness.

But I must pass on. I rambled through dark and narrow streets—close, crowded, and noisy. Everywhere drunkenness and ribaldry. At almost every corner altercations and quarrels. The darkness was so great, and the pavements were, or seemed to be, so uneven, that I frequently stumbled, and once or twice, but for the friendly arm of my conductor, I should have fallen. We went up successive flights of steps, coming at each step upon passages opening into holes and courts where the people dwelt. At every turn we came upon what seemed to me to be human warrens, out of which came swarms of children, ragged, barefoot, and dirty. It was evident that, bad as the lodging-houses might be, these places, where little control could be exercised, were infinitely worse. Some of the property (I would be ashamed to hold such property) seemed to be tumbling to pieces, and to be in danger of falling upon the inhabitants, and burying them in the ruins.

I have said how few religious agencies were at work here—how scant was the supply of school and sanctuary. Besides this, there are no open places of recreation, no playgrounds, no clubs,  
no

no means of amusement; but there were public-houses and beerhouses in great abundance. These were well lighted—looked cheerful and attractive. There was music in them; here perhaps only a barrel-organ, there simply a fiddler screaming out his Irish jigs, but in most of these places music of some kind. To say nothing about the terrible attractions of the drink, and the power it exercises over its deluded victims, is it wonderful that such places, which provide cheerful company, a warm fire-side, and merry music, should be full of customers? Can you expect men and women to stay in the miserable kennels provided for them in the thickly clustered houses near to the Quayside? I do not say that these wretched hovels create the public-houses—for I think most of the hovels are made by the drink—but I am sure these things act one upon another, and aid each other with a mighty power in the work of human shame and degradation. What precise influence they exercise upon one another I cannot determine, but certainly wretchedness and facilities for drinking are found closely shouldered together. It seems very strange that in the very poorest district of a town so many public-houses should be found to thrive. But it is as true as it is strange. By some means poverty and squalor sustain a vast number of these houses. The deeper the degradation of the people the more glaring the prosperity of the drink-traffickers. Is there not something terribly suggestive in this? Healthy trade flies these regions; no ordinary pursuit has any chance of prosperity; the shopkeepers, as a class, are few and far between, and they look almost as poor as their customers; but there is a great traffic in strong drink, and the dealers are prosperous. What must be the nature of that prosperity when it is found associated with so much that is miserable, wretched, and degrading? Surely this traffic is a disease of our social system, and would be removed in a healthy state of public opinion.

I was shown one particular spot on the Quayside which was very suggestive. A small block of houses, perhaps a dozen in all, contained nine public-houses—four or five, I forget which, being next door to each other, and the remainder with not more than a single house intervening. I was curious to see whether there were many customers

in these. In my hasty glances I saw in each place men and women, in some youths and girls, sitting together drinking. Rags and tatters, dirt and ignorance, drink and degradation companioned together.

Coming back across the river I went on again into the gloom and darkness. To a large lodging-house I was taken, where seventy people slept. It seemed to be kept as clean as such a place could be, and the man with his two female assistants evidently worked very hard; but what such a place must be, where seventy people slept every night, besides young children—where the same indecent plans were in operation (nobody seeming to think them indecent), where young and old of both sexes had to meet in the same common kitchens, and cook and eat and wash together, and where other things, which I cannot speak of, were necessarily taking place—what such a place must be I must leave you to conjecture. We were taken through all the rooms. Some rooms were empty, the lodgers not yet having come; others were occupied by some already asleep and some preparing for bed. Now and then coarse and blasphemous words were spoken—the worst from female lips; but on the whole everybody seemed indifferent to us and to our inspection. However clean the lodging-house keeper might make his rooms, he could not make his lodgers clean. I could not avoid seeing, as I passed by the sleepers, how thoroughly dirty some of them were; and the thought of the constant repetition of this sickened me. "Do these people keep pretty quiet?" I asked. "Oh, they quarrel enough at times." "Do they generally come to you sober?" "Well, sir, they do sometimes," was the answer; sobriety appearing to be the exceptional thing.

But these lodging-houses are well kept, and are under regular police inspection; and, upon the whole, the wonder is that such houses, in such localities, can be kept so well. The private dwellings, where the police have no right to go, contain wretchedness, dirt, misery, and destitution, far greater. I was able to go into a few of these. I need not say that in some there was evidence of thrift, frugality, and prudence. Thank God, all is not bad and black! Even in these dark regions there is some light—perhaps far more than I suppose. But I do not intend to speak of this now—only of the darker side

side of things. One thing I strongly felt, that there was something wrong, when frugal, temperate, and industrious men were obliged to live in such places. But they not only had wretched houses, but far more wretched neighbours. I went into numbers of places where one room was all that a family had. No matter how large the family, or of whom it consisted, one room for living, cooking, and sleeping. In several beds I saw two or three children huddled together, sleeping; and the father and mother had no other bed. Many of these wretched one-room tenements are occupied, not merely by one family, but by several; and the wallowing and indecency beggar description. It seemed to me more like the herding of swine than the place for humanity. I saw much squalor, but one scene—the only one I intend to paint—I shall never forget.

'We had been going through busy and crowded streets, and suddenly had turned into a more quiet part. We climbed our way up successive heights of steps, until we reached a place called, perhaps in mockery, Mount Pleasant. It was very grim and dirty. We felt our way into a passage which opened upon many small and wretched habitations. My conductor lifted the latch of a door which I could not see, the place was so dark; and the next moment we stood inside a workman's home. The first thing I saw was a coal fire burning, and what seemed a large bundle of rags and logs of wood lying before it. But, in an instant, rising from the heap, a woman stood before us. She courteously said she would send for a halfpenny candle; but as the fire was good, the candle was not sent for. The room might be, perhaps, six yards long and four and a-half yards wide. It had one window in it, looking out upon the dark steps up which we came. Many panes of glass were broken. The walls were perfectly bare. There was not a chair or a stool in the place, not an article of furniture of any kind, except two little broken tables standing against the walls. No food, no cooking utensils, nothing in the place but these broken tables. While we looked on, out of the rags and logs, as I thought them, rose two girls—perhaps twelve and ten years old—and the strong form of a man. They were all in rags—the woman and girls not half covered; the man with clothes that probably had not been off

him for weeks or months—all of them as dirty and as loathsome as it was possible to be. I saw no shame on the face of husband or wife; they seemed unconscious of their degradation. The man had plenty of work, but he and his wife were fond of drink. He defended his drinking cleverly; said he couldn't do his work without it, that he could afford to have it, and that he should have it. This man, I was told, had been in a good position in Newcastle, could converse fluently in four languages, had wealthy and respectable connections; but here was he, with his wife and girls, in this awful place—without furniture, without a bed, even a wisp of hay or straw—living in this horrible and brutal way. As we came out, we stood in the midst of a group of half-clad boys and girls romping in rags and dirt, looking as though they had come out of dens like that we had just left. It seemed as though generations of like evil broods were still to come.

'Pardon me, my friends, for having taken you into such dismal scenes. No idle curiosity took me among them, no desire to create a sensation makes me tell them to you. I went that I might see something of the place in which I am called to labour, and to learn what I and you could do to make some blessed change.'

Mr. Street pleads eloquently for the abolition of all such lodging-houses as are described above; the demolition of the miserable, dirty, crazy property, in which large multitudes dwell, consisting mainly of single-room tenements, deficient in light, area, and decencies; the provision of free, open public spaces for recreation; some radical change in the public-house system; a compulsory education of poor children; and a coalition of all earnest religious people, in order to do common works of love amongst the ignorant, the destitute, and the criminal. He says:—'If we go together, if we unite the sympathy, the philanthropy, the zeal, the wealth, the devotion of all classes of religious workers, no power can withstand us; the glaring evils I have described will be removed, the temptations to lead the weak astray will be abolished, the ignorant will be taught, the sinful will be converted, and the outcast will be gathered in. Do you not see what changes would come? No man hereafter would be able to see what I saw in one Saturday night's ramble: all such scenes would be buried in the past.

'What

'What more can I say? Nay, rather, what can I do? My friends, I am sensible of the smallness of my influence, sensible of the peculiarities of my position; but I am willing, nay, eager, to work with any one. To me it matters not who are my associates, if they seek to do good. I am ready to co-operate with Catholic or Protestant, with Independent or Methodist, with politician or secularist, with any, with all, who seek to upraise the people and bless them. I am willing to work in any capacity. Are there other workers ready? O God! grant that Thy spirit may work in the community, and that we all be in earnest! The harvest is plenteous, and Heaven calls for the labourers.'

This is a manly and a noble challenge. We should be glad to learn that it had been taken up.

*To the Ancient People of God of the Seed of Abraham.* 'T.,' P.O., Box 2,375, Philadelphia.

A TRACT, without publisher's name, and issued, apparently, by the writer, who can be reached by letter addressed to the Post Office as above. The object of the tract is to persuade the Jews that their restoration to Palestine is to be effected next year, and that sundry other of the prophecies are to be then fulfilled in the same literal manner. The writer would do well to entirely revise his principles of interpretation. As long as his standpoint is external, the prophecies must remain to him books utterly sealed.

*The Medical Prescription of Alcohol Opposed to the Progress of Temperance, Immoral in its Tendency, and Unfounded in Science.* By Mr. P. Dean. Bury: D. Thomas, 5, Haymarket-street.

SOME time ago Mr. Dean wrote six letters, addressed to, and published in, the *Hastings and Rawtonstall Express*. These are now republished in a pamphlet, and will no doubt do much good, if widely circulated. The following cases are from the fifth letter:—"The first is the case of Mr. T. B. Smithies, well-known as the editor and proprietor of the "*British Workman*." Some twelve or fourteen years ago this gentleman's strength began to give way, which caused him to think that his days were numbered. He left London, and went back to

York, his native city, and consulted one of the most eminent physicians in the North of England. This physician examined him with great care, and afterwards told him that he must drink two or three glasses of wine a day. "I know your connection with the temperance cause," added the physician, "but I tell you as your friend that you will die, and that shortly, if you refuse to follow my advice." It so happened, however, that Mr. Smithies had paid some little attention to the consideration of this matter, and although he was so weakly, and did not think he was likely to live, he felt assured that it was a great mistake for a physician to send him to a wine merchant for strength. He determined he would not go, for he felt certain "that God would not allow him to die for want of wine." He returned again to London, and in a few days after consulted the eminent physician, Sir James Clarke. This gentleman made minute inquiries into Mr. Smithies' mode of living, and then came the question, "What liquors do you drink?" Mr. Smithies replied that he had been a teetotaler for twelve years, and had never tasted wine, spirits, or beer during that time. Now note Sir James Clarke's next remark—"I am glad of that, sir, you will be better sooner without it." In this instance we have two eminent physicians—both of whom had studied medicine, and *ought* to have known—expressing opinions quite the reverse of each other. Either of them knew nothing at all about it, for they could not both be right. Another case in point is that of the late Charles Hindley, Esq., formerly M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne. At the commencement of the illness which preceded his death, he was attended by Dr. Granville (his family physician), and Dr. Bright. The remedies administered by these doctors had begun to act, and every hope existed of the patient's recovery, when the late Dr. Todd was invited to join the consultation, and under his peremptory orders, which Dr. Granville strongly opposed, a brandy and water treatment was adopted. Mr. Hindley was made to swallow six pints of brandy in about seventy-two hours! When life was fast ebbing, Dr. Granville earnestly begged of Dr. Todd to withdraw the brandy, but he refused to do so, and the former physician then went away in disgust. The same night Mr. Hindley died!

Dr.

Dr. Granville refused to sign the certificate of his death, and afterwards wrote and circulated a pamphlet proving that his end had been brought about by the stimulating treatment to which he had been subjected; and as to Dr. Todd, he has since died a victim to an overdose of brandy! But then Mr. Hindley's death was according to law! The physic which placed him beyond the reach of every ailment had been administered at the hands of a duly qualified medical practitioner. Had it been otherwise—had he died in the same manner under the hands of a non-legalised medical professor, such professor would undoubtedly have been tried for manslaughter. Yet, I dare to say—and I can prove the assertion by quoting the opinions of leading medical men themselves—that legally-qualified doctors know little more about the action of alcohol in disease than do the quacks who frequent public market places about the action of the nostrums which they dispense. This may appear strong language, but your readers shall hear it substantiated by an eminent London physician. Dr. Murchison, of the Middlesex Hospital, when delivering his inaugural discourse to the medical students, in 1861, said, "*Nothing* is definitely settled as to the mode of administration and the mode of action of alcohol in disease." Upon the admission, then, of a leading medical professor himself, I am right in saying that the faculty know next to nothing upon this matter.'

*Stories for Sunday Scholars*, Nos. 10 and 11. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A VERY excellent selection of religious and moral stories for young people. They are well printed and nicely illustrated. The editor of them announces his aim to be 'to gain the attention and sympathy of the young for what is good and true; and by clothing important lessons in a beautiful dress, to make that entertaining to the young mind which, if presented in a less attractive manner, might seem dull and uninteresting.' The year's issue, when complete, will bind into a handsome '*Sunday Scholar's Annual*.' In No. 11, we find, besides the story of '*Henry's Dream*,' the following little fable, the moral of which needs not be found fault with:—

#### THE WORM AND THE SNAIL.

A FABLE.

A little worm too close that played  
In contact with a gardener's spade,  
Writhing about in sudden pain,  
Perceived that he was cut in twain;  
His nether half, left short and free,  
Much doubting its identity.  
However, when the shock was past,  
New circling rings were formed so fast  
By Nature's hand, which fails her never,  
That soon he was as long as ever.  
But yet the insult and the pain  
This little reptile did retain,  
In what, in man, is called the brain.

One fine spring evening, bright and wet,

Ere yet the April sun was set,  
When slimy reptiles crawl and coil  
Forth from the soft and humid soil,  
He left his subterranean clay  
To move along the gravelly way;  
Where suddenly his course was stopt  
By something on the path that dropt;  
When, with precaution and surprise,  
He straight shrunk up to half his size.  
That 'twas a stone was first his notion,  
But soon discovering locomotion,  
He recognised the coat of mail,  
And wary antlers of a snail,  
Which some young rogue (we beg his pardon)

Had flung into his neighbour's garden.

The snail, all shattered and infirm,  
Deplored his fate, and told the worm.  
'Alas!' says he, 'I know it well,  
All this is owing to my shell;  
They could not send me up so high,  
Describing circles in the sky,  
But that, on this account, 'tis known  
I bear resemblance to a stone;  
Would I could rid me of my case,  
And find a tenant for the place!  
I'll make it known to all my kin;—  
"This house to let—inquire within."  
'Good!' says the worm, 'the bargain's struck;

I take it, and admire my luck;  
That shell, from which you'd fain be free,

Is just the very thing for me.  
Oft have I wished, when danger calls,  
For such impervious castle walls.  
Both for defence and shelter made,  
From greedy crow and murderous spade;  
Yes, neighbour snail, I'll hire the room,  
And pay my rent when strawberries come.'

'Do,' says the snail, 'and I'll declare,  
You'll find the place in good repair,  
With winding ways that will not fail  
To accommodate your length of tail.'

(This



(This fact the wily rogue concealing—  
The fall had broken in his ceiling.)  
'O,' says the sanguine worm, 'I knew  
That I might safely deal with you.'  
Thus was the tenement transferred,  
And that without another word.

Off went the snail in houseless plight;  
Alas! it proved a frosty night,  
And ere a peep of morning light,  
One wish supreme he found prevail;—  
In all the world the foolish snail  
Saw nothing he would like so well—  
Which was—that he had got a shell.  
But soon for this he ceased to sigh:  
A little duck came waddling by,  
Who having but a youthful bill,  
Had ventured not so large a pill  
(E'en at imperious hunger's call)  
As this poor reptile, house and all.  
But finding such a dainty bite  
All ready to his appetite,  
Down went the snail, whose last lament,  
Mourned his deserted tenement.

Meantime the worm had spent his strength

In vain attempts to curl his length  
His small apartment's space about;  
For head or tail must needs stick out.  
Now, if this last was left, 'twas more  
Exposed to danger than before,  
And 'twould be vastly strange, he said,  
To sit in doors without one's head.  
Alas! he now completely bears  
The unknown weight of household cares;  
And wishes much some kind beholder  
Would take the burden off his shoulder.

Now broke the dawn; and soon with fear,  
Feeling the shock of footsteps near,  
He tried to reach that wished-for goal,  
The shelter of a neighbouring hole;  
Which proved, when danger threatened  
sore,

A certain refuge heretofore.  
But failed him now this last resort:  
His new appendage stopt him short;  
For all his efforts would not do  
To force it in, or drag it through.  
Oh then, poor worm! what words can  
say

How much he wished his shell away!  
But wishes all were vain, for oh!  
The garden roller, dreaded foe!  
Came growling by, and did not fail  
To crush our hero, head and tail,—  
Just when the duck devoured the snail.

Thus says the fable:—learn from hence,

It argues want of common sense,  
To think our trials and our labours,  
Harder and heavier than our neigh-  
bour's;

Or that 'twould lighten toils and cares,  
To give them ours in change for theirs;  
For whether man's appointed lot  
Be really equalised or not,  
(A point we need not now discuss)  
Habit makes ours the best to us.

*The Two Dreams.* London: Jackson,  
Walford, and Hodder, 27, Pater-  
noster Row.

THE writer of this tract describes in it the character of a young woman seemingly utterly and hopelessly abandoned. The following, he says, are as nearly as possible the words, and appeared to be truly the sentiments of a young woman whom he met in a prison. They were uttered on several occasions, and he has collected them into a speech:—

'I could surprise many knowledge-able folks, and tell most of them something that they had no notion of before. But I had best keep my information to myself; it would shock good people dreadfully, and bad ones would only say, "What news!" to my most astonishing stories. The secrets that I mean are nothing but accounts of the way in which regular wicked people live. This uncommon knowledge of mine is just the full history of their doings. No one knows their ways but themselves, and I am one of them, so I am up to all about them. I mean by "regular wicked people" those who have no other livelihood but what they get by crime. There are other sorts of bad men and women who only now and then do a wrong thing, and slip back again among regular good people, and stay quiet and easy, pretending to belong to them; but I am one of the lot which stays outside and never tries to get thought good. I never do anything for my bread but sin. Every day I live, all my provision comes to me by sin. I sin for food, I sin for clothes, and I sin for shelter. I sin for pleasure. I love sin. I have no happiness out of it. I have nothing else to do in the world. It is my habit and nature to do it; anything else would be out of my power.

"Leave off your wretched course of life, and come and live in the Refuge," ladies say to me, coming up to me in the open street.

I am often accosted by women who loathe the very sight of me, and who have to struggle with their disgust at  
my

my presence to bring themselves within earshot of me. I can see their aversion to me as "a vile creature," and see also their anxiety to make me one of themselves. I do not wonder at them, because I have the same spirit in myself. I, also, have a desire in me to make others become like me, and I, too, would induce others to be the same as I am. This is truth! I often tell lies, but now I am saying what I really feel. I long to pull others into the state in which I am, and the only feel I have, which is different from that of the ladies who try to alter me, is that I have no dislike to go after those that I want to turn to sin. It gives me no trouble to try to bring them into the place where I live, and to go and talk to them, and tell them all the tales that may tempt them to come and stay with us; with *us*—away from all others. We don't want, and don't like any one near us, nor with us, but those who belong to us, and are exactly of our peculiar nature.

'Now, we have a peculiar nature. This is one of the things that I understand, and which seems to be entirely unknown to those who talk and write about us, and work for our reformation. The ignorance of those who engage themselves in the effort to make us change often surprises me. They have no more idea of what we really are than the born-blind have of daylight.

'We are a separate, distinct sort of women, not to be classed up with the general set.

'Ours is a case of difference. We do not resemble the rest of the women of the world, who are not what we are. There are two kinds of women on earth; some who neither will nor can do as we do, and there are we, who neither will nor can do as the rest. Sometimes one of the others falls in among us *by mistake*, but she gets back. We never rise by any chance but we drop down again, too, as surely as she goes up. I am saying a hard word. Christians don't believe such strong opinions, but I hold them, for I know the facts of the matter. They are awful thoughts, no doubt, and seem to be contrary to the mercy of God, but they are not, and have nothing to do with His mercy one way nor the other. Why should there be mercy for me? I don't want mercy, if mercy means going to heaven. I should not like to go there, and it is mercy to let me go where I choose. I choose sin,

and where sin is allowed I must go, and with sinners I will live now and for ever. This is my true and sincere wish. Now, what do Christians want with me? They would be the better and the happier, I suppose, for my being added to their company, just as I should be all the gayer and more triumphant for having brought more women into our set, and making it greater and gladder. This is the feeling that urges them, I dare say, for it is that which excites me. We shall struggle, then, together; each to have her own way: who for us all? Not *God for me* any way. He has long ago left such as *me* to myself. Christians say that *we* can be made fit for the kingdom of heaven. I don't believe it. Solemnly, it appears to me holy nonsense to say such a thing. I know nothing about the Bible. I know all about sin though.'

The writer tells, however, of a change that appeared to come over this wretched creature, when broken by disease, and not far from death. She had a dream, which seemed to give her spirit a sudden impulsion upwards; and after coming to the writer for instruction, and receiving it, she appeared to have 'a new song in her mouth.' 'I saw her,' says the writer, 'daily for a fortnight, and truly her contrition was abundantly evidenced. Great peace followed; the bitterness departed from her speech, and in its stead her "mouth was filled with the praises of the Lord."

'Oh, what sinful folly I once talked to you, madam! Can you ever forget it? No wonder you left me to myself; but He did not forsake me. I used to boast to you that I knew wonderful things about sin; now I know the greatest mystery in the universe. Oh, it is a very curious thing—something that very few can come to know and feel exactly proved to themselves, although they may hear of it and believe it. It is a strange, marvellous, extraordinary thing! It was revealed to me last night on my bed. I had another dream—such a beautiful one, and you were in it again! You always are now; and this dream explains why you appear in all my dreams.'

'A heavenly smile passed across her countenance like an illumination. A bright thought was gleaming from her unnaturally brilliant eye.

"What was the mystery?" I asked.  
'Oh, my dream tells it. I'm sure it's true! I'll tell it to you, and do  
you

you tell it to all those who work for the Saviour.

'It was very light—so light that I was dazzled, but He was there, and we can always see Him in any light; and He smiled at you as you were trying to get me out of an awful pit, and you could not lift me, and you turned (oh, so grieved!) away. But where your fingers had touched me there was left a spot of light. It was the end of a ray which had passed from you into me, and it *could not* go away, for it was fixed like an immovable bar of solid gold. It pierced me, though you did not see, and I did not feel, and the shining thing came direct from His hand, and could never be broken nor turned aside. It was part of Himself that had come upon me, and from it I never could be plucked. So that is how I was drawn to Him through you, madam.'

*Our Children's Pets.* By Josephine (with numerous Illustrations). London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

THIS book, dedicated to the Most Hon. the Marquis of Westminster, ex-President of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is quite fit for presentation even to the children of a nobleman. Mr. Partridge well understands how to bring out a charming volume, and 'Our Children's Pets' is not behind the best of his previous achievements. Gay with colour and resplendent with gilding; adorned, besides, on the exterior, with a delightful colour-printed and enamelled insertion, it gives promise, at first glance, of an attractiveness which is well borne out on an inspection of its interior. Here we find stout tinted paper, large and clear type, and wood engravings of truly excellent character, by Birket Foster, Harrison Weir, H. Anelay, and other celebrated artists. In size and general aspect the book resembles 'Our Dumb Companions; or, Conversations of a Father and his Children about Dogs, Horses, Cats, and Donkeys,' which we noticed very favourably twelve months ago. Of 'Josephine's' share in the book we must not speak with equal superlativeness; but she has done her part respectably, and has at any rate succeeded in her design to produce an effective plea with young people on behalf of 'poor dumb animals.' She laments, with reason, that

'we cannot look from our windows or walk in the fields and streets without our hearts often growing sad and sorrowful at the cruelties practised on the helpless and the dumb;' and the object of her book is to invite the young 'to plead meekly for the suffering, and to speak to their persecutors of the beauty and loveliness of kindness.' She writes, further, to remind us of the claims that our dumb friends have upon our gratitude and affection, and to make us all more considerate and loving to what she calls our 'voiceless friends' around us. Tales, verses, conversations, and little homilies, all profusely illustrated, form the staple of the volume, and combine to make it a charming gift-book for purchase by such as fix their limit to two or (for coloured plates and gilt edges) three half-crowns.

*The Children's Friend.* Vol. V. London: Seeley & Co., Fleet-street.

THERE is no better penny periodical for children than this 'Children's Friend.' Quantity and quality, both of paper, letterpress, illustrations, and articles, are all excellent. The year's numbers, bound in one volume, form a delightful book for young people. The ruling tone is religious and moral.

*Sybil and her Live Snowball.*

*Ronald's Reason; or, the Little Cripple.*

By Mrs. S. C. Hall. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 64, Fleet-street; S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

COMING to a much lower priced, but still a well-printed, nicely-illustrated, and very pleasing class of publications for children, we have in these two books a couple of very worthy additions to the library of juvenile books of a religious and soundly moral character, for which the publishers are renowned. 'Ronald's Reason,' by Mrs. Hall, is a tale of the noble self-denial of a boy, exercised on behalf of a poor afflicted schoolfellow; and 'Sybil and her Live Snowball' is about a little girl and her kitten, and concerning their joint adventures, and the excellent lessons of trust in God and patience in adversity that were taught thereby. These two volumes belong to the 'Children's Friend Series,' the tales having been previously printed in detachments in the 'Children's Friend.'

Our

*Our National Temperance Hymn and Song Book, with Recitations for Adults and Children.* Compiled by the Rev. Henry A. Hammond. London: Wm. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

THE compiler states that he has put together the hymns, songs, and recitations contained in this little book with the view of obtaining a selection free from exaggerated statement, and from any sentiment contrary to the Gospel; and he invites correction, so that any one finding in the book any over-statement or unscriptural sentiment, will greatly oblige him by sending a line to the care of his publisher, pointing out the oversight. The book contains 150 pieces, of which 75 are classed as hymns, and the rest as songs and recitations. For the most part they are well-selected, and the collection is, if not the best, certainly one of the best. The type is large and clear. The price is twopence.

*The Church of England Temperance Magazine.* A Monthly Journal of Intelligence. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 54, Fleet-street; and S. W. Partridge, 7, Paternoster Row.

THE Committee of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society have just issued the third volume of their very useful and well-edited magazine. We are glad to learn that they have during the past year been much encouraged by the interest that has been shown in the matter of their periodical, and by the results, so far as they have been able to trace them; and that they still hear on all hands expressions of the satisfaction of friends that such a magazine exists for the purpose of setting forth the merits of the temperance question, and the working of its principles. Total abstinence, in its most robust and least compromising form, is not exactly the

staple of the articles in this volume; the presentment given is of total abstinence in its milder, and therefore, to many, its less offensive, though to others, again, less satisfactory form. In the contents are included a number of 'Clerical Experiences' and 'Lay Experiences,' sundry original poems, many interesting extracts, some suggestive letters, certain temperance tales, expositions of Scripture texts, and items of current news. There are also a number of wood engravings, hardly equal, on the whole, to the very beautiful ones in the previous volume, but adding not a little to the pleasant aspect of this neatly-printed magazine. The *Church of England Temperance Magazine* is doing, we feel assured, a very useful work. For a certain class of minds it supplies what cannot elsewhere be found; and its continued and increased success is sincerely to be hoped for.

*The Gardener's Magazine: For Amateur Cultivators and Exhibitors of Plants, Flowers, and Fruit; for Gentlemen Gardeners, Florists, Nurserymen, and Seedsmen; for Naturalists, Botanists, Bee-keepers, and Lovers of the Country.* Conducted by Shirley Hibberd, Esq., F.R.H.S. London: E. W. Allen, 11, Ave Maria Lane.

*The Baptist Magazine.* London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

*Our Own Fireside.* A Magazine of Home Literature for the Christian Family. Edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock, Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester. London: Wm. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

*The Lifeboat, or Journal, of the National Lifeboat Association.*

*Old Jonathan; or, the District and Parish Helper.* London: Wm. Hill Collingridge, 117 to 119, Aldersgate-street.

